

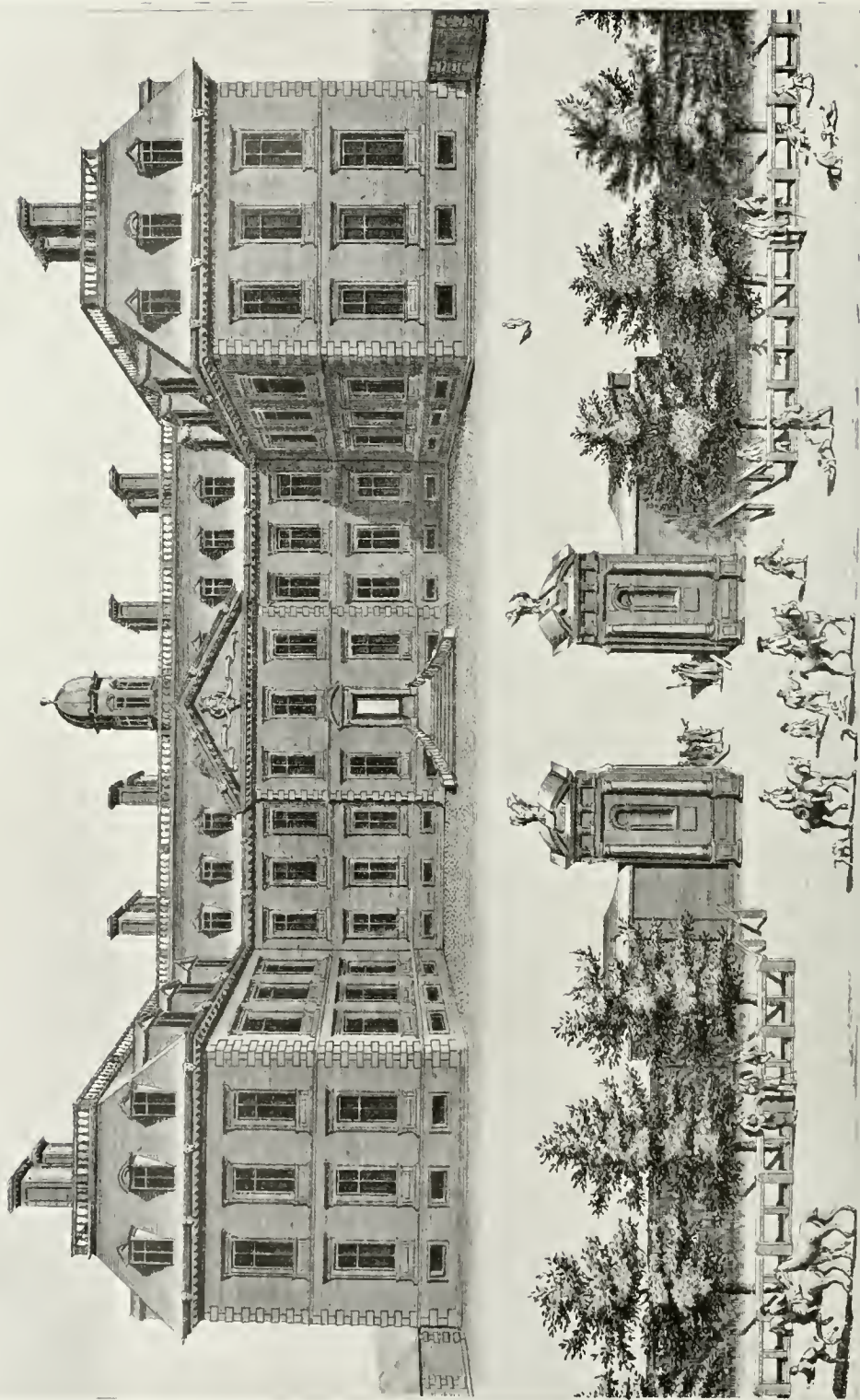
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LONDON TOWN : PAST AND PRESENT



SOUTH FRONT OF CLARENDON HOUSE, PICCADILLY, ABOUT 1670.

LONDON TOWN PAST AND PRESENT

BY
W. W. HUTCHINGS

WITH A CHAPTER ON THE FUTURE IN
LONDON BY FORD MADDOX HUEFFER

*PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD PRINTS
AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS*

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LONDON TOWN, PAST AND PRESENT



A FINE PIECE OF MODERN WORK : THE GATEWAY ACROSS CHARLES STREET (p. 579).

BOOK II.—WESTMINSTER AND WEST LONDON

(Continued)

CHAPTER LI

MODERN WHITEHALL

Scotland Yard—The New War Office—Cromwell House—Site of the Privy Gardens—Montagu House—Richmond Terrace—The Murder of Mr. Drummond—The Admiralty—The Horse Guards—Dover House—Downing Street and its Memories—Sir Gilbert Scott's Offices—The New Offices of the Local Government Board and the Board of Education—Parliament Street—King Street—Cromwell and his Mother

AT the north end of Whitehall, on the east side, with which we shall first deal, is Great Scotland Yard which is named, if Stow is to be believed, after the residence occupied by the Kings of Scotland when they came to London to do homage for their fiefs in Cumberland and Westmorland. The last member of the Scottish royal family who appears to have lived here was Queen Margaret, wife of the king who fell at Flodden, and sister of Henry VIII. It then fell into decay, and soon after the coalition of the crowns it was dismantled and the site appropriated to the erection of Government buildings. In Scotland Yard, which, small as it was, was divided into two,

Great and Little Scotland Yard, lived Milton, who came here about the end of 1649. In the spring of that year he had removed from High Holborn to Spring Gardens, in order that he might be near the Council of State, to which he had been appointed Latin Secretary, and as soon as his official quarters in Scotland Yard were ready he took possession of them, dwelling in them until in 1651 he removed to Petty France, where we have already encountered him (p. 526). It was while living here in Scotland Yard that he lost the sight of one eye, and was bereaved of his only son. In Scotland Yard also was the official residence of the Surveyor of Works to the Crown, which

was occupied in succession by Inigo Jones, by Sir John Denham, who knew more about poetry than architecture, and by Sir Christopher Wren. From the formation of the force in 1829 until its removal to New Scotland Yard on the Victoria Embankment in 1891 the Metropolitan Police had its headquarters here.

In Whitehall Yard—the site is now covered by the War Office—stood Cromwell House, of which Sydney Smirke, writing in 1832, satisfied himself that the basement was the wine cellar of Cardinal Wolsey. He describes it as “an extensive apartment, groined in a massy and substantial style, and built of solid masonry.” It came to be called Cromwell House, he conjectures, because it was included in the part of Whitehall Palace which was appropriated to the uses of the Protector, but the style of the basement was distinctly Tudor, and it is obvious, therefore, that it was not built for him.

The new War Office, reared from designs by the late Mr. William Young, to provide accommodation for virtually all the various departments engaged in the administration of the Army, was ready for occupation in 1906. The exterior is of Portland stone, with a colonnade, and with circular domed towers at each corner, which might with advantage, perhaps, have had greater saliency. By a melancholy coincidence, the architect of the new War Office, like the architect of the new Government offices at the south end of Parliament Street, to be referred to later in this chapter (p. 579), died when his plans were in the early stages of preparation. In front of the building, in the middle of Whitehall, is Captain Adrian Jones's equestrian statue of the late Duke of Cambridge, who was for many years Commander-in-Chief.

Adjoining the old Banqueting Hall (p. 558), of which the ceiling, with its paintings, was restored, under the direction of the Office of Works, in 1906-7, are the new quarters of the Royal United Service Institution, completed in 1895, and so designed as to harmonise with Inigo Jones's graceful structure. The Institution, which was formerly housed in Whitehall Yard, was established in 1830 for the promotion of naval and military art, science,

and literature by such means as the formation of a library and museum, the exhibition of inventions, and the delivery of lectures, and in 1860 it had conferred upon it a royal charter. The foundation-stone of the present building was laid by the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) in 1893.

The building occupied by the Institution in Whitehall Yard survived till 1898, and the site is now covered by the War Office. It was reared as a residence for himself, out of the stones of the Palace, by Sir John Vanbrugh, who in this instance refrained from laying a heavy load on Mother Earth, for the house was compared by one wag to a pill-box; nor was Swift more complimentary:

Vanbrugh's House.

“One asks the waterman hard by,
Where may the Poet's Palace lie?
Another of the Thames enquires
If he has seen its gilded spires.
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pie.”

The houses now known as Whitehall Gardens have had many distinguished residents. The one in the centre of the row (No. 4) was built for himself by the great Sir Robert Peel, who died in the dining-room on the ground floor facing the river (July 2nd, 1850), from the effects of a fall from his horse on Constitution Hill a few days before. At No. 2 lived Benjamin Disraeli before he became Prime Minister for the second time in 1874.

Montagu House, a large French Renaissance mansion with a spacious parapeted terrace in front, is the town house of the Dukes of Buccleuch, though still bearing the name of the Dukes of Montagu, from whom they inherited the property.

Montagu House.

Built early in the 'sixties to replace a smaller house of the same name, it stands at the southern end of Whitehall Gardens, a part of the Privy Gardens of the royal palace, by which name they continued to be known down to a comparatively recent date. The Privy Gardens well deserved their name, for they were screened from observation on every side—from the Bowling Green on the south by a row of trees, from the public thoroughfare on the west by a high wall, from the

The Privy Gardens.

river on the east by the Stone Gallery and State Apartments, from the court in the rear of the Banqueting House on the north by the houses of some of the royal servants. As Fisher's plan shows, they were laid out formally enough in sixteen squares, and were adorned with sundials and with many statues in bronze and marble, of which some were afterwards removed to Hampton Court.

with Parliament Street on the eastern side, is said by Stow and Selden to have been so styled because there lived in it the canons of St. Stephen's Chapel.

Canon Row.

Here were the houses of several members of the nobility, and it was to a lady living here that King Charles, two days before his execution, sent Herbert, his attendant, with an emerald and diamond



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE NEW WAR OFFICE, WITH THE STATUE OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE (*p.* 570).

Richmond Terrace, a little further south, in Parliament Street, is named after Richmond House, built by the architect Earl of Burlington for the second Duke of Richmond, whose grandmother, the Duchess of Portsmouth, one of Charles II.'s mistresses, had had apartments on this site. Under the third Duke, who held the title from 1750 down to 1806, Richmond House was famous for its collection of casts from the antique and for its art school. Destroyed by fire in 1791 it was rebuilt, but in 1820 it was sold to the Crown, and three years afterwards was taken down to make way for Richmond Terrace. Here at one time was the town house of the late Sir William Harcourt, the brilliant Parliamentarian who so narrowly missed the Premiership on Mr. Gladstone's retirement.

Richmond House.

ring, which was to be given her without anything said. The night was exceeding dark, says Herbert, as the narrative appears in Wood's "Athenæ Oxoniensis," and guards "were set in several places; nevertheless, getting the word from Colonel Matthew Tomlinson, Mr. Herbert passed currently through in all places where sentinels were, but was bid stand till the corporal had the word from him. Being come to the lady's house, he delivered her the ring. 'Sir,' said she, 'give me leave to show you the way into the parlour'; where, being seated, she desired him to stay till she returned. In a little time after she came in and put into his hands a little cabinet, closed with three seals, two of which were the King's arms, and the third was the figure of a Roman; which done, she desired him to deliver it to the same

A King's Ring.

Canon or Cannon Row, running parallel

hand that sent the ring; which ring was left with her; and afterwards, Mr. Herbert taking his leave, he gave the cabinet into the hands of his Majesty [at St. James's], who told him that he should see it opened next morning. Morning being over, the Bishop [Juxon] was early with the King, and, after prayers, his Majesty broke the seals, and showed them what was contained in the cabinet. There were diamonds and jewels — most part broken Georges and

mechanic. As he passed on the young man followed quickly in his rear and was seen by a policeman and two or three other persons to draw a pistol, deliberately cock it, and fire it almost point blank at Mr. Drummond's back. The unfortunate gentleman reeled, but did not fall, and fearing that he had only half done his work, the man returned the pistol to his breast, drew another and cocked it. A carpenter who had seen the first shot fired had gone towards the assassin, but at sight of the second pistol he fled into the roadway in such haste that he tumbled down. A police constable had also rushed forward, and at the moment that the man was taking aim the second time seized him from behind and pinioned his arms, and having with help knocked the pistol out of his hand, handcuffed him and marched him off to Bow Street. At first it was hoped that Mr. Drummond's wound was not a serious one, but five days afterwards he succumbed. His murderer turned out to be a Glasgow wood turner, M'Naughten by name, who for years had been a victim of the persecution delusion. He had conceived an animosity against Sir Robert Peel because, having the power, he would not save him from his persecutors, and he appears to have mistaken Mr. Drummond for the Prime Minister. The defence set up by Cockburn, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, was that the wretched man was insane, and his plea, urged in a speech which was a masterpiece of forensic oratory, eloquent and closely reasoned throughout, was supported by



THE ROYAL MARINES MONUMENT (p. 574).

Garters. 'You see,' said he, 'all the wealth now in my power to give to my children.'

Before crossing over to the western side of Whitehall let us recall the story of the tragedy of which this thoroughfare was the scene in the year 1843. On the afternoon of Friday the 20th of January, Mr. Edward Drummond, one of the secretaries of Sir Robert Peel, and a member of the family which still carries on the historic bank of that name at Charing Cross, had just passed the Admiralty on his way to Downing Street when he noticed and was noticed by a young man of about middle height, having the look of a

the evidence of a succession of specialists, among them the surgeon of Newgate. At last the Bench, consisting of Lord Chief Justice Tindal and two other judges, stopped the case, the Crown having no rebutting evidence to offer, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and M'Naughten was interned in an asylum. So our judicial annals were saved from a repetition of the scandal by which, some thirty years before, another victim of insanity was hanged for having shot Spencer Perceval.

The Admiralty, the most northerly of the Government buildings in Whitehall, on the west side, dates from 1722-26,

A Tragedy in Whitehall.

when it was built by Ripley to replace Wallingford House, a fine mansion reared in the second year of Charles I. for William, Lord Knollys, Viscount Wallingford and Earl of Banbury.

The Admiralty.

In Wallingford House, where in 1627 was born Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Cromwell held councils of state; and after the Revolution it was acquired by William III. and constituted the Admiralty Office, which before this time had been located in Duke Street, Westminster. The building to which Wallingford House gave place was stigmatised by Horace Walpole as "a most ugly edifice," while Pennant denounces it as a clumsy pile. In front is a courtyard, divided from the street by a fine stone screen which was added by Robert Adam some thirty-five years afterwards. The First Lord's House, which adjoins the building on the south, was added by S. P. Cockerell in the last decade of the same century. The Admiralty's most famous association is with Nelson, for in the large room on the ground floor the great sailor lay in state during the night of January 8th, 1806, having been brought up the river from Greenwich in a procession of gunboats and state barges. As the body was being disembarked at Whitehall Stairs there was a violent hailstorm. Slowly, surmounted by a rich canopy supported by six admirals, it was borne up Whitehall and into the Captains' Room, which was draped with black and dimly lighted with wax tapers. The next day the coffin was placed by men of the *Victory* on a magnificent funeral car drawn by six led horses, and so our greatest sailor was slowly borne to his glorious burial in St. Paul's.

In these days of lightning communication, when the Admiralty has become, in Mr. Stead's picturesque phrase, the Conning Tower of the British Empire, able to communicate directly, by means of the wireless telegraphy apparatus installed on the towers, with all our ships within a distance of some sixteen



DOWNING STREET (*p.* 575).
(NO. 10 IS THE FIRST DOOR ON THE RIGHT.)

hundred miles, it is interesting to recall that it took sixteen days for the news of Trafalgar and of Nelson's death to reach London. Despatches were entrusted to a lieutenant of the *Pickle*. By this vessel the news was communicated at sea to the *Nautilus*, of which the captain, having called at Lisbon, was commissioned by the British Consul there to bring the tidings home. By a singular coincidence the lieutenant and the captain, one landing at Falmouth and the other at Plymouth, reached the Admiralty

at precisely the same moment (November 6th, 1805).

Owing to the great expansion of the Navy in recent years further accommodation for the Admiralty became necessary, and in 1895 the first block of new offices in the rear of the older building was completed, the designs for the extension, in a modified form of the Classic, with Anglo-Italian features, being furnished by Messrs. Leeming & Leeming, of Halifax. In 1900 a second block, which joined the other buildings together at their northern extremities, was finished, and in the following year, the provision still being inadequate, a fourth block, overlooking the Horse Guards Parade and completing the quadrangle, was begun, and was finished in 1905. The new buildings, while making no great architectural pretensions, are well proportioned in themselves and adapted to their surroundings.

In front of the western wing of the new Admiralty buildings is Grinling Gibbons' statue of James II., which in 1686, two years before James's flight, was set up in the rear of the Banqueting Hall, and, left undisturbed at the Revolution, remained in that obscure position until in 1897 it was removed to Whitehall Gardens, where it could be seen by all who passed up and down Whitehall. One may hope that now that it has been brought into not inappropriate association with the Admiralty, to which James rendered faithful service, as Pepys testifies, it is at the end of its wanderings. Close by is the vigorous monument, by Captain Adrian Jones, which forms the tribute of the officers and men of the Royal Marines to their comrades who perished in South Africa and in China in 1899 and 1900.

The Horse Guards was completed in 1753, from designs by Kent. It derives its name

Horse Guards. from the four regiments of cavalry raised by Charles II. soon after the Restoration for the protection of the royal person, with these Horse Guards being associated as many regiments of infantry. For the Horse Guards barracks and stables were built in the Tilt-yard, but in 1751 these were removed and the present structure begun.

The Horse Guards, where the Commander-in-Chief had his offices before the post was abolished, is a building of no merit, but the

clock in the turret was long famous for its excellent time-keeping, and is celebrated in a couplet in the *Rolliad*—

"The gay Horse Guards, whose clock of mighty fame
Directs the dinners of each careful dame."

The passage under the Clock Tower, open to pedestrians but closed to carriages, except those of royalty and a few highly privileged persons, leads to the Horse Guards Parade on the west, and so to St. James's Park. In the Parade there takes place on the Sovereign's birthday, and in his presence,

A Picturesque Ceremony. the picturesque ceremony known as the Trooping of the Colour, believed to have originated with George I., who here used to watch his grandson, the Duke of Cumberland, drilling a regiment of boys. First the line of troops is inspected, then, as the massed bands of the different regiments represented on the ground strike up "The British Grenadiers," an escort advances to receive the King's colour—one of the two which each infantry regiment carries in peace—which is borne in slow march before the line. The "trooping" ended, the companies form into column for the march past, the Life Guards leading, and each regiment playing its own march, and there is a final royal salute as the King and Queen depart.

South of the Horse Guards is Dover House, the offices of the Secretary for Scotland and the Scotch Education Department. It

Dover House. was first known as Melbourne House, for, having been built about the middle of the eighteenth century for Sir Matthew Featherstonhaugh, it was acquired by the first Lord Melbourne, whose son, the easy-going Prime Minister who wished he could be as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay was of everything, was born here. Towards the end of the century it was bought by the Duke of York, who added to it the dome which is its distinguishing feature, and after him it was known as York House. Its present name it owes to the Hon. George Agar-Ellis, afterwards Lord Dover, who lived in it, and died here in 1833.

With the Treasury is associated the name of Sir Charles Barry, who gave it its present Corinthian front about the year 1850 in place

of one that had been bestowed upon it by Sir John Soane in 1824-28. The older part of the block was built in the reign of George I., from designs by Kent. Here are the offices of the First Lord of the Treasury—who is usually, though not invariably, the Prime Minister—and of the Privy Council. The Board-room, now the office of

The Treasury.

was second graduate, if not the first. In one of his farewell speeches in 1905 Mr. Rufus Choate, the popular American Minister to this country, claimed Downing as an American, and humorously commented upon the wiliness which enabled him to ingratiate himself successively with Cromwell, with the Rump Parliament, and with Charles II. If America seriously wishes to annex him,



From Pictorial Agency.

THE FOREIGN AND INDIA OFFICES, FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK.

the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has always been used for the sittings of the Treasury Board, and here is preserved the old state chair in which the Sovereign sat in the days when he presided at the meetings of the Board.

Downing Street is named after Sir George Downing, soldier and politician, who served both Cromwell and Charles II., and received from the latter a grant of land at Whitehall and a baronetcy, and whose grandson founded Downing College, Cambridge. Born about 1623, son of Emmanuel Downing, of the Inner Temple, at the age of about fifteen he accompanied his parents to New England and finished his education at Harvard, of which he

England may be well content to surrender this unlovely compound of servility, disloyalty, and stinginess, whose character was so well understood in New England that the common expression there for a false man was "an arrant George Downing."

Though nearly all the old houses which formerly lined it on both sides have been swept away to make room for Sir Gilbert Scott's great block on one side and for the Treasury on the other, Downing Street will continue to possess exceptional interest so long as No. 10, the residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, is left standing. Said to have been designed by Wren, it was presently forfeited to the Crown and was annexed to

Sir George Downing.

No. 10, Downing Street.

the office of First Lord of the Treasury by George I., Sir Robert Walpole being the first to occupy it in that capacity. Here during the years of their Premiership have sojourned, among others, William Pitt and Earl Grey, W. E. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Asquith; but some Premiers, like Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel and the late Marquis of Salisbury, have used it only for the transaction of business. Lord Rosebery occupied it for a year, but was known to have little liking for it.

It was in 1853 (February 3rd) that Gladstone first went into residence in Downing Street, in which he was destined to dwell for slightly more than half of the forty-one years of public life that lay before him. It was not, however, of No. 10, but of the residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, No. 11, that he went into occupation, as successor to Disraeli, whose Budget he had just torn into shreds and tatters; and it was here, in the following year, that his son Herbert, who in 1905 became Home Secretary, was born. It is amusing to find that the correspondence between the outgoing and the incoming Chancellor on the valuation of the furniture and the terms under which the Chancellor's robe should be transferred was not entirely amicable. "Mr. Gladstone notes especially in his diary," records his official biographer, "that he wrote a draft of one of his letters on a Sunday, as being, I suppose, the day most favourable to self-control; while Mr. Disraeli at last suggests that Mr. Gladstone should really consult Sir Charles Wood, 'who is at least a man of the world.' Such are the angers of celestial minds." It was not until 1868 that Disraeli qualified for residence at No. 10, to which he returned after he had again become Prime Minister in 1874. Gladstone's tenure of No. 10 was distinguished by his Thursday breakfasts to guests representing very diverse phases of life and work.

In Downing Street the first Lord Iddesleigh, most amiable of protagonists, whom still it is easier to speak of as Sir Stafford Northcote, died suddenly in peculiarly dis-

tressing circumstances. When the Conservatives acceded to power in July, 1886, he went to the Foreign Office, of which he found the duties not merely interesting but refreshing. At the end of the year the resignation

**Lord
Iddesleigh's
Death.**

of Lord Randolph Churchill made necessary a reconstruction of the Cabinet, and Lord Iddesleigh, with characteristic generosity, placed his seat in the Cabinet at Lord Salisbury's disposal. A few days afterwards (January 4th, 1887) he learnt from the newspapers that Lord Salisbury himself had decided to take the seals of the Foreign Office, and later in the day he received a telegram in cipher at his Devonshire home acquainting him with what he already knew. Afterwards he received the offer of the Presidency of the Council, which he very naturally declined. On the 11th he said of his official work "I shall leave no arrears," and the next day, having called at the Foreign Office and had a long talk with Sir James Fergusson, the Under-Secretary, he walked across to the Treasury to see Lord Salisbury, was taken ill in the ante-room, and in a few minutes died in the presence of Lord Salisbury and two doctors. What a terrible shock the melancholy incident was to Lord Salisbury we learn from Mr. Winston Churchill's Life of his father.

In a house in Downing Street, No. 14, then the Colonial Office, Nelson and Wellington met, for the only time in their lives. The meeting took place in a small waiting-room, and while Sir Arthur Wellesley, as he then was, knew Nelson from his portraits, Nelson did not recognise the great soldier, but was so struck by his conversation that he stepped out of the room to inquire who he was. The old Colonial Office, by the way, survived until 1876; the old Foreign Office had been destroyed ten years earlier. It was at the Foreign Office during the early Reform riots that there took place a remarkable incident recorded by Mr. T. Raikes in his Diary. A mob rushed up to the door crying "Liberty or Death!" The sentry on duty at once presented his musket, exclaiming, "Hands off, you fellows! I know nothing about liberty; but if you come a step farther I will show you what death is!"

**Gladstone's
Arrival in
Downing Street.**

**Meeting of
Nelson and
Wellington.**

South of Downing Street lies the great block of buildings which comprises the Foreign, India, Colonial, and Home Offices, stretching from Whitehall back to St. James's Park, and from Downing Street on the north to Charles Street on the south, and built around a spacious quadrangle. It

**The Foreign
and other
Offices.**

1856, he designed a Gothic building, and two years later his plans were accepted and he was appointed to carry them out. Then came a change of Government, and Lord Palmerston, whose dislike of the Gothic was commensurate with his ignorance of it, insisted upon his furnishing another set of designs in the

**Architect
and Premier.**



STAIRCASE IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

is curious that just as Barry, who had made a name as a Renaissance architect, was destined to build the great Gothic Palace of Westminster, so it was decreed that Gilbert Scott, the most prominent figure in the Gothic revival, should be the author of this great Italian structure. First, in the autumn of

Italian style, jocularly telling him that if he were left to his own devices he would soon Gothicise the whole country. Presently the Prime Minister sent for him, and addressing him in the easiest, most fatherly way, said, "I want to talk to you quietly, Mr. Scott, about this business. I have been

thinking a great deal about it, and I really think there was much force in what your friends said." Scott was delighted at the Minister's conversion. But his pleasure was short-lived, for the great man went on coolly to say that he was thinking of appointing a coadjutor, "who would in fact make the design."

The effect of this would have been, of course, to supersede Scott. Naturally he protested, and the arrangement was so obviously unfair and improper that no more was heard of it. But after such a warning, the architect set himself in earnest to prepare an Italian design, which, however, turned out to be a mixture of Byzantine and Renaissance, suggested by early Venetian palaces—"Byzantesque" is the term which Scott himself applies to it in his "Personal and Professional Recollections," where the whole story is told. But this also failed to commend itself to a Philistine Prime Minister and his advisers. At last the Premier sent for him and told him flatly that his design was "neither one thing nor t'other—a regular mongrel affair," and called upon him for a design in the "ordinary Italian," threatening to cancel his appointment unless he complied. At this, says

Scott, "I bought some costly books on Italian architecture, and set vigorously to work to rub up what, though I had once understood pretty intimately, I had allowed to grow rusty by twenty years' neglect. . . . I went to Paris and studied the Louvre and most of the important buildings, and really recovered some of my lost feelings for the style, though I fell ever and anon into fits of desperate lamentation and annoyance, and almost thought again of giving up the work."

At last Lord Palmerston was satisfied, and the design passed the House of Commons in 1861. But its adoption was the great disappointment of its author's fortunate and successful career. He felt, however, that it would be an irreparable injury to him if this important public work were taken out of his hands, and so, as he records, "I was step by step driven into the most annoying position of carrying out my largest work in a style contrary to the direction of my life's labours. My shame and sorrow were for the time extreme, but to my surprise the public seemed to understand my position and to feel for it, and I never received any annoying or painful rebuke."



Bell & Co., Kingston.

NEW OFFICES OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD AND BOARD OF EDUCATION.

But his troubles were by no means over. There were delays before a real start could be made with the great enterprise, which dragged on until 1875. In one sense, indeed, it was never completed, for the Office of Works, in order to reduce the cost, disallowed the statues with which the skyline of the street front was to have been broken. Scott himself was only too conscious that without these statues at the angles there was a look of monotony about the pile, but he was helpless. The fabric, which appears to more advantage from the Park than from Whitehall, is faced with Portland stone; the window shafts are of polished granite, and granite and marble are largely employed in the decoration. In the Foreign and India Offices are stately and richly decorated rooms and staircases, such as become the receptions which are held in connexion with those departments of the State. For the outline and grouping of the India Office Scott adopted an idea suggested to him by Digby Wyatt, the official architect to that department, but he claims that externally the design was wholly his own.

The lower part of the broad thoroughfare leading to Westminster bears the name of Parliament Street, and was formed about the middle of the eighteenth century in order to replace King Street as the continuation of Whitehall. The whole of the west side of Par-

**New Govern-
ment Offices.**

liament Street was demolished in 1899 to make way for new Government Offices, which have been built from designs of the late Mr. J. M. Brydon, in a line with Sir Gilbert Scott's great group of Public Offices, to accommodate the Local Government Board and the Board of Education. Begun in 1900, and ready for occupation in 1908, they form the finest of the blocks of Government Offices reared of late years. The scheme, however, has been only in part carried out, for it provides for the extension of the building to St. James's Park, by carrying it to the end of Great George Street on the south, and thence to the end of Charles Street on the north. Connecting it with Sir Gilbert Scott's great group of offices on the north side of Charles Street is a bridge-gateway which well deserves the admiration it has elicited.

At the same time that Parliament Street was demolished there vanished so much as

was left of King Street, the narrow, historic thoroughfare which ran parallel with and a little to the west of Parliament

**King
Street.**

Street. Strait as it was, it had had many distinguished residents, among them Lord Howard of Effingham, the Roman Catholic Admiral who commanded our fleet at the time of the Spanish Armada, Edmund Spenser, who here died in poverty (January 17th, 1599), and Thomas Carew, the songster who wrote "He that Loves a Rosy Cheek." Here, too, at the time of the execution of King Charles, of whose court Carew was one of the officials, was living Oliver Cromwell, and in this street when he had become Lord Protector and was installed in Whitehall Palace, dwelt his mother, who died here in 1654 at the ripe age of ninety-four. Her later days were clouded by the fear that her son would be assassinated: she was unhappy, as Ludlow records, unless she saw him at least once a day, and she never heard the report of a gun without exclaiming "My son is shot!" And on one occasion Cromwell appears to have narrowly escaped assassination in this

**Cromwell's
Escape.**

very street. He was passing through it in his coach, not long before his death, accompanied by Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Ossory, when, owing to the press of people, the coach came to a standstill, and the street was so narrow that there was no room for the halberdiers on either side, so that they were all either in front or behind. "When they were in this posture," says Morrice, the Earl's chaplain and biographer, "Lord Broghill observed the door of a cobbler's stall to open and shut a little, and at every opening of it his lordship saw something bright, like a drawn sword or a pistol. Upon which my lord drew out his sword with the scabbard on it, and struck upon the stall, asking who was there. This was no sooner done but a tall man burst out with a sword by his side, and Cromwell was so much frightened that he called his guard to seize him, but the man got away in the crowd. My lord thought him to be an officer in the army in Ireland, whom he remembered Cromwell had disgusted, and his lordship apprehended he lay there in wait to kill him. Upon this," adds Morrice, "Cromwell forbore to come any more that way."



SOMERSET HOUSE, WITH ADELPHI TERRACE, EARLY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER LII

THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT

The Making of the Embankment—The Maker—The Tramways—New Scotland Yard and the Metropolitan Police—The Black Museum—Hungerford Bridge—Statues and Busts—The Water-gate—The Story of Cleopatra's Needle—Waterloo Bridge—Somerset House—The Lord Protector's Palace—King's College—London's Education Department

OF the great scheme for rebuilding London which Sir Christopher Wren conceived after the Fire of 1666, one of the features was the construction of a broad quay along the north bank of the Thames from the Tower to Blackfriars; and Evelyn's plan, too, included a quay, which was to stretch from the Tower to the Temple. In later

Embanking the River.

days the project of embanking the river was again and again advocated, but it was reserved to the Metropolitan Board of Works, in the 'sixties, to effect this great improvement. As carried out by that authority, it was divided into three sections—the Victoria Embankment, stretching from the bridge of Blackfriars to that of Westminster, on the north side of the river; the Albert Embankment, extending from Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall Bridge, on the south side; and, lastly, on the north side again, the Chelsea Embankment, which begins at the Grosvenor Road railway bridge and ends at Battersea Bridge. It is with the first of these, the Victoria Embankment,

known more colloquially, on account of its greater length and magnitude and its more central situation, as *the* Embankment, that we are concerned in this chapter.

The Victoria Embankment is, one ventures to think, London's finest thoroughfare, not even excepting Piccadilly.

London's Finest Thoroughfare. Nearly a mile and a third long, and a hundred feet broad, with an avenue of plane-trees running

its entire length and affording grateful shade in the heats of summer, it describes a noble curve. The impression it makes is one of dignity, spaciousness, and solidity. On the one side, restraining the Thames within its assigned limits, is a mighty wall of granite, rising into a moulded parapet, and broken by pedestals for lamp standards and at less frequent intervals by massive piers; across the broad flood, its bosom heaving with sluggish barges whose sails may—or may not—glow with colour, is an irregular but not unpicturesque line of wharves and warehouses and towers; on

the landward side of the Embankment are stately public buildings, such as Somerset House and New Scotland Yard, and charming little pleasaunces, the greensward diversified with flower-beds and well-grown trees, and studded with statues of men whom the nation delights to honour.

The Act of Parliament authorising the improvement was passed in 1862, but it was not till the 20th of July, 1864, that Mr. (afterwards Sir John)

The Work Begun.

Thwaites, Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, laid the first stone of the Embankment. Four years later Parliament authorised an important modification of the scheme. As originally conceived, it provided that between the east side of Temple Gardens and Blackfriars there should be dock openings so as to preserve access to the Whitefriars Dock and the works of the City of London Gas Company, and the width of the road would there have had to be reduced from 100 feet to 70 feet. But it was now arranged that the eastern end of the Embankment, like the rest of the construction, should consist of a road 100 feet wide. The vast undertaking was completed by the middle of 1870, and on the 13th of July in that year the Embankment was opened in state by the then Prince of Wales in the absence, through indisposition, of Queen Victoria, who lent to it her name. Since 1896 the eastern end of the Embankment has been graced with a statue of her Majesty, by C. B. Birch, A.R.A.

The ground reclaimed from the river represents an area of no less than thirty-seven acres, of which nineteen acres was absorbed by the carriageway and footway. A space of about ten acres was converted into public gardens, and the remaining space, eight acres in extent, was divided between the Crown, the Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple, whose grounds were thus considerably enlarged, and other adjacent proprietors. The net cost of the Embankment was £1,156,981, a sum which included the subterranean works as well as those above ground. Under the footway next the river, and forming part of the river wall, runs the mighty low level intercepting sewer, and above it is a subway for water and gas pipes and telegraph wires, etc. On the

other side of the Embankment is the tunnel of the Metropolitan District Railway.

The glory of this great work belongs mainly to the late Sir Joseph Bazalgette, the engineer of the Metropolitan Board of Works, who in 1901 was tardily, and none too prominently, commemorated by a mural monument on one of the pedestals of the Embankment wall, opposite Northumberland Avenue. It is of veined Sicilian marble, which forms a frame for a bust, and it bears the happy inscription, *Flumini vincula posuit*. This great engineer, who was born in 1819 and died in 1891, was knighted in 1874 on the completion of the metropolitan drainage system, an enterprise of even greater magnitude than the Victoria Embankment.

Since 1906 the tram-cars of the London County Council have run along the Embankment. The fight for powers to bring the cars across the bridges began as far back as 1870. Bill after bill, promoted first by private companies, and then by the London County Council, was rejected on the plea that the Embankment would be spoilt, but at last, in 1906, Parliament acquiesced, and before the end of that year the cars from Westminster Bridge were running to within a few yards

The Tramways.



THE MEMORIAL TO SIR JOSEPH BAZALGETTE ON THE EMBANKMENT.

Reclaimed Ground.

of the eastern end of the Embankment at Blackfriars Bridge. In April, 1908, the northern and southern lines were linked up by the opening of an underground tramway from the Embankment to Aldwych. The last step in the process will be the bringing of the cars over Blackfriars Bridge, which is now (1909) being widened with that end in view. A circular service will then be practicable: the cars, instead of having to be reversed at the eastern end of the Embankment, will be able to continue their course over Blackfriars Bridge and so round to Westminster Bridge.

At the Westminster end of the Embankment is a statue of Boadicea, by the late Thomas Thornycroft, the gift of his eldest son, Sir John Isaac Thornycroft, the founder of the famous shipbuilding works. It portrays the Icenian queen in her scythed chariot, urging on her galloping steeds, and was placed here by the London County Council in 1902.

The first of the public buildings to which we come as we journey eastwards is New Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., in the Scottish baronial style, and completed in 1891; but an annexe, in the same style, connected with the original building by a stately bridge, has since been added to it. Derided while it was being built, and assailed on grounds of taste in the House of Commons, as Barry's Houses of Parliament had been during their erection, it has long since put its detractors to silence, for in its simple dignity and its suggestion of restrained and unobtrusive strength, it sorts admirably with the uses for which it was constructed. The Metropolitan Police, which moved into it from Great Scotland Yard in 1891, was established there in 1830, under the powers of an Act carried through Parliament in the preceding year by Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. Until then London had no general system of police. Some parishes preferred to do without constables, and the public had to protect themselves; in others the provision for the repression of crime and disorder was of the most inadequate description. No wonder that crime increased out of all proportion to the growth of the popula-

tion, until, the authorities becoming seriously alarmed, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel between them persuaded Parliament to establish an efficient police force for the whole Metropolis. For a time it was a most unpopular institution, and the aversion felt towards the officers composing it found vent in such nicknames as "bobbies" and "peelers," after the statesman who was chiefly concerned in establishing it. But it went its way and did its duty, and has long since outlived its unpopularity. It now numbers some eighteen thousand officers all told, who keep the King's peace throughout the county of Middlesex—except in the City of London, which maintains its own force—and in all those parishes of Surrey, Hertford, Essex, and Kent of which any part is not more than fifteen miles in a straight line from Charing Cross. It also guards the Government dockyards and military stations and other State establishments, and includes the Thames in its beat, this last branch, known as the Thames Police, having a floating station at Waterloo Bridge.

The feature of New Scotland Yard which is best known is the Lost Property Office, to which find their way, in the course of the year, some fifty thousand articles left by a careless public in cabs and public carriages. But far exceeding it in interest, except to those in search of missing things, is the Black Museum, where are stored many mementoes of famous crimes.

A Museum of Crime.

Among these are some of the tools used by Charles Peace. His folding ladder has been described as a triumph of simplicity. Look at it closed and it is a mere bundle of sticks in short lengths, but it expands to a height of twelve feet, and at the top is a hook to catch on to a window ledge or any other convenient projection. Others of his implements are a jemmy, admired by experts as "a little beauty," a neat bar of polished steel; a small vice for turning a key left in the door; and a "bit," less than three inches long, with three sharp steel teeth for penetrating woodwork, and workable with the palm of the hand. Here, too, are the tools used by Fowler and Milson, the Muswell Hill murderers, including the bull's-eye lantern which, most foolishly left behind them by the assassins, gave the police one of their chief clues. Not less

**New
Scotland
Yard.**

interesting is the chisel without which the police would probably never have brought to justice the burglar who fatally shot Police-constable Cole at Dalston on the night of the 1st of December, 1882. On the blade were a few scratches which under the microscope resolved themselves into the word "rock," evidently part of a name. The diligent inquiries of the police long remained fruitless, but a year after the murder the chisel was recognised by a woman as that upon which she had scratched the name of

of the New Testament. The National Liberal Club, the largest of the Liberal clubs, was established in 1882, as an indirect result of the Liberal triumph of 1880, and was opened in 1887 by the late Mr. Gladstone, after whom the library, which forms one of its most valuable features, is named.

Just beyond the National Liberal Club the Embankment and the river are disfigured by the bridge which carries the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway across the Thames. The work of Sir John Hawkshaw, it was



Photo. F. Sturdee.

THE BLACK MUSEUM, NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

Orrock, the young carpenter who had brought it to her to be ground. Orrock had disappeared, but was presently found in Cold-bath Fields Prison, where he was serving a sentence for burglary; the crime was brought home to him, and he expiated it on the scaffold.

Much else is there in the Black Museum that one is tempted to speak of, but we must leave New Scotland Yard and pass on, by the leafy gardens of Montagu House and adjacent mansions, to the fine block of buildings known as Whitehall Court and the National Liberal Club, the work of the late Alfred Waterhouse, looking down upon one of the Embankment gardens which is set about with statues of Sir James Outram, by Noble, Sir Bartle Frere, by Brock, and William Tyndale, the translator

constructed in 1863-66 with a footway for the use of pedestrians, and was widened by forty-eight feet in 1886. Ugly

Bridges. as it is, it is interesting from the fact that the brick piers which in part support it are those of the Hungerford Suspension Bridge, named after the Hungerford Market close by, and built by Isambard Kingdom Brunel, who completed it in 1845. Hungerford Bridge was considered one of the most striking objects of London from the length of its centre span, 676 feet, but it stood here only eighteen years, being taken down in 1863 and transferred to Clifton, near Bristol, where it still carries pedestrians across the Avon.

Between the Charing Cross railway bridge and Waterloo Bridge—respectively the ugliest and the grandest of the London bridges—

stretches the largest and finest of the Embankment gardens. Here is Sir John Steill's fine monument of Robert Burns, showing the poet seated, pen in hand, about to transfer one of his inspirations to paper. Here, too, are a statue of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools, by Brock; a memorial



STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS.

fountain with bronze medallion, by Mary Grant, erected by "the grateful country-women" of Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, one of the pioneers of the movement for the enfranchisement of women; and a bust of Sir Arthur Sullivan, placed here that it might be near the Savoy Theatre, where so many of the operas with which he enriched British music were produced. Looking down upon this garden is Adelphi Terrace, which makes a dignified frame for it on the north, though now it is dwarfed by the enormous Hotel Cecil, which by its mere size exacts much reluctant attention. The Cecil has for neighbours the Savoy Hotel and the Medical Examination Hall, the latter a rather

featureless building of red brick, with Portland stone facings, opened in 1886. At the north-west angle of the garden is an historic relic of singular interest

The Water-gate.

and charm, the Water-gate of York House, the mansion of the first Duke of Buckingham, James I.'s "Steenie," who was murdered by Felton. The Water-gate is attributed to Inigo Jones, but the design is also claimed for the man who built it, Nicholas Stone, the master mason. By whomsoever designed, it is a beautiful structure, though not seen to advantage now that instead of looking down upon the waters of the Thames it has to look up to the Embankment garden. Its presence helps one to realise the difference which has been made to the channel of the river by the creation of the Embankment, for whereas now it is some hundreds of feet away from the river the steps at its base used to be lapped by the tide.

Between the river and the garden stands a grey relic of a civilisation that had attained maturity when as yet London was not, and its site was nothing but swamp and woodland. The granite obelisk which has been nick-named Cleopatra's Needle was first reared at Heliopolis three thousand four hundred years ago (about 1500 B.C.) by the Pharaoh Thothmes III. Fifteen hundred years later it was removed to Alexandria, the royal city of Cleopatra, and there erected B.C. 12. More centuries passed and it fell to the ground, and long lay buried in the sand. In 1819 it was pre-

sented to the British nation by the Viceroy Mohammed Ali, as a

Cleopatra's Needle.

memorial of Nelson, the hero of Aboukir Bay, and of Abercromby, but not until 1878 was it brought to this country, at the charges of Dr. (afterwards Sir) Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. Its transportation was no easy thing, for it weighs a hundred and eighty tons. It was encased in an iron cylinder and taken in tow by a steamer; but it seemed as though the gods of ancient Egypt could not brook the removal to the distant West of this memorial of the land where once they held sway, for the weather was so tempestuous that in the Bay of Biscay it had to be cut adrift. But

it was presently recovered and at last was set up on this spot, where by its silent eloquence it proclaims to the greatest city the world has ever seen the mutability of all things human. Erected by Mr. John Dixon, the engineer who had devised the means of its transportation, it rests upon a pedestal of grey granite, and at its base crouch two large sphinxes designed by Mr. G. Vulliamy.

**How it was
Lost and
Found.**

In Waterloo Bridge, the work of the elder Rennie, who also designed the present London Bridge, grace and massiveness meet together in perfect union. It forms, indeed, the noblest monument of the great bridge-builder's genius,

**The Finest
Thames
Bridge.**

finer even than the bridge which spans the Tweed at Kelso, admirable as is that structure. Canova, the Italian sculptor, considered it "the noblest bridge in the world," and declared that alone it was "worth coming from Rome to London to see"; to M. Dupin, the French engineer, it was "a colossal monument worthy of Sesostrius and the Cæsars." Canova was much struck with the fact that so magnificent a structure should have been the work not of the Government but of a private company. Begun in 1811, by a body of shareholders incorporated as the Strand Bridge Company, it was opened as the Waterloo Bridge on the 18th of June, 1817—the second anniversary of the battle from which it takes its name—by the Prince Regent in the presence of the Great Duke and his staff. Consisting of nine semi-elliptical arches, of which the most northerly stretches across the Embankment, it cost £565,000, and the total cost, including the purchase of land and buildings and the construction of the approaches, was £1,050,000. The Company derived its revenue mainly from tolls, but these did not yield enough to make the venture a remunerative one, and in 1877 it was glad to part with the bridge and all its rights for £475,000 to the Metropolitan Board of Works, which abolished the tolls in the following year.

Eastwards from Waterloo Bridge stretches for 600 feet the river front of Somerset House, with King's College, rising from a noble terrace which once, at high water, was washed by the Thames tide. One cannot but regret that the Embankment, magnificent a work as

**Somerset
House.**

it is, should detract from the apparent height of much the finest of the buildings that look down upon it. From the Embankment itself no view of Somerset House is to be had that does it justice; to see it to least disadvantage one must ascend the steps and take up a station some little distance along Waterloo Bridge, where, with the full line of the stately façade in view, it is easy to understand the admiration which



MEMORIAL TO HENRY FAWCETT (*p.* 584).

the first sight of the building has elicited from great architects from other lands. Fergusson, though he severely criticised the river front, and thought it altogether inferior to the Strand elevation, considered the building "as a whole" the greatest architectural work of the reign of George III. It is true that M. Taine, in his "Notes on England," dubs it "a frightful thing." To him it was a "massive and heavy piece of architecture, of which the hollows are inked, the porticoes blackened with soot, where, in the cavity of the empty court, is a sham fountain without water, pools of water on the pavement, long rows of closed windows. What can they possibly do in these catacombs?" he asks. But M. Taine, who, as a critic of architecture, was an impressionist of impressionists, saw Somerset House on

a wet day, nay, on a wet Sunday, when London appeared to him "an immense and well-ordered cemetery" and drove him to thoughts of suicide. We may, therefore, treat this deliverance of his as the expression of a mood rather than as a considered criticism. Let us set against it the estimate of Mr. Reginald Blomfield, who in his "Renaissance Architecture in England" says of the river front that while there may be "a certain confusion and weakness in putting a single archway under a heavy colonnade," yet "the light and shade of the design is extremely effective, and it is one of the few places in London that suggest the mighty loggias of Italy." A little later he says that the architect evidently worked out his design bit by bit, proceeding from the details to the whole, and that while his work "steers clear of the frippery of the Adams, it does not possess the vigour of Jones or Wren."

Begun by Sir William Chambers in 1776 and not completed until about 1790, when there was still a good deal of decorative work left to be done, Somerset House forms a quadrangle, to which an eastern and a western wing have since been added, the former by Sir Robert Smirke in 1829-34 for the accommodation of King's College, the latter by Sir James Pennethorne in 1852-56, with a highly enriched façade overlooking Wellington Street, to meet the need for further Government offices. In the centre of the quadrangle is a huge group in bronze by John Bacon, R.A., setting forth the majesty of George III., at whose feet are the British lion and Neptune or Father Thames. "Why did you make so frightful a figure?" Queen Charlotte asked the sculptor, referring to the effigy of her husband. "Art," was the answer, "cannot always effect what is ever within the reach of nature—the union of beauty and majesty." The whole of the exterior carvings of Somerset House, except Bacon's bronze figures, were executed from finished drawings by Cipriani.

Somerset House was the habitation of the Royal Academy of Arts from 1780 to 1838, when that institution migrated to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, to be transferred in 1869 to its present quarters at Burlington House. Here, too, the Royal Society and other learned societies had their quarters until they also removed to Burlington House.

In these days Somerset House affords accommodation for many hundreds of Government officials belonging mainly to the Inland Revenue, the Probate Registry, the Office of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, the Estate Duty Department, the Excise and Income-tax Departments, and the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies. In 1874 the great collection of wills at

Doctors' Commons was transferred to the Probate Registry at Somerset House, and here, among other historic testamentary documents, are to be seen those of Shakespeare and Milton, of Inigo Jones and Vandyck and Sir Isaac Newton, of Dr. Johnson and William Pitt and Edmund Burke, of Nelson and the Duke of Wellington. The original wills begin with the year 1483, and the copies go back a century farther.

Somerset House occupied the site of the palace* built for himself by the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector in the reign of Edward VI., who to make room for it demolished the "inns" of the Bishops of Lichfield and Coventry, and the inns of the Bishops of Worcester and Llandaff, as well as Strand Bridge, Strand Inn (an Inn of Chancery) and the old parish church of St. Mary, and, as we have already recorded, employed for the purpose the stones of the cloister on the north side of old St. Paul's, of the charnel-house on the south side of the monastic buildings of St. Peter's Abbey at Westminster, and of the Priory Church of the Knights Hospitallers at Clerkenwell. Although the Duke spent upwards of £10,000 upon it, and, as John Knox complained, was fonder of watching masons than of hearing sermons, it was designed on so magnificent a scale that at his attainder and execution it was still uncompleted, nor does it seem ever to have been finished, though Inigo Jones (who died here in 1652) added to it a chapel for the use of Henrietta Maria, the Roman Catholic consort of Charles I., and her co-religionists. Forfeited to the Crown, it was assigned to the Princess Elizabeth, who when she became Queen quickly transferred her Court to Whitehall and granted

* The history of the Palace, as well as of the building that has succeeded it, has been elaborately told by Mr. Raymond Needham and Mr. Alexander Webster in "Somerset House, Past and Present," published in 1905.

**The Lord
Protector's
Palace.**



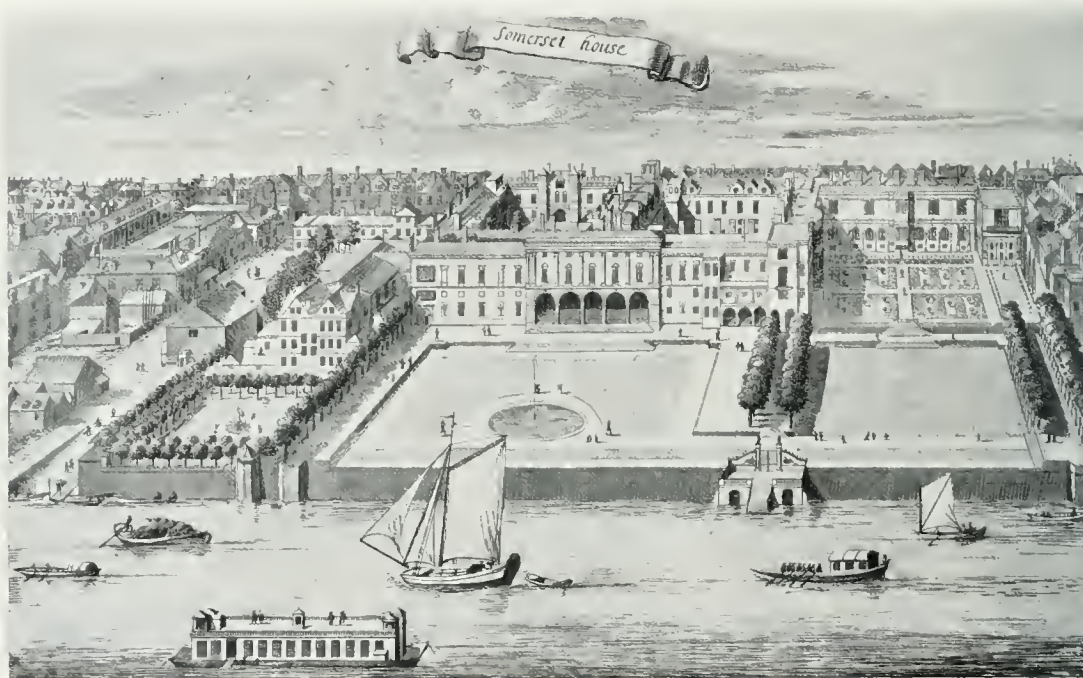
Photo: H. S. Campbell.

WATERLOO BRIDGE AND SOMERSET HOUSE.

it to her kinsman Lord Hunsdon for his lifetime. By James I. it was appropriated to his Queen, Anne of Denmark, after whom it was renamed Denmark House. In 1626 Charles I. settled it for life on Henrietta Maria, who after the Restoration returned to it, exclaiming, it is said, as she entered, "If I had known the temper of the English some years past as well as I

King's College, which, as we have seen, occupies the eastern wing of Somerset House, was founded by royal charter on Church of England lines in 1828.

In 1900, when the University of London, hitherto only an examining institution, became also a teaching university, King's College was constituted one of the "schools" affiliated with it, and now all its chairs,



OLD SOMERSET HOUSE FROM THE RIVER IN 1755.

do now, I had never been obliged to quit this house." This was in 1660: two years before a greater Lord Protector than the Duke of Somerset had here lain in solemn state, as we have narrated in one of our chapters on Westminster Abbey (p. 490). After the Dowager Queen finally returned to France, Somerset House was from time to time the residence of her son's neglected consort, Catherine of Braganza. With her departure from these shores in 1692 Somerset House ceased to be in any strict sense a palace, for although it continued to be an appurtenance of successive queen consorts down to 1775, the year before its demolition, when in exchange for it Buckingham House was settled upon Queen Charlotte, it for the most part formed free quarters for members of the nobility, "a mere lodging-pen," as Churchill styles it.

except in the theological faculty, are free of religious tests. Among students still living who have risen to distinction it numbers Lord Milner and the Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, K.C. The boys' school which was formerly carried on here has now been removed to Wimbledon Common.

After this long pause at the Embankment's finest public building we must gird up our loins and continue our journey eastwards, past the statue of Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the grandiose engineer, looking towards the uncouth structure which has superseded his Hungerford Bridge, but which the interposition of Waterloo Bridge mercifully prevents him from seeing. Then comes the most easterly of the County Council gardens, adorned with bronze replicas of "The Wrestlers" from Herculaneum, with Woolner's sitting figure of John Stuart Mill, and with a vigorous

statue of William Edward Forster. Behind this garden, and looking down upon the plain and sturdy figure of the man who founded our national system of elementary education, are the offices which, until 1904, were occupied by the London School Board. A well-proportioned Renaissance building of Portland stone with bands of red brick, it was origin-

**School
Offices.**

the technical and the higher education carried on in the county.

On the eastern side of the building just described is a structure so unobtrusive that its eclectic loveliness is apt to escape the undiscerning eye—the Astor Estate Office, designed by the late J. L. Pearson, and forming one of the choicest of that distinguished architect's

**A Gem of
Architecture.**



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE ASTOR ESTATE OFFICE.

ally designed by Messrs. Bodley and Garner, and was not completed until 1895, under the supervision of Colonel Edis. We must not pass on with this brief mention of an authority which did admirably a most important work. At the time of its supersession it had under its management 509 schools, accommodating 572,000 children, with 398 evening schools and 730 centres for training in cookery and various other special subjects; and its teaching staff numbered 11,600, with 3,000 pupil teachers. The Board's offices were taken over, with its work, by the Education Committee of the London County Council, which besides carrying on the former Board Schools is responsible for the secular instruction in the voluntary or non-provided schools of the County of London, and also for

works. Now come the Temple Gardens, in the wall of which is a stone that at once commemorates Queen Victoria's last visit to the City in 1900, and marks the point where the cities of Westminster and London meet. The Temple itself, and the fine modern buildings that line the remaining stretch of the Embankment eastwards to Blackfriars Bridge, have been noticed in two of our City of London chapters; and we need only add that affixed to one of the granite pedestals near Waterloo Bridge is a relief of Sir Walter Besant, placed here by his literary brethren because that enthusiastic lover of London and exponent of its charms was a great admirer of the Embankment, regarding it as a witness to all time of the practical genius of the nineteenth century.



YORK HOUSE, STRAND, SHOWING THE WATER-GATE (p. 593).

From a Drawing by Hollar.

CHAPTER LIII

THE STRAND: HISTORICAL

The Danes in the Strand—Back to Roman Days—Gay's Description—Henley's Tribute—The Roman Bath—The Strand Cross—The Maypole—Stately Dwellings—Norfolk House—Francis Bacon and His Fall—Durham House—The New Exchange—An Ambassador's Brother Beheaded—Salisbury House—Worcester House—The Savoy Palace—The Savoy Conference—The Chapel Royal—Arundel House—"Old Parr"—Essex House—Bishop Stapledon refused Burial—Burleigh House—Exeter 'Change—Chunee the Giant Elephant—Wimbledon House

AT first the Strand was but a narrow lane connecting the cities of London and Westminster, and owing its name to the fact that for the whole of its course it bordered the Thames, which then flowed nearer to it than the Victoria Embankment now permits it to do. In the first half of the seventeenth century, when Robert Herrick wrote his "Teares to Thamasis," the connexion between the thoroughfare and the river was still vividly present to men's minds, as appears from the following lines :—

The Name.

"I send, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis.
No more shall I reiterate thy Strand.
Whereon so many stately structures stand."

Of these stately structures, where dwelt great nobles and proud prelates, there will be

something to say presently. Meanwhile let us recall the tradition that in Saxon days the Strand was the haunt of Danes. One legend is that the church of St. Clement Danes bears its second name because Harold the Dane and some of his followers were buried there ; but according to another, which Lord Burghley, what time he lived in the parish, had from the antiquary Fleetwood, Recorder of London, at the expulsion of the Danes a few of them who had Saxon wives were allowed to remain behind and settle between Westminster and Ludgate, where they built them a temple which, when it came to be consecrated, was styled " Ecclesia Clementis Danorum." Precisely how much truth there may be in these traditions, it is not easy to say, but there is documentary evidence that the church bore this designation as early as the twelfth century, while the

original church dated from before the Conquest. The name, too, agrees with the tradition that the church was that of the Danes, for St. Clement was the seaman's patron saint, and Professor Worsage, who came to England in 1846 to report to the King of Denmark on the Norse memorials in this country, points out that in such towns as Aarhus in Jutland and Trondhjem in Norway there are churches dedicated to this saint. By an interesting coincidence, the first person to be buried in the church after its rebuilding by Christopher Wren was one Nicholas Byer or Beyer, a Norseman.

The Strand was probably, as Mr. Lethaby believes, a Roman way. FitzStephen the monk, who wrote in the twelfth century, says that Westminster was joined to the City by "a populous suburb," and Fabyan the fifteenth century chronicler, refers to an old document then preserved in the Guildhall, and of the same age as the Domesday Book, as his authority for the statement that "from Ludgate towards Westminster there were more buildings than in the heart of the City." Of the great antiquity of the Strand as a thoroughfare one can therefore have no doubt, yet it was not till comparatively modern times that it took on the character of a street. Until about the year 1532 it was not only unpaved, but, to quote from the Act of Parliament passed in that year to convert it into a proper road, was "full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and very noisome." A hundred years later (1630) Howes, the continuator of Stow, complained that "of late certain fishmongers have erected and set up fishstalles in the middle of the street on the Strand . . . all which were broken down by special Commission, this month of May, 1630, lest in short space they might grow from stalles to sheds, and then to dwelling houses, as the like was in former time in Old Fish Street." Even in the next century the Strand was still a dismal and uninviting street, for Gay, who began his London life as a silk-mercier's apprentice here, writes in the "Trivia" (1715) of that part of it in which St. Clement's stands in these uncomplimentary lines :

"Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And strung in twines combs dangle in thy face;

Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care.
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes the collier's steeds
Drag the black load: another cart succeeds.
Team follows team crowds heaped on crowds
appear."

Nor even now can the Strand be allowed high rank among the streets of the Metropolis, for it is still to some extent, in spite of the widening effected westwards of St. Clement's, the "long, lean, lanky street" which Henley dubs it in his "London Voluntaries." Having quoted so much to its detriment, let us make amends by recalling Charles Lamb's tribute—"I often shed tears in the motley Strand for fulness of joy at so much life"—and by transferring to our pages the dazzling lines in which Henley sings how the westering sun on a bright October afternoon gifts it

"With aspects generous and bland;
Making a thousand harnesses to shine
As with new ore from some enchanted mine,
And every horse's coat so full of sheen
He looks new-tailored, and every 'bus feels clean,
And never a hansom but is worth the feeing;
And every jeweller within the pale
Offers a real Arabian Night for sale."*

That the Strand was a Roman way is rendered more probable by the Roman bath which is still to be seen in Strand Lane, a narrow passage, almost opposite St. Mary's Church, which runs steeply down towards the Embankment, and was at first a water-course over which the Strand was carried by a bridge. Although it has been a good deal disguised by stucco with which the floor, the roof, and the greater part of the walls of the vaulted chamber have been covered, there is still visible brickwork which points to a Roman origin; but the Roman antiquities which were also discovered here have been removed to the British Museum. The bath, about thirteen feet long, six feet broad and four feet and a half deep, is supplied, at the rate of about ten tons a day, with ice-cold water, which has sometimes been said to flow from the "well" after which Holywell Street, on the other side of the Strand, was named; but this is not so, for the water bubbles up from a spring

* "London Voluntaries and Other Verses" By William Ernest Henley. (David Nutt.)

immediately below. This interesting antiquity appears to have been long lost sight of, for Stow, Maitland, Pennant, and Malcolm are all silent about it; but it is accepted as a genuine survival from Roman days by the best authorities of recent times. It seems, however, to be fated to neglect: it is scarcely ever visited, except by American tourists who are guided to it by Baedeker, and its proprietor finds it sufficient to allow it to be open to the public for a short time on Saturday mornings. In

rest of the maypoles by Parliament in 1644, it was replaced at the Restoration by one which boasted a stature of 134 feet. A contemporary account, "The Citie's Loyalty Displayed," states that it was reared by a dozen of the Lord High Admiral's "handy men" with help of "cables, pulleys and other tackling," on the 14th of April, 1661, "amid sounds of trumpets and drums and loud cheerings and the shouts of the people," to the great pleasure of "the Merrie Monarch and the illustrious Prince, Duke of York; and the little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying golden days began to appear." Finally, a party of morris-dancers came forward, "finely decked with purple scarfs in their half shirts, with a tabor and a pipe, the ancient music, and danced round about the maypole." The maypole which was thus joyfully erected had no long life before it. By the year 1717 only twenty feet of it was left standing above ground, and this was obtained of the parish by Sir Isaac Newton and re-erected in Wanstead Park as a support for what



THE ROMAN BATH.

the same building, until a few years ago, was another bath of respectable antiquity, a relic of the Essex House of which we shall speak presently (p. 599); but when the Norfolk Hotel was reconstructed this was filled in, its lining of marble, however, being transferred to the Roman bath.

The Strand has not only lost its lordly houses, but has also had to part with every one of its antiquities except the Roman bath and the Water-gate of York House. Of its cross little is known save that it stood near the present church of St. Mary, that as early as 1294 the judges sat here to administer justice, that it was mutilated at the Reformation, stood for some years headless, and was finally taken down in the reign of Charles II. The maypole of the

Strand, also a very ancient thing, stood on the actual site of St. Mary's, and, according to Stow, was a hundred feet in height. Destroyed with the

was then the largest telescope in the world, constructed by Huyghens, the astronomer.

Let us now give some account of those stately structures of which Herrick sings. At first, it would seem, the marge of the river between the city in the east and that in the west was affected more by bishops than by the secular aristocracy, for anciently, as John Selden writes in his "Table Talk," noblemen were glad to enjoy the protection of the City walls, while the bishops, "because they were held to be sacred persons whom nobody would hurt," were content to rear palaces for themselves by the waterside between the City boundaries and the royal palace of Westminster, and so it came about that at the Reformation as many as nine bishops had their "inns" beside the Thames between the City and Westminster. But as time went on nobles also, in order to be near the Court, and doubtless to be out of the murk of the City, acquired or built themselves dwellings in this district, until almost

The Cross.

The Maypole.

the whole of the land between the Strand and the river, from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, was occupied by princely habitations.

Of the most westerly of these palaces, Northumberland House, we shall have to speak in a later chapter. Next to it, on the London side, as a glance at Ralph Aggas's map (1560) shows, stood York Place, the palace of the Archbishops of York, upon whom it was conferred by Queen Mary to compensate the archiepiscopal see for the confiscation of York House in Whitehall (p. 556) by her rapacious father when he broke Cardinal Wolsey. In yet earlier days the mansion had been the inn of the Bishops of Norwich, who in the reign of Henry VIII. exchanged it for an abbey in Norfolk. Only one of the Archbishops of York (Heath) seems to have lived in it, and it then became the residence of successive Lord Keepers of the Great Seal, among them Sir Nicholas Bacon, whose yet more distinguished son was

York House.
Francis Bacon.

born here (January 22nd, 1561), and became its tenant on being appointed Lord Chancellor. His attachment to York House comes out in his reply to the Duke of Lennox's endeavour to purchase from him his life interest in it. "In this you will pardon me," he answered; "York House is the house where my father died, and where I drew my first breath; and there I will yield my last breath, if it so please God and the King." The fulfilment of his resolution was not vouchsafed to him. In 1621 his enemies compassed his downfall. He

was charged with having accepted gifts from suitors whose cases were pending, and though he had himself laid it down that no judge should accept a present from a suitor until a cause had been decided, he had to admit that in the cases in question he had violated that rule. The day after he had made this humiliating admission, while lying sick at York House, he was called upon to surrender the Great Seal, and was then fined £40,000, sentenced to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure, disqualified from sitting in Parliament and forbidden to come within twelve miles of the Court. From York House he was taken to the Tower, but was only detained there a few days, and then retired to his country seat, and a few months later the King allocated the fine to trustees for the offender's benefit. In the spring of 1622 Bacon consented to sell York House to the Duke of Buckingham, and the prohibition as to his coming within twelve miles of the Court was then cancelled. Four years afterwards he caught a chill at Highgate in making a scientific experiment and died of bronchitis (April 9th, 1626). We must not recall these particulars of the disgrace of one of the greatest of our philosophers without pointing out that, improper as his behaviour undoubtedly was, there is no reason to believe that he accepted the gifts with corrupt intent. Of this suspicion he is acquitted by so dispassionate an authority as the late Professor Gardiner.

By its new owner, George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, York House was



THE STRAND IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN

From Aggas's Map.

rebuilt on a much more magnificent scale. In 1650 Cromwell granted it to General Fairfax, whose daughter brought it back to the Villiers family by marrying the second duke. In 1672, to pay his debts, he sold it for the sum of £30,000, and it was pulled down, but its connexion with the ducal

this the bishops of the northern see appear to have had their inn somewhere in the Strand. Henry VIII. induced Bishop Tunstall to exchange Durham House for property in the City of London, and by the next king it was granted to the Princess Elizabeth. From her it passed into the possession, or at



THE STRAND CROSS AT THE TIME OF EDWARD VI'S
CORONATION PROCESSION.

family to whom it once belonged is to this day kept in mind by the names of the streets which traverse the estate—George, Villiers, Duke, and Buckingham Streets. A relic of the house is still to be seen at the foot of Buckingham Street in the form of the water-gate which gave admission to it from the river.

Next to York House, as one goes London-wards, stood Durham House, or, as Aggas gives it, Duresme Place, the palace of the Bishops of Durham, built, according to Stow, by Bishop Hatfield in 1345, though a full century before

Durham House.

least into the occupation, of the ambitious Duke, of Northumberland, and here in 1553 was celebrated the marriage of his son, Lord Guilford Dudley, to the Lady Jane Grey, who two months later was conducted hence to the Tower and proclaimed Queen. Queen Mary, on her accession, restored Durham House to Tunstall, but Queen Elizabeth bestowed it upon Sir Henry Sidney, one of her most valued servants. In 1583 it was granted to Sir Walter Raleigh and was held by him for twenty years, when it was snatched from him and restored to the Bishops of Durham. It did not long continue to be their

town house, however, but passed into various hands and through successive stages of decadence, until, in the early years of the reign of George III., so much as was left of it was demolished to make way for the Adelphi.

In the reign of James I. the stables of

kept by one Thomas Radford and his wife, the latter of whom, the daughter of John Clarges, a farrier in the Savoy, was to marry General Monk, the restorer of Charles II., and become Duchess of Albemarle. The New Exchange presently became a fashionable resort, and during the Commonwealth it



THE STRAND MAYPOLE IN 1700, FROM THE RIVER.

From a Print in the Crace Collection.

Durham House, fronting the Strand, and standing on ground partly covered in the middle of the eighteenth century by Coutts's Bank, were pulled down and their place taken by a building which the King, at its opening in 1609, christened "Britain's Bourse," though it soon came to be known as the

The New Exchange.

New Exchange. It consisted of cellars in the basement, a public walk or lounge on the ground floor, and an upper storey divided into stalls or shops for the display of haberdashery, millinery, and gewgaws. One of the stalls, distinguished by the sign of the "Three Spanish Gypsies," was

was the scene of a lamentable tragedy which we must pause to recount. In 1653 (November 21st) there was an altercation here between

Story of an Ambassador's Brother.

Dom Pantaleon Sa, a young man of nineteen, brother of the Portuguese Ambassador, and Colonel Gerard, a young Royalist of some note, and in the scuffle which followed, Gerard was wounded in the shoulder with a dagger. The next evening, at the head of a troop of fifty men wearing armour, and followed by coaches stuffed with hand grenades, the Dom invaded the New Exchange, and the band entered "with drawn



"BRITAIN'S BURSE," BUILT ON THE DURHAM HOUSE SITE.

From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

swords and a furious posture," and not finding Gerard, attacked all who did not flee from their wrath, more or less seriously wounded several persons, and shot dead a young barrister named Greenway, who had come here with his *fiancée* and his sister to make purchases in view of his wedding two days later. Then the brave fellows retired to the Portuguese Embassy, imagining themselves to be safe within those sacred precincts. But they had reckoned without Oliver Cromwell,

who waived aside the Ambassador's expostulations and refused to give him audience until the refugees had been surrendered. They were brought to trial in July, 1654, and the Dom and three of his companions were found guilty and sentenced to execution. No effort was spared by the Ambassador to save his brother from his doom. The other Embassies, too, made common cause with the Portuguese, and they no doubt calculated that even Cromwell, who had done so many highly unorthodox things, would shrink from giving his final sanction to so dire an attack upon ambassadorial privilege. But the Lord Protector, as now he had become, was inexorable, and on the 10th of July the Dom was taken in great state from Newgate to Tower Hill and there beheaded. "A very exemplary piece of justice," Lord Clarendon, the great Royalist historian, terms it, and there can be no doubt,

**The Lord
Protector's
Stern Justice.**

says Dr. Gardiner, that "the Protector's firmness gained the respect of many an Englishman who had hitherto stood aloof."

Where Colonel Gerard was on the night when Dom Pantaleon went to the New Exchange in search of him we know not. But by a strange piece of irony the orbits of these two lives were destined almost to run into each other at the last. Gerard was misguided enough in May, 1654, to mix himself up with the plot to assassinate Cromwell on his way from Whitehall to Hampton Court, but the scheme miscarried, and, having been found guilty of treason, Gerard was beheaded on Tower Hill on the same day as the young Portuguese noble who had sought to shed his blood. Of these two foes, then, we may say that "in their death they were not divided."

**A Coinci-
dence.**

We need not pursue the fortunes of the New Exchange further, except to say that it lost its popularity early in the Georgian period, and in 1737 was taken down and replaced by private buildings, with the bank of Messrs. Coutts in the centre.

A little to the east of Durham House, on or near the spot where now the huge Hotel Cecil overshadows the Strand, stood Salisbury House, the "large and stately" mansion built for himself by Sir Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, a son of the great Lord Burleigh, and ancestor of another great statesman, the late Marquis

**Salisbury
House.**

of Salisbury. Before long Salisbury House was divided into two, Great and Little Salisbury House, while a part of the mansion was fitted up with shops and opened as "the Middle Exchange," and was not long in acquiring a bad reputation. Great Salisbury House remained in the occupation of the Earl of Salisbury of the day, while Little Salisbury House, as Strype records, was "let out to persons of quality," among them William Cavendish, third Earl of Devonshire, who here had as guest Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher. Aubrey records how Charles II., riding in his coach along the Strand two or three days after his restoration, spied the philosopher standing at the door of Little Salisbury House and "put off his hat very kindly to him, and asked him how he did." About the year 1692 Little Salisbury House was pulled down, and in 1695 Great Salisbury House with the Middle Exchange went the same way. The sites were partly used for the formation respectively of Salisbury and Cecil Streets, both of which have now been absorbed by the Hotel Cecil.

Next to Salisbury House on the east, where one now sees Savoy Court, stood Worcester House, once the inn of the Bishops

of Carlisle, then, at the Reformation, the mansion of the Earls of Bradford, and finally, in the seventeenth century, the town house of the Marquises of Worcester, afterwards Dukes of Beaufort. It was burnt down in 1695, and upon its site was built the street known as Beaufort Buildings, which has been swallowed up by the Savoy Hotel extension, and now bears the name of Savoy Court. Worcester House is memorable as the scene of the marriage of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., to Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Clarendon, who had leased it of the Marquis of Worcester of that day.

Of the Palace of the Savoy, of which we are next reminded as we pass eastwards from the site of Worcester House, no fragment remains, but of the Hospital founded upon its ruins by Henry VII. there still remains the church, now a Chapel Royal. The Palace was built in 1245, between the present chapel and the river, and was given by Henry III. to Peter, Count of Savoy, uncle of his queen, Eleanor of Provence. Towards the end of that century Queen Eleanor bought it and conferred it upon her second son, Edmund Earl of Lancaster.

Worcester House.

The Savoy Palace.



THE SAVOY PALACE IN 1647.

From a Water-colour Drawing.

When Edward I., the Earl's elder brother, confirmed the gift by letters patent the Savoy became an appanage of the earldom and honour of Lancaster, and to this day the Chapel Royal is supported from the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster. One of the Palace's most interesting associations is with John, King of France, for after his capture at Poitiers in 1356 it became his lodging, and so remained until in 1360 he was released under the Treaty of Bretigny. Three years later, unable to raise his ransom, he voluntarily returned to this country, was again installed in the Savoy, and died there in 1364. The Palace has association also with Chaucer, who was probably married here what time it was in the hands of John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward III. Its career soon came to an end, for in 1381, "out of the malice which they bore to John of Gaunt and his principles," it was totally destroyed with fire and gunpowder by Wat Tyler's merry men.

After this the Savoy lay ruined and neglected for over a hundred years, but in the early years of the sixteenth century it was rebuilt by Henry VII. and dedicated to St. John the Baptist as a "hospital" for a hundred poor people. Its new career was a chequered one. Under Edward VI. (1553) it was suppressed, and its furniture divided between Bridewell and St. Thomas's Hospitals. But it was re-endowed as a hospital by Queen Mary, and the foundation was not dissolved until the beginning of Queen Anne's reign (1702). In the meantime it was used for a variety of purposes. In the time of Cromwell the Independents here drew up the Confession of Faith, and here

**The Savoy
Conference.**

at the Restoration was held the "Savoy Conference" for the revision of the Liturgy, the Church of England being represented by twelve bishops and the Puritans by as many of their leading divines, among them Baxter and Calamy. After sitting from April 15th to July 24th (1661) they politely concluded that "the Church's welfare, unity and peace, and his Majesty's satisfaction, were ends upon which they were all agreed; but as to means they could not come to any harmony." The result of this abortive conference was to exclude many Puritans from the Church and to accentuate the differences between Anglicans and Puritans.

Nor is the Savoy without memories much less reputable. So early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the resort of debtors and other rogues, and it continued to give them harbourage long after the abolition of sanctuary. Writing about 1720, Strype describes the Savoy as "a very great and . . . ruinous building," including "a very spacious hall," a prison, a parish church, and churches for French, Dutch, Lutherans and Protestant Dissenters; and it still provided shelter for "many refugees and poor people." From 1687 until 1688, when the Revolution dispersed them, the Jesuits also had a chapel and schools here. A large part of the Savoy survived to the nineteenth century, but, to provide space for the approaches to Waterloo Bridge, it was at last demolished, with the exception of the chapel.

This building, erected into a chapel royal by George III., and now a "royal peculiar"

**The Chapel
Royal.**

attached, as we have said, to the Duchy of Lancaster, was reared in 1505 at the time the Palace was refounded as a hospital. Standing north and south, it is a plain Perpendicular building with no exterior attraction but is handsomely fitted and richly decorated within. It had undergone several extensive renovations when, in 1864, it was almost destroyed by fire, nothing but the walls being left standing. It was restored by Sydney Smirke, and was reopened in the following year by Dean Stanley. The cost of the restoration was borne by Queen Victoria, who filled the north window with stained glass, by Willement, as a memorial of the Prince Consort, and in 1878 added a new sacristy and porch. In 1902 another memorial window, unveiled by Sir Henry Irving, was inserted to commemorate Mr. D'Oyley Carte, the impresario of the Savoy Theatre. Among those who lie buried in the Savoy are Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, a translator of Virgil, and George Wither, the poet. Nor must we fail to record the fact that among those who have held the lectureship of the Savoy was Thomas Fuller, whose pregnant wit has enlivened not a few of our pages. Finally, let us recall that the Savoy Chapel was the last place where unauthorised marriages were celebrated. Altogether, the Savoy may be said to have had an experience marked even more by variety than by vicissitude.



THE STRAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
 From Van der Wyngaerde's Plan.

Of old Somerset House, the palace begun by the greedy Protector of this name, some account has been given in our chapter on the Victoria Embankment (p. 586), and we may, therefore, pass on to the next of these Strand mansions, Arundel House, the town house of the Howards, Earls of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk, which stood on the ground now covered by streets named after it and the family to which it belonged—Arundel, Surrey, Howard, and Norfolk Streets. But before it came into the hands of this noble house it was the inn of the Bishops of Bath, from whom it was wrested at the Reformation, and, having been for a time the town house of Lord Thomas Seymour of Sudley, Admiral of England, who styled it Seymour Place, it was after his execution purchased by Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, and with but one short interval it remained the town house of the Fitzalans and their successors the Howards until 1678, when it was taken down and not rebuilt. In the reign of James I. it became famous as the home of the Arundelian marbles, which remained here until, in 1667, they were presented by the Earl of Arundel of that day to the University of Oxford, at the suggestion of John Evelyn, who tells us that he was moved to procure the gift by seeing "these precious monuments miserably neglected and scattered up and down the garden and other parts of Arundel House, and how exceedingly the corrosive air of London impaired them." Evelyn was a frequent visitor to this hospitable mansion; and it was while staying here as an honoured guest that Hollar engraved some of his finest plates, including his "View of London from the Roof of Arundel House."

Arundel House.

Another guest at Arundel House was Thomas Parr, who was brought here from his Shropshire home at Alberbury when "Old Parr," reputed to be more than a century and a half old, and exhibited for some weeks at the "Queen's Head" tavern in the Strand. Introduced to Charles I., and asked by the King what he had done more than other men besides living longer, he replied that he did penance as the father of an illegitimate child when he was over a hundred years old. When the King asked him of what religion he was he said he held

it safest to be of the religion of the reigning sovereign, "for he knew that he had come raw into the world and accounted it no point of wisdom to be broiled out of it." "Old Parr" survived only for a few months the change from the pure air and simple living of his Shropshire home to the atmosphere of London and the luxury of Arundel House, and dying here in November, 1635, at the reported age of 152 years and nine months, he was quite unnecessarily buried in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb records that



"OLD PARR."

he married his second wife, Catherine Milton, at the age of 120 and by her had one child. He was late in marrying, for it was not till he was turned eighty that he led his first wife to the altar. That he was a man of great age is certain enough, but there is no actual proof that he attained the extreme age to which he pretended, and the claim was regarded as a fable by Sir George Cornwall Lewis and Mr. Thoms the antiquary. It should be remembered, however, that to some minds it is a point of honour to scout the claims of centenarians.

Essex House, east of Arundel House, stood on the site of the present Essex Street and Devereux Court. Like others of these Strand mansions, it was a house of many successive names. It was built in the reign of Edward II. by Walter Stapledon Bishop of Exeter, and

Essex House.

was first known as Exeter House. When, in 1326, Bishop Stapledon was beheaded in Cheapside (p. 66), the victim of the rage of the citizens against Edward II. and the Spensers, his body was borne into St. Paul's. But when it was found that he had died under excommunication it was turned out of the cathedral and conveyed to the church of St. Clement Danes, where the rector, though he had been preferred to the living by Stapledon, refused to receive it or to give it the rites of burial. Some poor woman, however, cast a piece of old cloth over the corpse for decency's sake and buried it in a heap of rubbish and sand hard by his own gateway, and so it remained until, in the following February, it was conveyed to Exeter and honourably interred in the cathedral, where to-day his sumptuous tomb is still to be seen.

Exeter House afterwards became Paget House, and then Leicester House, after Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. By him it was bequeathed to his son-in-law, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and it was from hence that towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, he set forth upon his attempt to stir up the citizens of London to rebellion—a piece of madness for which he suffered a few days later on Tower Hill. This was not the mansion's only tragic association, if we may believe the legend that Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, of whom we have said something in our account of the street (Throgmorton Street) which is named after him, was poisoned here while a guest at the table of the Earl of Leicester. The story, however, rests upon no good authority. Essex House also had intimate associations with the Earl of Essex who became the Parliamentary general, for he was both born and died in it. In 1639 he let half of the house to William Seymour, Earl of Hertford, the husband of the hapless Lady Arabella Stuart. One part of the divided house was demolished towards the end of the seventeenth century; the other survived until 1777, and in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. served as a receptacle for the Cottonian Library. The gate with staircase at the foot of Essex Street is said, not without probability, to have been the water-gate of the mansion.

We have now reached the eastern end of the Strand, but we have not exhausted the list of the great houses that dignified the

thoroughfare. Abutting upon it on the north side, where now stands the Lyceum Theatre, and with gardens stretching from Wellington Street on the east to Southampton Street on the west, was a mansion known variously as

Cecil, Burleigh, and Exeter House, which is kept in mind to this day

by Burleigh and Exeter Streets.

For the sake of clearness we will call it Burleigh House, after the name by which Queen Elizabeth's great Minister, Lord Burleigh, is best known. Originally the site was occupied by the rectory house of St. Clement Danes, which in the reign of Edward VI. came into the possession of a Sir Thomas Palmer, by whom it was rebuilt on a more lordly scale. Forfeited to the Crown, it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, and by him was much enlarged and converted, in the words of Pennant, into "a noble pile, built with brick, and adorned with four square turrets," and facing the Strand. He was honoured with a visit from his royal mistress in 1561, before his building operations were completed, and it is said that when an esquire, ushering her in, suggested that she should stoop, so that her pyramidal head-dress might not come to grief, she said, "For your master's sake I will stoop, but not for the King of Spain."

Lord Burleigh died here in 1598, and when his eldest son was created Earl of Exeter the mansion was styled Exeter House. After the Great Fire it was occupied by the members of Doctors' Commons while their quarters in the City were being rebuilt, and, the elder branch of the Cecils not returning to it, about the year 1676 it was divided up into shops, with accommodation above for a menagerie of wild beasts, its name now being once more altered to Exeter 'Change. The menagerie was first known as Pidcock's and afterwards as Clark's Exhibition of Wild Beasts, and later still it came into the hands of one Polito, but it is

best known to fame as Cross's Menagerie. It was during this

phase of its career, in 1826, that the huge elephant who had for years been familiar to the youngsters of that day as Chunee became ungovernable and had to be condemned to death. The sentence was executed by a file of soldiers, and 152 bullets were fired into his huge body before he bit the dust. Standing nearly eleven feet high, he

weighed five tons, and his skeleton was acquired for £100 by the Royal College of Surgeons, in whose museum it is still preserved. Two years after the death of Chunee the menagerie was removed to the King's Mews at Charing Cross, and Exeter 'Change, which, with its projecting front, stood between the end of Exeter Street and the entrance to the Lyceum pit, was taken down in 1829.

down, the day after its noble owner's seat at Wimbledon was partly destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder. Rebuilt, it survived until about 1782, but it seems to have possessed few notable associations, and it has left no trace of itself in the names of surrounding streets.

On the west side of Burleigh House, as Wimbledon House was on the east side, was



A BIT OF THE STRAND IN 1810.

From a Drawing by W. Nichols.

Even now we have not done with the historic mansions of the Strand, nor with the Cecils, for a little to the east of Burleigh House, on the site where long afterwards the old Gaiety was reared, there was built about the beginning of the seventeenth century, by Lord Burleigh's grandson, Sir Edward Cecil, third son of Thomas Earl of Exeter, a house which was styled Wimbledon House, after the viscounty that was bestowed upon him by Charles I. for services in the tented field. In 1628, not long after its completion, Wimbledon House was burnt

Bedford House, the town mansion of the Russells, the site now indicated by Southampton Street, which received its name by way of compliment to the Lady Rachel, the devoted wife of William Lord Russell, the patriot who suffered in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Before the Russells built this house they occupied the Bishop of Carlisle's inn, afterwards Worcester House (p. 597), almost opposite. They continued to occupy Bedford House until 1704, when they removed to their new mansion in Bloomsbury, where we shall again encounter them.

Wimbledon House.

CHAPTER LIV

THE MODERN STRAND

St. Clement Danes—Dr. Johnson's Pew—Butcher Row—The Gladstone Statue—St. Mary-le-Strand—Exeter Hall—The Lyceum—The Beefsteak Club—The Gaiety—The Adelphi—The Savoy and other Theatres—The Cecil and Savoy Hotels—The Metropolitan Water Board—"Simpson's"—Jacob Tonson—George Eliot and G. H. Lewes—Herbert Spencer and the *Economist*—Newspapers—Court's Bank—The Royal Palace of Justice

MUCH the more interesting, though the less graceful, of the churches in the Strand is the more easterly of the two, that of St. Clement Danes, of which we have said something in the preceding chapter (p. 590) by way of accounting for its second name.

St. Clement Danes.

The vane of the church takes the form of an anchor, and the same device is to be seen on other parts of the building, the anchor, the emblem of faith, being associated with the patron saint, who, tradition says, was cast into the sea with an anchor slung round his neck as the penalty of his adherence to the Christian religion. As we have already seen, there was a church here before the Conquest, but that probably was not the church that, surviving until 1680, was then demolished to prevent it from falling down, except, indeed, the tower, which, recased and modified by Wren, was worked into the design of the present church, and was afterwards (1719) heightened and run up into a spire by James Gibbs, the architect of the neighbouring church of St. Mary-le-Strand and of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The body of the present St. Clement's, designed by Wren in the Corinthian order, was built in 1681 by Edward Pearce, the master mason and sculptor, the material used being grey Portland stone. Its name has been made a household word by the children's rhyme—

"Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of St. Clement's."

Its most memorable personal association is with Dr. Johnson, whose pew, in which he worshipped Sunday by Sunday for many years, is marked by a brass plate, placed here, as the inscription sets forth, by some inhabitants of the parish

Dr. Johnson's Pew.

"in the remembrance and honour of noble faculties, nobly employed." Boswell tells us how on Good Friday, 1781, he came to St. Clement's with his friend and there saw Johnson's old fellow-collegian Edwards, to whom he said, "I think, sir, Dr. Johnson and you meet only at church." "Sir," was the pious reply, "it is the best place we can meet in, except Heaven, and I hope we shall meet there too." In 1897-98 the rector of St. Clement's devoted a sum of nearly £6,000, derived from the sale of Jubilee seats, to renovations and alterations which one regards with mixed feelings. Among the changes effected was the lowering of the pews by some fifteen inches, a process in which Dr. Johnson's pew was not spared: in such a case, surely, conspicuousness would have been no demerit. One curious discovery that was made at this time was that the central doors of oak, which had been thickly coated with paint and varnish, had at some time been riddled with bullets and small shot. After the renovation the pulpit looked as fresh and sharp as when it left the hands of Grinling Gibbons; Father Smith's organ also received due attention.

St. Clement Danes has associations with other men of letters besides Johnson. Here were buried Thomas Otway, who died in 1685, and Nat Lee, who came to his end at the age of forty in 1692, after a debauch at the "Bear and Harrow" in Butcher Row, hard by the church. "I remember poor Nat Lee," says Dryden, writing to Dennis, "who was then upon the very verge of madness, yet made a sober and witty answer to a bad poet who told him it was an easie thing to write like a madman. 'No,' said he, 'it is very difficult to write like a madman, but it is a very easie matter to write like a fool.'" Bishop Berkeley also was laid to

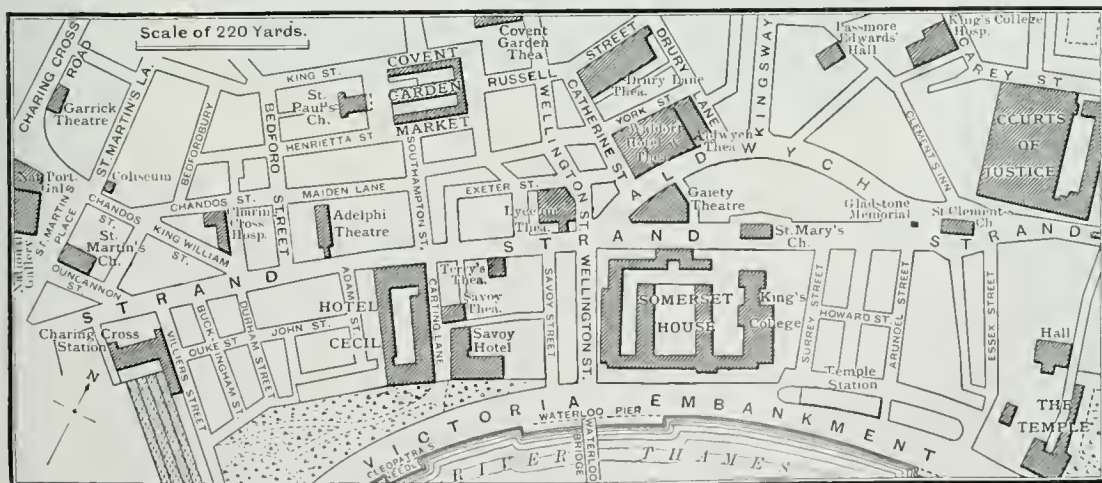
Other Associations.

rest here, in 1685, not long after the present church was opened. In old St. Clements, again, was celebrated (October 10th, 1676) that marriage of Sir Thomas Grosvenor with Mistress Mary Davies, the wealthy heiress of Ebury Manor, which brought to the Grosvenors, now Dukes of Westminster, their property in Pimlico and Belgravia. Nor must we fail to notice that in old St. Clement's were baptised (June 6th, 1563) the "Master Robert Cecil" who lived to become James I.'s Lord High Treasurer and first Earl of Salisbury, and the philosophical Earl of Shaftesbury (March 7th, 1670-71).

Butcher Row, where Nat Lee died, was a string of lofty tenements on the north side of St. Clement's, between Holywell Street and Ship Yard, and known in Queen Anne's day as the "Pass" or the "Straits" of St. Clement's. The houses were for the most part built in Queen Elizabeth's time, of wood and plaster, with overhanging eaves, and they derived their name from shambles here, to which butchers who did not possess the freedom of the City of London brought their meat for sale. As time went on they came to be a nuisance in a sanitary sense, "a sort of nestling-place for the Plague and fevers," as John Timbs calls them, besides being an obstruction to traffic; and in the year 1813 they were pulled down at the instance of Alderman Pickett, after whom the street which replaced the row was named. Now Pickett Street also is but a memory, having been abolished to make way for the Law Courts.

St. Clement's Church now looks down upon the one statue of which the Strand can boast, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's fine monument of Gladstone, which was unveiled by Mr. John Morley—as he then was—on the 11th of November, 1905. It forms a part of the national memorial of the great statesman, a sum of £8,000 being allocated to it from the Memorial Fund. On a lofty architectural pedestal with allegorical groups at the angles, representing the apposite ideas of Brotherhood, Education, Aspiration, and Courage, is reared a colossal bronze statue of the statesman in his robes, the figure erect and alert, the head slightly turned to the left, looking along the Strand towards Charing Cross. In unveiling the statue, Lord Morley pointed out how appropriate it was that a memorial of a statesman who did so much for the people should have been placed in the midst of the crowded Strand; and the position, it may be added, is also appropriate because the monument stands in the shadow of one church and in full view of another—St. Mary-le-Strand.

The first St. Mary's stood a little further west than the present church, on the spot now covered by the eastern part of Somerset House, where, in the north-east corner of the quadrangle, traces of the vaults of the church have been discovered. This first St. Mary's, which dated at least as far back as the thirteenth century, and was dedicated to "The Nativity of our Lady and the Innocents," though



MAP OF THE STRAND AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

sometimes known also as St. Ursula of the Strand, was pulled down by that devastator of London, the Protector Somerset, to make way for his new palace. The present church was built in 1714-17, from designs by James Gibbs, the accomplished architect of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford. Though the steeple has not the grace of St. Martin's, the church is an admirable structure, more ornate externally and more sumptuous internally than its neighbour, St. Clement's, nor is it encumbered with galleries. The church had a narrow escape from destruction in 1888, when it was closed as unsafe, but it was repaired and reopened in the following year. As with St. Clement's, the destroyers had their eyes upon it in connexion with the widening of the Strand, but now that that great improvement has been effected with the retention of the churches as one of its postulates, it may be assumed that both are safe from attack—for a few years, at any rate!

Another of the Strand's religious institutions, the well-known Exeter Hall, to which Macaulay in a wrathful moment attached an opprobrious epithet, was closed in 1907, and has been succeeded by an hotel. It was built by J. P. Gandy-Deering, in the years 1830-31, for religious meetings and sacred concerts.

Exeter Hall.

Here for many years were held the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society; it was also the original home of the New Philharmonic Society, the first series of whose concerts, in 1852, was conducted by Hector Berlioz; and although in 1880 it became the exclusive property of the Young Men's Christian Association, it remained to the end, as it had

been from the beginning, one of the chief centres of the "May meetings."

Between the two horns of Aldwych, stretching from St. Clement's to Wellington Street, is a magnificent site, forming an "island," on a part of which have been reared offices for the Government of Victoria, from designs by Mr. Alfred Burr, F.R.I.B.A. Farther along the Strand, a part of the front of the Adelphi Theatre, formerly used for the purposes of a restaurant, has been con-

verted into offices for the Government of Queensland.

The Strand with the region lying between it and Shaftesbury Avenue on the north-west is still the chief theatre centre of London. The most famous of the Strand theatres, until in 1904 it was reconstructed as a music hall, was the Lyceum, the scene of the triumphs of the late Sir Henry Irving and of Miss Ellen Terry. Its curiously mottled history has been traced by Mr. Austin Brereton in his volume on the theatre and

The Lyceum.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. CLEMENT DANES, WITH THE GLADSTONE STATUE.

the actor with whose name it is indissolubly associated.* The Lyceum which occupies so distinguished a place in the annals of histrionic art dates from the year 1834. But the first Lyceum, built on a part of the site of Exeter House (p. 600), carries us much farther back, to the year 1772, when, built from designs by James Paine, the architect of bridges over the Thames at Kew, Richmond, and elsewhere, it was opened as an Academy of Art, the home of a body which rather grandiloquently styled itself the Royal Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain. About the same time there was established at Somerset House, almost opposite, the present Royal Academy of Arts, and London not being large enough to maintain two such august institutions, the Royal Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain had to put up the shutters, and the Lyceum became

the property of a Strand breeches-maker, and was successively put to a variety of uses. It was transformed into a theatre about the year 1794 by Samuel Arnold, the composer, who, however, was unable, owing to the opposition of the patent houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to obtain a licence, and had to forfeit to the Strand breeches-maker his lease and the structural improvements he had effected. The history of the Lyceum as a regular theatre does not begin until 1809,

and in the interval (1802) it had opened its doors to the wax models of Madame Tussaud. Its first elevation to the status of a theatre it owed to the destruction by fire of Drury Lane on the 24th of February, 1809, and the Drury Lane Company remained here until 1812, when their own house was ready for them. In 1816 Samuel James Arnold (son of Samuel Arnold, the composer), in whose hands the

theatre had been for some years, obtained a ninety-two years' lease at a ground rent of £800, and acquiring some adjoining property, erected here a substantial theatre, at a cost of £80,000, and it was opened in the following year. In 1818, from April 2nd to June 17th, Charles Mathews the elder gave here his "At Homes," in which he was the sole entertainer. In November, 1821, the Lyceum, now known as the English Opera House, offered its shelter to the Covent Garden



PULPIT OF ST. CLEMENT DANES (p. 602).

Company, burnt out of their own house, as the older Lyceum had done to the Drury Lane Company a few years before. In 1830 its own turn came to fall a prey to the flames. Its successor, designed by Samuel Beazley, architect and playwright, was opened as the Royal Lyceum and English Opera House on the 14th of July, 1834. In 1844 the law was so altered as to destroy the monopoly of the patent theatres in five-act plays, and in 1844, becoming in the full sense of the term a theatre, the Lyceum ceased to call itself the English Opera House.

* "The Lyceum and Henry Irving." By Austin Brereton. 1903.

From 1847 to 1855 the Lyceum was under the control of Charles Mathews the younger and his wife (Madame Vestris). Next came a spell of Italian opera, and then the theatre passed into various hands until in 1871 it was taken by an American manager, Mr. H. L. Bateman, for the *début* of his daughter Isabel; and so we arrive at the beginning of

The Bateman Management.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

DR. JOHNSON'S PEW (*p.* 602).

Henry Irving's connexion with the house. The season was not a successful one, and it threatened to end in failure, when Irving induced his manager to try *The Bells* (November 25th), he himself taking the part of the conscience-stricken burgomaster. At once his future and fame were assured. London was captured, and the play was performed for 151 consecutive times.

We need not stop to recount Irving's later successes in a wide variety of parts, for the memory of them is still fresh and vivid. His management of the Lyceum started in 1878, and soon the Lyceum became only less

The Irving Régime.

renowned for its costly and sumptuous stage production than for the brilliant acting of its manager. One of his first steps was to engage the services of Miss Ellen Terry, who was then playing Olivia at the Court Theatre. The new management began on Monday, the 30th of December (1878) with *Hamlet*, the title-rôle being, of course, taken by Irving himself and the part of Ophelia by Miss Terry.

From that time until his connexion with the Lyceum ceased this charming actress's fame was bound up with the Lyceum not less intimately than his own. A memorable feature of the season of 1881 was Irving's generous invitation to Edwin Booth, the American actor, whose season at the Princess's had not been a success, to come to the Lyceum to alternate with him the parts of Othello and Iago.

In 1895, to the delight of the nation, Irving was knighted by Queen Victoria. It was the first time such an honour had ever been conferred upon an actor, and by the address presented to him by four thousand of his brother and sister actors they showed a fitting sense of the importance of the innovation. This was the climax of a great career. The taste for serious drama, even when produced with dazzling splendour, was beginning to decline, and during a protracted illness which overtook Irving in 1898, the Lyceum passed into the hands of a limited liability company, who acquired it for £275,000, and now, as Mr. Brereton regretfully says, the Lyceum was available for nine months in the year to almost anyone who elected to hire it. It was finally closed in 1902, owing to inability to comply with the quite proper but very costly structural requirements of the London County Council, and on the 30th of September, 1903, the shareholders, after hearing a letter from Irving deprecating the change, but not opposing it, decided to convert it into a music hall. It then underwent reconstruction, and was reopened as a variety theatre on the 31st of December, 1904. The distinguished man who had won immortal fame upon its boards did not long survive the change: he died suddenly at Bradford on the 13th of October in the following year, at the close of a performance of *Becket*, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In

April, 1907, the Lyceum was successfully reopened with a melodrama, and since October, 1908, by way of keeping up its reputation for versatility, it has been on Sundays the preaching centre of the West London Mission, the organisation founded by the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes at St. James's Hall.

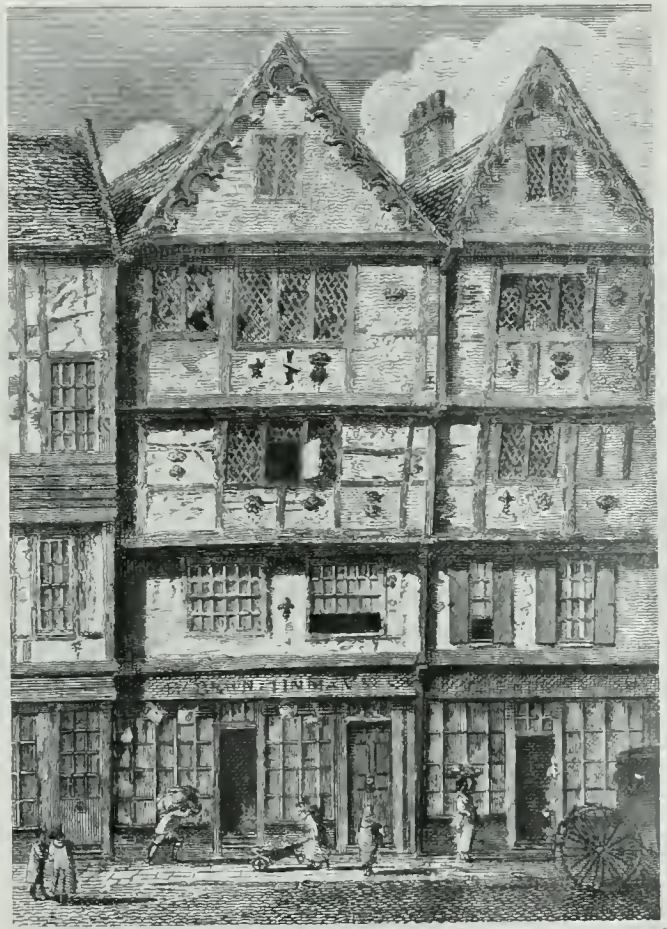
Long as we have paused at the Lyceum, we must give some account of a famous institution which was long connected with it. The Sublime Society of Beefsteaks, founded at Covent Garden Theatre in 1735 by John Rich, the patentee of that house, and George Lambert, the scene-painter, migrated to the Lyceum in 1809, and returning to it in 1839, having had to seek quarters elsewhere after the fire of 1830, remained here until it was disbanded in 1867, occupying rooms on the first floor, on the Exeter Street side of the house, approached by a private staircase from that street, though there was also access to them from the theatre itself.

The number of members was strictly limited, and at different times it included George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), and his brothers the Dukes of York and Sussex, the Duke of Leinster, David Garrick, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Lord Sandwich, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Brougham, John Wilkes, and Charles Morris, the "Laureate of the Steaks."

Its highly convivial meetings were held on Saturdays, and the beefsteaks which were the justification of its existence were washed down with copious draughts of ale and wine and punch, the liquor being sped upon its journeys round the table by songs, by Morris or another.

An interesting account of one of the dinners of the club is given by the late G. A. Sala in his "Things and People." It was in 1857 or 1858, and among the company were Sir Charles Locock, the eminent physician, and Lord Campbell, sometime Lord Chan-

cellor. "The furniture of the club room," says Sala, "was very simple; but the damask table-cloths were of the finest, and there was a handsome show of plate. The extremity of the room was in the form of a huge grid-iron, through which you could see the cooks exercising their vocation in front of a roaring



OLD HOUSES IN BUTCHER ROW (p. 603).

From a Drawing by S. Rawle.

fire. The steaks were served in little pieces about two inches long by an inch broad, hot and hot, and there was nothing but steaks. I remember a good deal of port and a good deal of punch, but there was no champagne." Sala was to have responded to the toast of the visitors, but the end of his first sentence was drowned by uproarious "Hear! hears!" and his attempts to proceed were met by successive bursts of cheering, so that at last he sat down discomfited. He had learnt his speech by heart, too! As soon as the applause was over, one of the members

proposed to the now attentive audience "that the long and eloquent speech just made by their guest should be forthwith printed, at the cost and charges of the Sublime Society, for private circulation only." No wonder that Sala goes on to remark, not without a note of regret, that the club had become a convivial anachronism.

When the Society was dissolved (1867) its plate, most of it stamped with a gridiron and with the words "Beef and Liberty," was sold by auction, and fetched high prices. The gridiron itself, so suggestive of luscious memories, fetched five guineas and a half. In 1880 Sir Henry Irving restored the dining-room, which had become a mere receptacle for lumber, and here it was that he dispensed hospitality to friends and distinguished patrons of the drama on many a memorable occasion.

The Lyceum still preserves the portico under which we passed in the days of Henry Irving, but the old Gaiety—
The Gaiety.—the first of the theatres to acclimatise in London the *opéra bouffe* of Paris—which stood at the corner of Catherine Street when that street came down to the Strand, instead of debouching as it does now upon Aldwych, has disappeared altogether. Originally opened in 1864 as the Strand Music Hall, it was enlarged and converted into a theatre proper four years later, and ran a prosperous career as the home of that superficial musical entertainment which, by the end of the century, had well-nigh driven the serious drama off the stage. Since 1904 the name has been borne by a new

theatre, which presents one front-
The New Gaiety.—age to the Strand and another to Aldwych. The exterior, with its suggestion of the Scottish baronial style, bears traces of the influence of Mr. Norman Shaw. Incongruously massive and severe for a building having such a name and used for such a form of entertainment, it has undeniable force and dignity, and the London County Council did well to make a contribution to the cost of this the first building to be erected in Aldwych.

The Adelphi Theatre, on the same side of the Strand, facing the region from which it takes its name, dates in its
The Adelphi.—present form from 1901, when a house which had been built in 1858 was reconstructed. The latter theatre, again, built by Benjamin Webster, was the

successor of one that was opened in 1806 as the Sans Pareil, but presently came to be known as the Adelphi. The second Adelphi, which for many years was the chosen home of melodrama, had in its annals a tragic incident, for at its stage door in Maiden Lane, William
William Terris. Terris (*vere* William Charles James Lewin), as breezy and gallant a figure as ever trod the stage, was fatally stabbed on the evening of February 16th, 1897, as he was entering, by a broken-down actor named Richard Archer Prince, and in a few minutes had bled to death. When Prince was brought to trial he was proved to be insane, and was committed to the Broadmoor Asylum for Criminal Lunatics. His victim, who was a Londoner by birth and breeding, having been born at 7, Circus Road, St. John's Wood, in 1847, and educated at Christ's Hospital, was buried amidst unusual demonstrations of public grief at the Brompton Cemetery.

Other Strand theatres are the Savoy, built in 1881, the Vaudeville (1870), Terry's, built in 1887 for Mr. Edward Terry, and the gilt-fronted Tivoli Variety Theatre, dating from 1890. We must not mention the Savoy without noting that here were produced nearly all
The Savoy.—the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, all, indeed, except *H.M.S. Pinafore*, the *Pirates of Penzance* and *Patience*, which were first produced at the now vanished Opera Comique, the last of the three being transferred to the Savoy in 1882. Here, too, at the end of 1906 began, with the *Yeomen of the Guard*, a revival of these productions, which showed that after the lapse of a quarter of a century they had lost little of their freshness and piquant charm. Sir W. S. Gilbert was there to enjoy his triumphs over again, but Sir Arthur Sullivan had long passed to the land of shadows, as had also Mr. D'Oyley Carte, the impresario of the Savoy.

The Strand is not less a region of hotels than of theatres. At the western end, to name only the most important, are the Grand and the Golden Cross, with the Charing Cross Station Hotel; more to the east, side by side, are the Cecil—the largest hotel in Europe—and the Savoy;

and a little further eastward is the new Gaiety Hotel and Restaurant. Of the Cecil, the Strand frontage, masking a spacious courtyard, was added in 1902; in 1904 its neighbour, the Savoy, was also enlarged, at a

plying the Metropolis with water on the 24th of June, 1904, taking over the properties of the Water Companies, which it had acquired at a cost of about forty-two millions. The area over which it has jurisdiction ex-



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

ST. MARY-LE-STRAND, LOOKING EAST (p. 603).

cost, including that of the ground, of about a million. In the handsome Strand front of the Savoy—the work, like the rest of the extension, of Mr. T. E. Collcutt—is installed the Metropolitan Water Board, a body which, created by Act of Parliament passed in 1902, entered upon its great work of sup-

tends far beyond the limits of the Administrative County of London, to points as far distant as Little Amwell in the north, Westerham in the south, Hanworth in the west, and Dagenham in the east, having a population of about seven millions, and its members are appointed by the local authorities of the area, with the Thames

and Lea Conservancies, which are represented by one member each. Much the largest representation is that of the London County Council, which appoints fourteen members; authorities which appoint two members each are the Common Council of the City, the Council of the City of Westminster, and the West Ham Borough Council; the other authorities are represented by one member each. Every day throughout the year—taking the average—the Board delivers 219 million gallons of water, and it draws its supply from four sources, (1) the Thames and the Lea, (2) gravel beds adjoining the main stream of the Thames and others at Hanworth, (3) natural springs, and (4) wells sunk in the chalk or other strata of the Lea Valley, in Kent, and elsewhere. Until it removed to Savoy Buildings, the Board had its offices at Caxton Hall, Westminster, but its meetings have from the beginning been held at the offices of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, on the Embankment.

On the ground floor of Savoy Buildings is "Simpson's," the old-fashioned eating-house and cigar-divan which "Simpson's," had long been established opposite Exeter Hall, until, in 1903, it was closed to make way for the widening of the Strand. It was taken over by Mr. John Simpson in 1848 from one Reiss, and its original attractions were announced as "good living, choice wines, and fine cigars." The present "Simpson's" is a mixture of old and new. With spaciousness of area and elegant and luxurious fittings and appointments, there are in the big dining-room some of the old-fashioned "boxes" and some old oak panelling; the fare still consists of "English food prepared in the English way," and the white-capped carvers still wheel their steaming joints from table to table as of yore. Still in use, too, are the old chess-boards on which two generations of the world's greatest players have fought out their bloodless battles.

With journalism and literature the Strand has no lack of associations. Opposite the southern end of Catherine Street, before that street had been curtailed, in a house (No. 141) that has been rebuilt, Jacob Tonson carried on the business of a publisher,

which he started in 1678 "with a capital," says Henry Morley, "of only £100, cheerfulness, honesty, and industry." Next to No. 141 was, in Johnson's day, the Turk's Head Coffee-house, which the leviathan of literature patronised because the mistress of it was "a good civil woman," who had not

much business. Here George Eliot lived as a boarder with the Chapmans, from the time she came to

London, at the end of September, 1851, until in October, 1853, she took lodgings in Cambridge Street, Hyde Park Square. She joined the Chapmans as assistant-editor of the *Westminster Review*, and it was while living in the Strand that

G. H. Lewes. she made the acquaintance of George Henry Lewes, with whom she was presently to ally herself. Her first impressions of him were unfavourable enough, as we see from a letter written during this period of her life (April 16th, 1853), in which she declares that he had had a good deal of her vituperation. But by this time he had "quite won her regard," as she says in the same letter, adding—"Like a few other people in the world, he is much better than he seems. A man of heart and conscience wearing a mask of flippancy." It was here, too, that she formed her friendship

with Herbert Spencer, to whom there are interesting references in her letters written during these years. "We have agreed," she says, writing of him on the 22nd of April, 1852, to her friends the Brays, "that there is no reason why we should not have as much of each other's society as we like. He is a good, delightful creature, and I always feel better for being with him." Beside these passages may be placed a couple of sentences which we take from Herbert Spencer's Autobiography, published long after Mr. Cross's biography of his wife—in 1904. Speaking of a beautiful lady who had not quite pleased him because her head was not of the right phrenological shape (!), he protests that the incident implied no deficient appreciation of physical beauty on his part. "The fact is quite the reverse. Physical beauty is a *sine quâ non* with me; as was once unhappily proved when the intellectual traits and the emotional traits were of the highest."

That George Eliot was not immoderately enamoured of Herbert Spencer may be inferred from an amusing passage in the *Autobiography* which represents her and Dr. Chapman as playing the part of match-makers in what they conceived to be his interests. A young lady of marked eligibility,

**George Eliot as
a Match-maker.**

monial state, but fortunately for himself—and not for himself only—nothing ever came of it.

At the time of the match-making episode Spencer was working on the *Economist* as sub-editor at No. 340, Strand, nearly opposite No. 142, where his friends the Chapmans lived. He took the post in November, 1848, at the modest salary of one hundred guineas



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

THE NEW GAIIETY THEATRE (p. 608).

as it seemed to them, had expressed great interest in him as the author of "Social Statics," and presently they startled him with the information that they had found for him a wife. An introduction followed, but though the lady had many attractions, and was both a poetess and an heiress, the philosopher considered her "morbidly intellectual," and he doubted whether the spirit would move him. As all the world knows, the spirit never did move him. Now and again he was conscious of vague leanings towards the matri-

a year, with a bedroom on the premises and free attendance, but the work left him with a great deal of leisure, and, moreover, it was understood that he was to be paid for any leading articles he might contribute to the paper. To the air and noise of the Strand he found it impossible to get accustomed, and in the spring of 1850 he took rooms near Westbourne Grove, and though some months later he returned to the Strand, at the close of the year he migrated to Kentish Town, and after a short time settled at St. John's Wood,

where he lived during the remainder of his connexion with the *Economist*, which terminated when a legacy of £500 bequeathed to him by an uncle enabled him to abandon sub-editorial work for authorship. The office of the *Economist* has been swept away in the recent widening of the Strand, and it has found refuge in Arundel Street; the Chapmans' house, too, on the other side of the street, has vanished.

With the Strand is associated the oldest of the existing London daily newspapers, the *Morning Post*, which first appeared on the 2nd of November, 1772, thirteen years before the *Times* was started, and in 1796 was sold for £600, this sum including the premises and plant as well as the copyright. It was born, however, in Fleet Street, but presently migrated to the Strand; and though its handsome new offices at the corner of Wellington Street were swallowed up in the Strand improvement, it has built for itself still finer premises on virtually the same site, now forming the western horn of Aldwych, with a magnificent entrance hall opening upon the Strand. This palatial building it shares with the Central Young Men's Christian Association, which occupies the second and third floors. Among illustrious contributors to the *Morning Post* during its early years were Charles Lamb, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, the last of whom, as the late Dr. Traill showed in his monograph in the English Men of Letters series, was a journalist of rare capacity—a gift of which one would not have suspected so ineffectual a genius. The *Morning Post* has been the consistent organ of Society, but since June, 1881, it has been published at a penny, and though it still remains *par excellence* the newspaper of the fashionable world, it has of late years, by its vigour and enterprise and comprehensiveness, appealed with brilliant success to a far wider *clientèle*. Until his death in 1908 its policy was personally directed by its proprietor, Lord Glenesk, a man of exceptional journalistic gifts.

Speaking of Coleridge we may recall that it was in the Strand, long before he became a contributor to the *Morning Post*, and while he was a Bluecoat Boy, that there occurred the incident which made him free of a circulating library. Walking along this

street in one of his day-dreams, as Gilman records in the *Life*, "fancying himself swimming across the Hellespont, thrusting his hands before him as in the act of swimming, his hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket; the gentleman seized his hand, and turning round . . . accused him of an attempt to pick his pocket; the frightened boy sobbed out his denial of the intention, and explained to him that he thought himself swimming the Hellespont." By the conversation which followed the stranger was so struck that he presented the young day-dreamer with a subscription to a circulating library in King Street, Cheapside.

In the Strand, too—to return to our newspapers—are the offices of the oldest of the evening newspapers, the *Globe* (at No. 367), established in 1803, and the oldest of the Sunday papers, the *Observer* (at No. 125), dating from 1791, as well as the two great medical papers, the *British Medical Journal* and the *Lancet*. The former, the organ of the British Medical Association, was founded in 1840 under the name of the *Provincial Medical Journal*, which was changed to the present name in 1857; it and the Association which it represents are housed at the Agar Street corner of the Strand, in new buildings of which both the Strand and the Agar Street façades are embellished with a remarkable series of statues by Mr. Jacob Epstein symbolising typical phases of human life. When the structure was finished, in 1908, these sculptures furnished occasion for a singular outbreak of factitious prudery on a small scale, which was very properly disregarded. The *Lancet*, established in 1823 by the vigorous and enterprising Thomas Wakley, has its offices at the Bedford Street corner of the Strand, the next turning eastwards.

The Strand, too, was once the headquarters of illustrated journalism, and still illustrated papers abound here. Near the eastern end of the street is still published the oldest of the illustrated journals, the *Illustrated London News*, started in 1842 by the late Herbert Ingram, a native of Boston, whose son, Sir William Ingram, Bart., is the managing director of this great paper and of the *Sketch*, established in 1893. The *Graphic*, dating from 1869, for long the only rival of the *Illustrated London News*, has migrated from the

Strand to Tallis Street, in the City of London ; but the *Daily Graphic*, the first of the illustrated dailies, to which it gave birth in 1890, still has its offices here, at Milford House.

Near the other end of the Strand is the old banking-house of Messrs. Coutts & Company, certainly the oldest of the West End banks, Drummonds' only excepted, and still enjoying an extensive connexion with the nobility and landed gentry. Started in St. Martin's Lane in 1692 by George Middleton and George Campbell,* it was removed in 1737 to the house in the Strand, occupying the site of "Britain's Bourse" (p. 595), which it continuously occupied until 1904. About the year 1754 James Coutts, son of a Provost of Edinburgh, joined the firm as a partner, and in 1761 he was left sole proprietor, and took his brother Thomas into partnership. From that time to the present the bank has been known as Coutts's, and to this day the cheques bear the three crowns which were the original

sign of the house, with the words, "At the Three Crowns in the Strand, next door to the Globe Tavern. A.D. 1692." At James

Coutts's death, in 1778, Thomas became head of the firm. He it was who by his address and enterprise and sagacity raised the fortunes of the house until it became one of the wealthiest of the London banks. But he is not less known to fame as the husband of Miss Harriet Mellon, the actress. His first wife was Elizabeth Starkey, a domestic in his brother's service, and by her he had three daughters, one of whom married the Marquis of Bute, another the Earl of Guild-

ford, the third Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. Mr. Coutts, who was born in 1735, and survived until 1822, bequeathed the whole of his fortune, amounting to about £900,000, to his widow without restriction, and "without the deduction of a single legacy to any other person." Five years after his death Mrs. Coutts married the Duke of St. Albans, but by the marriage settlement reserved to herself

the control of her fortune, the life interest in which she bequeathed, on her death in 1837, to her first husband's favourite granddaughter, Miss Angela Burdett, the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett. In 1881 this most benevolent lady, who was raised to the peerage by Queen Victoria in 1871 as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, married Mr. W. L. Ashmead-Bartlett, who assumed her name; and, to avoid litigation with the successors named in the Duchess's will, she surrendered the larger part of her income from the trust estate. She died at the end of 1906, leaving to her

husband all the property at her disposal.

Messrs. Coutts and Co. left the house—dingy as to its exterior, but richly decorated within—in which they had so long carried on business, on the 2nd of August, 1904, and their remaining interest in the lease, which does not expire till March 25th, 1915, was acquired by the London County Council; but it was stipulated by the landowner, the Marquis of Salisbury, that the ground floors and front basement should be converted into shops and underlet. The new house of the bank, on the other side of the Strand, a little farther to the west (No. 440), is a dignified building of Mr. J. Macvicar Anderson's designing, the exterior walls faced with Portland stone; and to it have been transferred from the old bank the fine Adams mantel-



Photo. Bassano, Ltd., Old Bond Street.

WILLIAM TERRIS (p. 608).

**Thomas
Coutts.**

* The detailed history of the bank will be found set out in Mr. Austin Brereton's "Literary History of the Adelphi." (Anthony Treherne & Co., Ltd.) 1907.

pieces and some of the Adams doors. It stands on the site of the Lowther Arcade, opened in 1832, named after the Lord Lowther who was Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests at that time, and long famous for its toys and nicknacks. Adjoining it was the Adelaide Gallery, opened in 1830 as a Gallery of Practical Science, and named, like Adelaide Street, from which it was entered, after the consort of William IV. In



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

STATUE OF G. E. STREET.

1852 it was converted into the Marionette Theatre, and afterwards it became, as it still remains, one of the restaurants of the Messrs. Gatti.

We have left till last the most prominent feature of the Strand, the vast Gothic pile formally styled the Royal Palace of Justice, but more colloquially known as the Law Courts, which terminates the street at the eastern end, and of which, indeed, the south-eastern corner is in the City of London. To make way for it a clearance of about five-and-a-half acres was made, the site extending from Bell Yard on the east to Clement's Inn on the west, and from Carey Street on the north to the Strand and Pickett Street (p. 603) on the south. The acquisition of the site and the erection

of the building having been authorised by Act of Parliament, competitive designs from twelve selected architects were invited, and the eleven designs sent in were exhibited to the public in 1868 in a temporary building put up in New Square, Lincoln's Inn. By the judges of designs it was recommended that George Edmund Street should be appointed architect for the exterior, and that Edward Middleton Barry, son of Sir Charles Barry, should be responsible for the internal arrangements, but at last, in June of that year, Street was appointed sole architect. After this there was long delay, and it was not until 1874 that building operations actually began. The difficulties and vexations inseparable from the carrying out of great building schemes of a public character were aggravated by the penurious policy of Mr. Ayrton, who in 1869 was appointed First Commissioner of Works, and was not long in becoming the most unpopular member of Mr. Gladstone's first Government. He did not even scruple to cut down Street's remuneration. But the architect's heart was in his work, and with his own hand he prepared not less than three thousand of the drawings. That part of the structure which lies east of the great quadrangle, and for the most part forms the residences of the masters and other officials of the Courts, was ready for occupation early in 1880, but it was not until the 4th of December, 1882, that Queen Victoria, with unwonted pomp and circumstance, formally opened the Palace. Most of the great organs and interests of the nation were represented in the ceremony, but one figure was conspicuous by its absence—that of the architect, who, worn out by his too abundant labours, had died a year before (December 18th, 1881), the completion of the building being then committed to the hands of his only son, Mr. Arthur Edmund Street, and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Arthur Blomfield. The cost of the site and of the work of clearance was close upon a million and a half; that of the structure itself, three-quarters of a million.

George Edmund Street was almost a Londoner, for though born a little outside the metropolitan area, at Woodford, in Essex (June 20th, 1824), he was the son of a London citizen carrying on business in Philpot Lane. Turning aside from the business career for

The Law Courts.

which he was first intended, he became a skilled ecclesiologist, for five years (1844-49) was assistant to Sir Gilbert Scott, and came to be regarded as hardly second to Scott as an authority on Gothic architecture. He restored many churches, built the Theological College at Cuddesdon, ran Scott close in the competition for the Public Offices in Whitehall, rebuilt the nave of Bristol Cathedral, and by his careful restorations left his mark upon several other cathedrals. In 1871 he had been elected a Royal Academician; in the last year of his life he became President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and though he did not live to receive the knighthood which the completion of his great work would have brought to him, he was awarded the far higher honour of sepulture in Westminster Abbey.

The building which forms Street's greatest achievement is, roughly speaking, a square, for while the Strand façade is a little more, the east front is a little less than five hundred feet long. The Strand front, though it suffers from its unfortunate proximity to a crowded street, has no lack of effectiveness, and its towers and turrets, its arcades, its oriels and gables, its polished pillars and pilasters, lend to it a variety not inconsistent with unity. The chief feature of the structure is the Great Hall, which has a finely groined roof, a floor of mosaic, and a deeply recessed and elaborately enriched entrance archway, overshadowed by a lofty gable containing a beautiful rose window. The nineteen courts of the Palace are grouped around three sides of the Great Hall, and altogether the building contains about eleven hundred rooms. There having been so few great English judges since the Law Courts were opened, the building is almost devoid of statuary. In the corridors a few busts have been placed, and close to the Carey Street entrance is Woolner's statue of Edwin Field, the solicitor who acted as Secretary of the Commission which carried out the great undertaking. But in the Great Hall, where statuary would be so obviously appropriate, save the late Mr. Armstead's full-length figure of the architect, occupying a recess in the eastern wall, the only monument is that of Lord Russell of Killowen, the work

of Mr. Brock. The late Lord Chief Justice's claim to commemoration within this Palace was incontestable, for it was within its walls that, before his elevation to the Bench, as leading counsel for Mr. Parnell and the Irish members before the Parnell Commission he performed one of the greatest feats of



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

STATUE OF LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

advocacy which modern times have furnished.

A piece of ground on the western side of the building, separating it from Clement's Inn, was converted into a pleasant public garden, known as St. Clement's Garden, but has now been appropriated for an extension of the Palace which had become necessary. On the north side this site is bordered by the Bankruptcy Court, an agreeable building of white brick and Portland stone, in the Italian style, designed by Sir John Taylor, of H.M. Office of Works and Public Buildings, and completed in 1892.

CHAPTER LV

SOME STRAND TRIBUTARIES

Devereux Court—Essex Street and the Robin Hood Club—Milford Lane—Arundel Street—Norfolk Street—Peter the Great and William Penn—Surrey Street—Murder of Mountfort the Actor—Wellington Street and the *Spectator*—The Adelphi—The Brothers Adam—Adelphi Terrace—David Garrick—The Savage Club—The Society of Arts and James Barry—Buckingham and Villiers Streets—Craven Street—Exeter Street and Dr. Johnson—Burleigh and York Streets—De Quincey and the "Confessions of an Opium-eater"

THE first of the Strand's southern tributaries which we must notice as we follow the sun in his motions is Devereux Court, named after Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary General, who was born in Essex House (p. 599). It still preserves the house, marked by a bust of Lord Essex, and the inscription, "This is Devereux Court, 1676," in which met the Grecian Club, so called from its being originally kept by a Greek from the Levant. It was much frequented by wits and poets, among them Addison, Steele and Goldsmith, and in the first number of the *Tatler* Steele tells us that he will "date all gallantry from White's, all poetry from Will's, all foreign and domestic news from St. James's, and all learned articles from the Grecian." The house was converted into chambers about the middle of the last century, though a part of it is used as a refreshment-bar. "The Grecians" had a rival coffee-house in "Tom's," in the same court.

In Essex Street, on the west side, is a building which, opened as a Unitarian Chapel in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, was successively the

scene of the ministrations of Theophilus Lindsey, Dr. Disney, Thomas Belsham, and Thomas Madge, and is now the headquarters of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Nor is the street without remoter associations. Here in the first half of the seventeenth century was established a debating society known as the Robin Hood Club, of which the president at one time was a wealthy baker with a turn for oratory. When Oliver Gold-

The Robin Hood Club.

smith was introduced to the club by his friend Derrick, struck by the eloquence and the imposing appearance of the president, who sat in a large gilt chair, he remarked that nature must have intended him for a Lord Chancellor. "No," said Derrick, "only for a master of the rolls."

Milford Lane is interesting as marking the division between the grounds of Arundel House on the west and those of Essex House on the east. Why Milford, Stow frankly confessed that he had not read "as yet," and though it has been conjectured that the name has reference to a mill and to a ford over one of the many little streams that ran across the Strand



ROBERT ADAM.

From a Medallion by James Tassie.

down to the Thames, it seems scarcely probable that the crossing of such a tiny stream would be called a ford.

Arundel Street, like Norfolk and Surrey Streets, and Howard Street which bisects them, is named after Arundel House and its noble owners, the Howards, Earls of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk, as we have shown in the preceding chapter. These streets have been almost entirely rebuilt of recent years, and the old houses have been for the most part replaced with handsome offices faced with terra-cotta, but there still cling to them memories which are worth recalling. Norfolk Street has had no lack of eminent residents. When in

Norfolk Street.

January, 1698, Peter the Great came to these shores from Holland, he, according to the *Postman* (January

13th), "went directly to the house prepared for him in Norfolk Street near the water-side," just as a little later he took quarters at the foot of Buckingham Street—in both cases, probably, to be near the river. To William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, the bottom of Norfolk Street was attractive

William Penn.

because, in the embarrassed circumstances in which he then found himself, it offered him facilities for escaping from importunate creditors by boat. According to Hawkins's "Life of Johnson," the house he occupied was that at the south-west corner of the street—not the present house, be it understood. In the doorway, says this authority, there was a peep-hole through which he could take stock of any caller. One visitor, who had been kept waiting a long time, asked the servant, "Will not thy master see me?" "Friend," was the reply, marked by a Quaker-like regard for truth,

The Simple Truth.

"he has seen thee, but he does not like thee." From 1814 to

1816 Samuel Taylor Coleridge lived in Norfolk Street, in a house—No. 42, on the east side—which only disappeared in 1896, when it was removed to make way for Horrex's Hotel.

Surrey Street counts among its distinguished denizens John Evelyn, who was living here in 1696, William Congreve, the brilliant and witty dramatist of the same era, and George Sale, the translator of the Koran, who died here in 1736. Congreve came to lodge here in 1706,

and died here in 1729. Here it was that in the year before his death he was visited by



MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

Voltaire, who was provoked to rebuke the affectation into which he was betrayed.

Voltaire and Congreve.

Though infirm and arrived at the verge of life, he spoke of his works, records his visitor, "as of trifles that were beneath him; and hinted to me in our first conversation that I should visit him upon no other footing than that of a gentleman, who led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity." Let us remember, in extenuation of Congreve's behaviour, that he had loved a duchess—Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, the great Duke's daughter, to whom he bequeathed a sum of some £10,000, and who reared to his memory the monument which we have seen in Westminster Abbey.

Before taking up quarters in Surrey Street Congreve had lodged in Howard Street, in order to be near Mrs. Bracegirdle, the beautiful actress of whom it was suspected that he was a not unrewarded lover, and according to Spence's "Anecdotes" it was when he became enamoured of the young Duchess of Marlborough that he moved away into Surrey Street. Mrs. Bracegirdle was in 1691 the innocent occasion of a tragedy here in Howard Street, which we must pause to recount. At that

Howard Street.

Surrey Street.

time there was living close by, in Norfolk Street, William Mountfort, a distinguished actor and also a dramatist, a man of handsome presence and gallant spirit, who was a little over thirty, about the same age as Mrs. Bracegirdle. The lady had had the misfortune to move to frenzied admiration one Captain Hill, a dissolute ruffler for whom she could feel nothing but loathing and contempt, and on the night of the 9th of December, aided by Lord Mohun, who, although only seventeen,

influence over Mrs. Bracegirdle he ascribed his failure to win her affection, it never occurring to his vain and foolish mind that the failure of his suit could be explained by anything inherent in himself; and when the actress was safe within her own doors he and his friend walked up and down the street with drawn swords, Hill loudly declaring that he would have Mountfort's blood. When they had thus disturbed the King's peace for nearly two hours it occurred to the watch to ask the brawlers why they



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

ADELPHI TERRACE, FROM THE EMBANKMENT.

was already beginning to be notorious for profligacy and violence, he attempted her abduction as she left Drury Lane Theatre. But the lady's mother hung about her neck so tenaciously that there was time for help to come, and Hill, desisting from further violence, substituted the rôle of escort for that of abductor, taking one of the actress's hands while her mother clung to the other, and so, followed by Lord Mohun and a troop of her friends, she was conducted to her home in Howard Street.

Unhappily, Captain Hill had conceived a jealous rage against Mountfort, to whose

were walking with drawn swords. "I am a peer of England," was Mohun's reply; "touch me if you dare." They were careful not to touch him, having no doubt as much respect for his drawn sword as for the English peerage, and they discreetly drew off to discover from others what it all meant. They only retired just in time to allow the tragedy to be consummated. For immediately afterwards Mountfort came up on his way home, and after a colloquy between him and Mohun, Hill rushed up and dealt him a blow on the ear, and before he could draw his sword, or as soon as he

had drawn and before he could use it, ran him through. While the mortally wounded man was staggering towards his house close by in Norfolk Street there were cries of murder, and the watch came hobbling up at full speed. But his cowardly assailant had already taken to his heels and was fleeing like a hunted hare, and the officers did nothing but accept the sword which Lord Mohun submissively tendered and conduct him to the round-house. He was brought to trial for murder before his peers at Westminster Hall on the last day of January (1692); but it could not be proved that he knew his friend was meditating not a duel but an act of murder, and while fourteen of his judges declared him to be guilty, sixty-nine pronounced him not guilty. As for Hill, he could not be found, and was never brought to book for his crime, but five years afterwards he came to his end in a tavern brawl and in Lord Mohun's presence. Well did the place and circumstances of his death become this man of blood, though less well than would have done the gallows and the hangman's noose.

Of Strand Lane and its bath something has been said in an earlier chapter, so we may pass on to Wellington Street, constructed as an approach to Waterloo Bridge in 1829-30. Here (No. 1) are the offices of the *Spectator*, the organ of which the late Richard Holt Hutton, not less distin-



JAMES BARRY.

From a Drawing by George Dance, 1809.

guished as theologian than as journalist and man of letters, was for many years co-editor. Founded in 1828 by Mr. R. S. Rentoul, this journal for the thoughtful was acquired in 1861 by Mr. Meredith Townsend and Mr. Hutton, who became joint editors, and the partnership remained unbroken until a few months before Hutton's death in 1897. The *Spectator* gave a general support to the policy of the Liberal party until Mr. Gladstone espoused the cause of Home Rule, when it became one of his most formidable antagonists, just as many

years later, under the editorship of Mr. St. Loe Strachey, it became one of the most powerful opponents of the Unionists when that party advocated a revision of our fiscal system.

The region known as the Adelphi occupies the site of Durham House (p. 594) and its gardens, acquired in 1768 from the Duke of St. Albans on a ninety-nine years' lease by the brothers Adam, architects from across the Tweed, who, throwing a series of vaultings over the muddy declivity which formed the fore-shore of the Thames, reared upon the arches

The Adelphi.

a dignified terrace and several admirably built streets. The terrace, an adaptation of the terrace of the palace of Diocletian, on the Bay of Spalatro, which had greatly impressed Robert Adam in his Continental tour, was styled Adelphi because it was the work of



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

ROOM IN DAVID GARRICK'S HOUSE (p. 620).

brothers, and their Christian names as well as their surname are perpetuated by Adam, Robert, John, James and William Streets. The enterprise was not a success in a commercial sense, and in 1773 the brothers were glad to obtain a Parliamentary Bill which enabled them to dispose of their interest in the property by lottery. There were 4,370 tickets

downe House, in Portland, Stratford, and Hamilton Places, and in Fitzroy Square, to the west of Tottenham Court Road. They also built not a few country houses for the aristocracy, among those near London being Caen Wood at Highgate for the great Lord Mansfield, and Osterley House near Brentford. Nor were they architects only: they



Photo: Farnham Agency.

LECTURE HALL OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS (*p.* 621).

at £50 each, representing a sum of £218,500; and the prizes, as Mr. Brereton shows in his work on the Adelphi, referred to in the preceding chapter, were 108 in number, and ranged in value from £50,080 to £4,960. The arches used to be open, and it was possible by way of them to reach the wharves which then lined the Thames; but in the years 1872-74 it was found necessary to underpin and otherwise strengthen them, and about the same time they were partitioned off and converted into cellars.

The brothers Adam were the most popular architects in London in the reign of George III., and they have left their mark upon the Metropolis not only in the Adelphi and the beautiful stone screen to the old Admiralty in Whitehall, but also in Lans-

also designed furniture in character with their rooms which has won the admiration of good judges of decorative art. The most celebrated of the four brothers, Robert, was born at Kirkcaldy in 1728, and at his death in 1792 he was honoured with a funeral in Westminster Abbey.

At the centre house in Adelphi Terrace (No. 5), marked by one of the tablets of the Society of Arts, and now occupied by the Institution of Naval Architects, lived David Garrick for the last seven years of his life, from about 1772 to 1779, dying in the back room of the first floor. His widow, who survived him for the long space of forty-three years, died in the same room (1822), and was laid beside him in Westminster Abbey.

At No. 8 in the Terrace Mr. Thomas

The Brothers Adam.

David Garrick.

Hardy, who had not yet found himself, for he was at that time engaged in architectural work, had rooms from 1863 to 1867.

The Savage Club. The two houses between No. 8 and No. 5 are the habitation of the Savage Club, which was founded in 1857 at the "Crown," in Vinegar Yard, opposite the pit entrance to Drury Lane, the qualification for membership being that a candidate must be "a working man in literature or art." But times change, and with them the "manners" of even Bohemian institutions, and according to the present rules, as rendered by Mr. Aaron Watson in his history of the Savages (1907), the Club now exists "for the association of gentlemen connected professionally with literature or science, the drama or music"—a formula which has a rather different ring! The Savages, however, have not forgotten how to make merry at their Saturday evening feasts, nor do they fail, even in these days, to get fun out of their name.

They have had many meeting-places on one side or other of the Strand, and have occupied their present dignified quarters, of which they are the lessees, since 1890. They are proud of the fact that for many years, until his accession to the throne, King Edward was an honorary life member, and that among present honorary members are the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Lord Chief Justice, and Earl Roberts.

Another of these Adelphi streets has associations with savages of a different breed, for at Osborne's Hotel, now the Adelphi Hotel, at the corner of John and Adam Streets, died the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands within a week of each other in December, 1824, while on a visit to this country. At this hotel also died Rowlandson, the caricaturist, in 1827 (April 22nd).

No. 18, John Street was built for the Society of Arts, formed in 1754 to promote the industrial uses of art, and for kindred objects. After having forgathered at several places in Fleet Street and the Strand, it settled in its present quarters in 1774. The lecture hall is embellished with six large pictures from the pencil of James Barry, illustrating the progress of civilisation, which are exhibited to the public free, as is only fitting since the artist painted them without remuneration, devoting to them seven years of his life, subsisting chiefly on bread and apples, and maintaining himself by working at night for printsellers. The Society was not ungrateful: it voted him a sum of fifty guineas and another of two hundred guineas, and conferred upon him its gold medal, and when his task was finished he reaped a little over £500 by the exhibition of his pictures; but even so the paintings form an extraordinary memorial of an artist's self-sacrifice. Barry,

an Irishman, born in 1741, was an idealist with an ungovernable temper. Appointed Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy in 1782, he fell foul of Sir Joshua Reynolds, though he afterwards espoused Reynolds's cause when that artist quarrelled with the Academy. In 1799 Barry was deprived of his chair without cause assigned, and his last years were spent in loneliness and poverty. In 1805 the Society of Arts bought for him an annuity, but he did not live to receive the first payment, dying on the 6th of February in the following year at the house of his friend Joseph Bonomi. His body lay in state in the large room of the Society of Arts, in the midst of his pictures, and he was laid to rest in the crypt of St. Paul's.

Buckingham Street, like Villiers Street, the



Photo. Emery Walker.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

After the painting by John Hayls in the National Portrait Gallery.

next turning on the same side, and Duke Street, running across them, recalls George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, on the site of whose fine house and gardens these streets have been reared. Formerly also there were a George Street and an Of Alley, and so the whole of Buckingham's name was commemorated; but George Street is now styled York Buildings, though there is still a George Court, giving access to it from the Strand, while Of Alley, a ridiculous name which even an alley could not be expected long to tolerate, is known as York Place. The end house on the eastern side of Buckingham Street, a remnant of York House, is now replaced by the headquarters of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses, a building of Mr. Paul Waterhouse's designing, opened in 1908 by the King and Queen, who approached it from the Victoria Embankment through the water-gate of York House (p. 584). The old house which has thus been replaced was for a few months in 1698 a lodging-place of Peter the Great. In our own day William Black, the novelist, had rooms here. At the opposite house, on the west side of the street, No. 14, Etty the painter had chambers and a studio from 1824 till within a few months of his death in 1849, and Clarkson Stanfield had rooms in the same house early in his career, when he had given up a sea-faring life and had taken to scene-painting. It occupies the site of a house in which Samuel Pepys lived from 1684 to 1700, and a few years later Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford.

Villiers Street boasts among those who have dwelt in it John Evelyn, who took a house here in the winter of 1683-84, and Richard Steele, who lived here from 1721 to 1724. Craven Street, the next turning westwards, was known as Spur Alley until 1742, when its name was changed to that of its owner, the Earl of Craven. No. 7, on the west side,

Buckingham Street.

is marked by a tablet indicating that it was the abode of Benjamin Franklin, who lodged here during the whole of the period, eighteen years, that he lived in London as a diplomatic agent. At No. 27 lived and died (December 24th, 1839) James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses."

Of the northern tributaries of the Strand we need deal in this chapter with only two or three: others of them will be noticed in connexion with Covent Garden. Exeter Street, named after Exeter House (p. 600), was the street in which Johnson lodged when, at the age of twenty-eight, with David Garrick, he came to London (March, 1737) to put fortune to the test. Taking lodgings at the house of a stay-maker of the name of Norris, he used to dine very well, as he told Boswell, for eightpence at the "Pine Apple" in New Street, which still runs out of St. Martin's Lane eastwards, but in these days has no "Pine Apple." "It used to cost the rest a shilling," Johnson added, "for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny, so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing."

Burleigh Street is named after the same house, sometime styled Burleigh House, and, like Exeter Street, was built early in the fourth quarter of the seventeenth century. At No. 26, at the corner of York Street, is the building which was the office of *All the Year Round*, and here Dickens had rooms which he occupied during his visits to town in his later years, while living at Gad's Hill. York Street, running from Wellington Street to Catherine Street, was named after the duke who presently became James II., and was built in 1636. At No. 4, while it was in occupation of Mr. Bohn, the publisher, De Quincey lived in some seclusion, and in a little back room wrote his "Confessions of an Opium-eater."

Exeter Street.

York Street.

Craven Street.

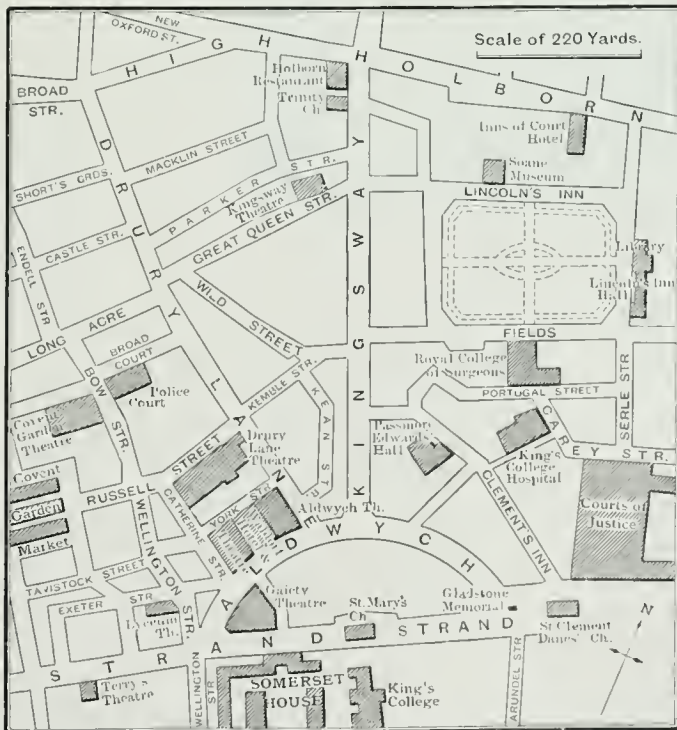
CHAPTER LXI

ALDWYCH AND KINGSWAY

A Great Street Improvement—The Name Aldwych—Theatres, Old and New—Clare Market—New and Clement's Inns—The Duke's Theatre—Holywell Street—Wych Street—Jack Sheppard—Drury House—The Successive Drury Lane Theatres—Macready and Phelps—Sir Augustus Harris

THE names at the head of this chapter stand for the most considerable of the street improvements effected in the capital of late years. From 1836 onwards schemes were framed from time to time which had for their objects the widening of the Strand between its two churches, and the construction of an arterial street between the Strand and Holborn, but when the London County Council succeeded the Metropolitan Board of Works, in 1889, it found the task still unattempted. Nor need the delay be regretted, for the probability is that, had the enterprise been undertaken earlier, it would not have been carried out on so large a scale. Not

only have we now a crescent stretching from Wellington Street on the west to St. Clement's on the east, of a uniform breadth of a hundred feet, with a spacious "island" in half-moon form between it and the Strand, and a thoroughfare of the same noble breadth running from it to Holborn, but the Clare Market and other insanitary areas have been cleared. Altogether some twenty-eight acres of property were dealt with, and nearly seven thousand persons were dispossessed of their dwellings, of whom over six thousand were re-housed, some on the cleared area, but the greater number at Millbank and elsewhere. To the lover of old London such a drastic clearance as this



PLAN OF ALDWYCH, KINGSWAY, AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

cannot but bring feelings of regret, but it must be admitted that the changes were inevitable, and that the compensations are not inconsiderable.

Nor is the improvement notable merely by reason of its magnitude. In two respects

calculation of the officers of the Council was that when the property is fully developed, this great improvement will have cost the ratepayers nothing.

The second respect in which this improvement differs from others that had preceded it—except, indeed, the Northumberland Avenue improvement, in which a similar effort was made—is that steps were taken to secure harmony in the architecture of the Strand frontage and those of the Crescent, designs being obtained from eight leading architects, who were nominated by the Royal Institute of British Architects and by the Council, and were each paid a premium of £250. Upon these designs Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., undertook, without fee, to advise the Council in conjunction with its own architect.

It was in 1898 that the scheme was finally adopted by the Council. But two years before this a beginning had been made with it by the annihilation of the Holywell Street block of houses, stretching between the churches of St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand. In 1897 a clean sweep was made of the alleys and courts between Clare Market and Drury Lane, and in the same year Southampton Row, at Holborn, was broadened. The complete thoroughfare, street and crescent, from the junction of Southampton



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

MUSEUM OF IRVING AND OTHER RELICS AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE (*p.* 625).

the London County Council proceeded on different lines from those upon which street improvements had theretofore been carried out. It decided to acquire sufficient property in the immediate neighbourhood of the new streets to enable it to reap, in enhanced values, the lion's share of the reward. This policy necessitated, of course, an immensely increased expenditure, and in the result nearly four and a quarter millions were paid in settlement of claims that amounted to over six and a half millions; but when the streets were opened towards the end of 1905, already there was a small annual balance in favour of the ratepayers, and the

ton Row and Theobald's Road to the Strand, is just over three-quarters of a mile in length (4,200 feet), and except for a short distance in Southampton Row, where it is 80 feet wide, its breadth is a hundred feet. It was opened

on the 18th of October, 1905, by King Edward, who was accompanied by Queen Alexandra, and

The Opening Ceremony.

the ceremony derived additional interest from the presence of members of the Municipal Council of Paris who were visiting London as guests of the London County Council. The name of Kingsway, bestowed upon the street leading from the Crescent to Holborn, was chosen by the County Council in allusion

Innovations.

to the fact that the improvement was carried out at the beginning of the reign of the present Sovereign. That of Aldwych, conferred upon the crescent itself, if not euphonious has a double appropriateness, for it was the designation of what is believed to have been a Danish settlement in this locality in Saxon times (p. 590), and it glances at the fact that Queen Alexandra is a Danish princess. The credit of this suggestion is due in the first instance to Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, F.S.A., the able and erudite Clerk of the County Council, who has written much on archæology and history, especially in connexion with the capital.

The making of the Kingsway and Aldwych has annihilated four theatres, the Gaiety, the Opera Comique in Holywell Street, the Globe in Newcastle Street, and the Olympic in Wych Street. But three new theatres have already sprung up to take their place. There is, to begin with, the new Gaiety (p. 608), at the western horn of the crescent, while in

**New
Theatres.**

the crescent itself are two large and costly theatres of white stone, the Aldwych, at the point where Drury Lane joins the crescent, and, between this point and Catherine Street, the Waldorf, which, as in the case of the Gaiety, has next to it an hotel and restaurant, built from designs by Messrs. Marshall Mackenzie and Son. The Waldorf Theatre was opened in May, 1905; the Aldwych in December of the same year, by Mr. Charles Frohman, to whom it had been leased by Mr. Seymour Hicks, the proprietor. In connexion with it Mr. Hicks has formed a museum consisting largely of relics of Sir Henry Irving.

Of Clare Market nothing is left but the name borne by the street in which stands the Passmore Edwards Hall, the home of the London School of Economics and Political Science, one of the schools of the reorganised University of London, founded in Adelphi

**Clare
Market.**

Terrace in 1895. Named after John Holles, Baron Houghton, and afterwards Earl of Clare, who in the first half of the seventeenth century lived here in "a princely mansion," the region was the scene originally of a market for meat and fish, but in its later days it was a market—carried on in the streets as well as in the shops—chiefly for dried fish, stale vegetables and the like. Some of the streets,

such as Clare, Denzil, Holles, Houghton, and Newcastle Streets, as well as the market and the region generally, were named after the family to whom the land belonged.

One association of the district is with Orator Henley, who in the reign of George II. acquired a building which the Duke of Newcastle had erected for the butchers, and there spouted his blasphemies and ribaldries. When the mountebank was cited before the Privy Council on account of expressions which were alleged to be seditious, he pleaded as a reason for his mocks and flouts upon those in authority "that he must live." "I see no kind of reason for that," commented Lord Chesterfield, "but many against it." Henley admitted that the sally was a good one, but reminded the Earl that "it had been said before."

Between Clare Market and the Strand were two Inns of Chancery, New Inn and Clement's Inn, the one pertaining

New Inn. to the Middle, the other to the Inner Temple. New Inn became

an Inn of Chancery in the fifteenth century, and here Sir Thomas More lived before he removed to Lincoln's Inn. Clement's Inn, of more ancient origin, dating back to the fourth if not to the second Edward, was so called

**Clement's
Inn.** from its nearness to St. Clement's Church and its still closer proximity to what Stow speaks of as

"the fair fountain called Clement's Well." It was to Clement's Inn that Master Shallow and his friends belonged—"you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again," he boasts. In the garden of Clement's Inn was a leaden kneeling figure of a negro supporting a sundial; in 1884 it was sold by the Ancients of the Inn for twenty guineas, and it is now to be seen in the Temple Gardens. It is usually said to have been brought from Italy, but more probably, as Mr. W. R. Lethaby suggests in his volume on lead work, it came from the figure yard of the Cheeres, successors of John Van Nost, a Dutch sculptor who established himself in Piccadilly in the reign of William III. New Inn and Clement's Inn have both been rebuilt, and are now let out in offices and residential chambers.

In Portugal Street, formerly Portugal Row, is King's College Hospital, begun in 1852,

from designs by Thomas Bellamy, but the institution was founded in 1839, for the benefit of the poor in this neighbourhood, and to provide facilities for the medical students of King's College.

Portugal Street.

On the northern side of the street abuts the back of the museum of a still more important medical institution, the Royal College of Surgeons of England, of which we shall have something to say in a later chapter; but it is mentioned here because on a part of the site, with the chief entrance in Portugal Street, stood the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, or rather theatres, for three playhouses in succession stood on this spot. The first, the

The Duke's Theatre.

Duke's Theatre, so called from its patron, the Duke of York, was adapted to stage uses by Sir William Davenant in 1660. In 1671 the Duke's Servants, as the company was called, removed to Dorset Gardens, on the south side of Fleet Street, and early the next year the other company of that day, the King's Servants, burnt out at Drury Lane, made use of the Duke's Theatre for about a year. In 1695, after partial reconstruction, the theatre was reopened with the first performance of Congreve's *Love for Love*. In 1714, having been entirely rebuilt, this the third Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre was reopened by John Rich, who here introduced the pantomime to the British public, he himself being harlequin. Converted into barracks in 1756, the house afterwards became a china warehouse, and in 1848 was demolished to make way for an extension of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Holywell Street, a narrow lane on the north side of the Strand between St. Clement's and St. Mary's, was made away with, as we have seen, in 1896, leaving behind it memories of the Opera Comique and of a trade in unsavoury books of which it never wholly succeeded in purging itself, though there were many respectable bookshops here as well. It was named after a spring which was probably the same as "the fair fountain called Clement's Well" of which Stow speaks, but just where the spring was it is not easy to be sure. There was a tradition that it was at the back of the "Old Dog" tavern in this street, and in his "Things and People" George Augustus Sala relates that about the year 1851 the landlord

of that inn spent nearly £200 in excavating a choked-up well on his premises in the hope of finding confirmation of the belief. The search was unsuccessful, but there were one or two interesting "finds," among them a scrap of paper seemingly torn out of a memorandum book, and bearing in faded ink the words, "Dr. Goldsmith, 13s. 10d." Possibly, as Sala suggests, it was an unpaid score of Goldie's.

Like its neighbour the Globe, built in 1868, the Opera Comique, opened in 1870 for the performance of French pieces, stood on the site of Lyon's Inn, an Inn of Chancery appertaining to Lincoln's Inn, which was sold in 1863 after an existence of not far short of five hundred years, for it became a Chancery Inn in the reign of Henry VIII. In Wych Street, close by, was the Olympic, opened by Philip Astley as the Olympic Pavilion in 1806, converted into a theatre by Elliston a few years later, rebuilt after a fire in 1849, and in its later days, after another rebuilding, known as the New Olympic.

Like Holywell Street, Wych Street has wholly disappeared. Forming a continuation of Drury Lane in a south-easterly direction to the Strand, it was named after the original designation of the lane. From the "Angel Inn" at the bottom of this street Bishop Hooper was taken to Gloucester to be burnt at the stake in 1555. An inn of more modern fame, the "Shakespeare's Head," numbered among its landlords Mark Lemon, one of the founders and the first editor of *Punch*. At the end of his first year as a tavern-keeper he retired from an occupation so little worthy of his abilities, but while he was playing the part of Boniface the house was a favourite resort of wits and journalists and actors.

In Wych Street Jack Sheppard played the part of idle apprentice to a carpenter, one Owen Wood, whose house, on the south side of the street, immediately opposite the gateway of New Inn, survived until the street itself was annihilated. In later years Sheppard could not keep away from this neighbourhood, for after his last escape from prison he drank himself into a state of torpor in Clare Market and was there captured.

Wych Street.

Mark Lemon.

Jack Sheppard.

Holywell Street.

Drury Lane, stretching from Aldwych to Holborn, and partly therefore in the borough of Holborn, was long known as *Via de Aldwych*, the name being altered when Sir William Drury had built himself a house, called after him, at the foot of the lane, on the site occupied in our own day by the Olympic Theatre. In the seventeenth century Drury House came into the hands of William, first Earl of Craven, who died here in 1697. In the next century Craven House, as it had come to be styled, was converted into a public-house, bearing the sign of the "Queen of Bohemia," in allusion to the royal lady, daughter of James I. and mother of Prince Rupert, whom the first Earl of Craven certainly loved, and is believed to have privately married. The house was demolished in the first decade of the nineteenth century. Nearly opposite stood the "Cock and Magpie," a quaint old gabled house which survived until late in the nineteenth century, though it had ceased to be a tavern. There is a tradition that here Nell Gwynne lodged. Certain it is that she lived in "the lane," for on May-day in 1667 Pepys tells in his pleasantest vein how he saw "Pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings door in Drury Lane in her smock-sleeves and bodice, looking upon one; she seemed a mighty pretty creature."

Drury Lane Theatre, though it extends to the street whose name it bears, has its front in Catherine Street and its colonnade in Russell Street, and it is not surprising, there-

Drury Lane Theatre.

fore, that in early days it showed some reluctance to take the name by which it is now so familiar. Drury Lane once, indeed, had a theatre to which it might lawfully lay claim, but this, probably at first used for cock-fighting, converted to the uses of a theatre in the reign of James I., more than once rebuilt, and disused in the reign of Charles II., was known as the Cockpit or Phoenix. The first theatre on the present site was opened in 1663 (April 8th), having been built by Thomas Killigrew, whose company was known as the King's Servants, on ground until then known as the Riding Yard. As yet the present Covent Garden

Theatre was not, and Killigrew's theatre was sometimes spoken of as the Covent Garden Theatre, and was also known as the King's House, or the Theatre Royal. In January, 1672, the first theatre was destroyed by fire, and the company migrated to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields (p. 626) while a new house was being built for



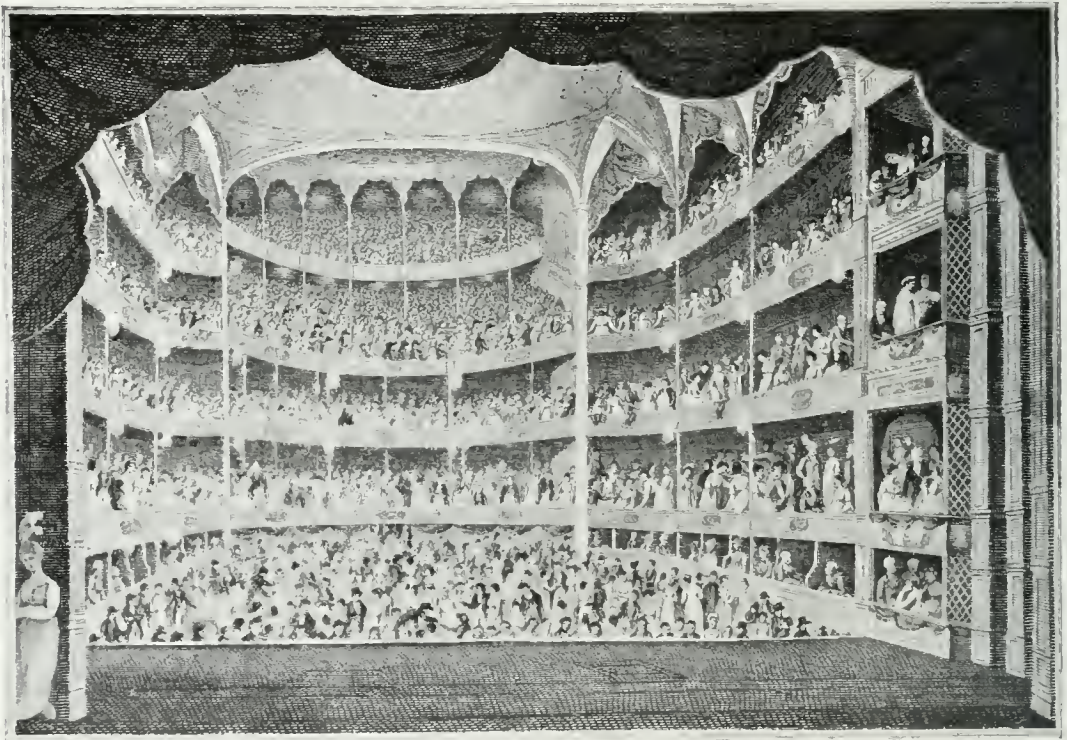
Photo. Pictorial Agency.
NEGRO FIGURE SUPPORTING SUNDIAL, FORMERLY IN CLEMENT'S INN (p. 625).

them from Sir Christopher Wren's designs. Opened in 1674 (March 26th), this second theatre enjoyed, for a playhouse, a long lease of life, for it survived until 1791 and even then did not perish by fire but was taken down to make way for a much larger building designed by Henry Holland, and opened in 1794 (March 12th). Fifteen years later (February 24th, 1809) the third "Drury Lane" fell a victim to the flames. The House of Commons was sitting at the time, and the reflection of the flames was visible inside the House. When it was known that the national theatre was being destroyed a motion was made that the House adjourn, but

Sheridan, who was a principal shareholder, protested against any interruption of public business. He went to watch the conflagration from a coffee-house hard by, refreshing himself with a bottle of port, and when someone remarked that he was taking the misfortune pretty coolly, he returned that it was hard if a man couldn't enjoy a glass of wine at "his own fireside."

The fourth Drury Lane Theatre was now

Haydn remarked that there was one strange mistake—she was painted as listening to the angels, whereas the angels ought to have been listening to her; here Harriet Mellon made her *début* in 1795 and took her farewell in 1815, just after her marriage to Mr. Coutts; here Miss Farren gave her farewell performance in 1797, on the eve of her marriage to the Earl of Derby; here Edmund Kean enabled his hearers to read Shakespeare



DRURY LANE THEATRE IN 1804.

designed by Benjamin Wyatt, who modelled it upon the great theatre at Bordeaux, and it was opened in 1812 (October 10th), with a prologue written by Lord Byron; but the Doric portico in Catherine Street was not added until some years later, nor the colonnade in Russell Street until yet later (1831).

Few are the names of any note in the history of the English stage that are not associated with the national theatre. Here Thomas Betterton took his farewell benefit in 1709, in his seventy-fifth year; here Garrick, Quin, Macklin, Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Pritchard played together in one of the most brilliant companies ever formed; here sang Mrs. Billington, of whose picture as St. Cecilia, by Sir Joshua Reynolds,

"by flashes of lightning," and his son Charles began his splendid career; here, in 1828, Joey Grimaldi took his leave of the public whom he had so long amused; here Sarah Siddons and her brothers, John and Charles Kemble, divided the admiration of crowded houses during a course of years; here—but the list is endless, and we will but add that it is pleasant to recall that in his last days, after he had left the Lyceum, the late Sir Henry Irving was associated with Old Drury.

Two of the great names of which Drury Lane boasts have not been mentioned—the names of Macready and Phelps, who played together here. Macready's violence on the stage was notorious, but when Phelps came to "the Lane" to alternate with him

the parts of Macbeth and Macduff he gave him as good as he got. In the fight Macready habitually abused his foe, calling him at every stroke, "Beast!" "Wretch!" "Scoundrel!" and so forth, and Phelps retorted by hurling at him such epithets

perity. In the bad times which occasionally came upon it, it was turned to the uses of a concert hall, a hippodrome, and the like. For these descents it has on occasion made amends by becoming a home of opera. In 1879 it had the good fortune to pass



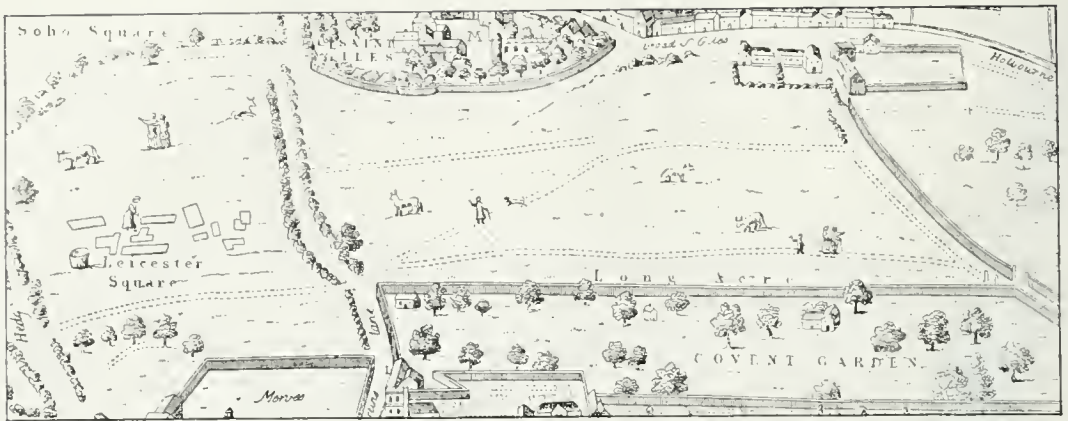
THE "COCK AND MAGPIE," DRURY LANE (*p.* 627).

From a Drawing by J. Wykeham Archer.

as "Brute!" "Demon!" "Fiend!" and "Ruffian!" The first time this happened Phelps expected to be rebuked by the despot of Drury Lane. As soon as the play was over he was sent for, and could scarcely believe his own ears when he heard Macready say, "Thank you very much, Mr. Phelps; more particularly in the fight. I have never found anybody before to work with me so pleasantly."

Like other theatres, the career of Drury Lane has not been one of unqualified pros-

perity. In the bad times which occasionally came upon it, it was turned to the uses of a concert hall, a hippodrome, and the like. For these descents it has on occasion made amends by becoming a home of opera. In 1879 it had the good fortune to pass into the hands of Augustus Harris, perhaps the greatest of our theatrical managers, who brought its fortunes to the highest point of prosperity and steadily kept them there. He was knighted during the first visit of the Kaiser to London, and after his death, in 1896, a mural statue of him was reared by public subscription beside the portico in Catherine Street. He was succeeded in the management of the theatre by Mr. Arthur Collins, by whom the traditions of the house have been brilliantly maintained.



COVENT GARDEN AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

From Aggas's Map.

CHAPTER LVII

COVENT GARDEN

The Garden of St. Peter's Abbey—Inigo Jones and St. Paul's Church—The Westminster Hustings—The Piazza—The Floral Hall—"Evans's"—The "Hummins"—The "Bedford"—Martha Reay and her Lovers—The Covent Garden Theatre—Bow Street Runners—Henry Fielding as a Magistrate—Sir John—Russell Street and the Lambs—"Will's"—Dryden and Pope—"Button's"—"Tom's"—Boswell's Introduction to Johnson—Southampton and Henrietta Streets—Maiden Lane and Turner—King Street and Dr. Arne—Garrick Street—The Actors' Club—Long Acre

THE region of Covent Garden, the square in which London's chief fruit, vegetable, and flower market stands, with the streets immediately around, is singularly rich in associations, though for the most part they are of no great antiquity; and to detail them all would require, not the chapter allotted to it in this work, but a whole volume. The name is, of course, a contraction of Convent Garden, and it refers, not to the garden, as Strype says, of a "large convent and monastery where Exeter House formerly stood"—that is, the site of the present Exeter and Burleigh Streets—but to the garden of the Abbot and Monks of Westminster. When the Monastery of St. Peter was dissolved the garden and the lands attached to it were granted by Edward VI. to the Duke of Somerset, and on his attainder, in 1552, they were conferred by the same monarch upon John Russell, Earl of Bedford, under the designation of "Covent Garden, lying in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, next Charing Cross, with seven acres

**The
Convent
Garden.**

called Long Acre." Covent Garden continued to be in the parish of St. Martin's for nearly a hundred years after it came into the hands of the Earl of Bedford, and then (1645) it was erected into a separate parish, and the patronage vested in the Russells. A few years before this, in 1630-31, it was laid out as a square by Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, who commissioned Inigo Jones to build an arcade, or piazza, upon the north and east sides and the church of St. Paul on the west side, while the south side was bounded by the wall of the garden of Bedford House, which stood, as we saw in an earlier chapter, on the site of the present Southampton Street. The whole space was presently laid with gravel and fenced in with low posts and chains, and about the year 1688 a fluted Corinthian column supporting a sundial was reared in the centre. The houses, of which the arcades formed the lower stage of the front, became the residences of many members of the nobility, and then and afterwards they were the abodes of many great writers and painters

and of leading actors and actresses, who overflowed also into neighbouring streets.

Of St. Paul's Church, Horace Walpole says that the Earl of Bedford told Inigo Jones that he wished for nothing "much better than a barn." "Well, then," said the architect, "you shall have the handsomest barn in the world." Horace Walpole was no admirer of the building, but other authorities have been less critical or more discerning, and have praised its classic simplicity, and especially its Tuscan portico. In 1795 (September 15th), seven years after the parishioners had spent £11,000 in improving it, the building was destroyed by fire, but it was rebuilt by Thomas Hardwick on the same pattern. The portico, forming the eastern façade, has been denounced as a sham, since it is not the entrance to the church, but for this the architect was not responsible, for he had built it before it was decided that the altar must be stationed, as usual, at the east end. The entrance is on the west side of the church, where the protrusion of the roof has a gable-like effect. In 1872 the galleries were removed from the interior by Mr. Butterfield, and in 1888 stone casing, which hid the original brick walls, was stripped off, a small bell turret at the west end being at the same time taken down.

Though the church contains few memorials of the dead, many eminent or notorious persons were buried within it or in its graveyard, among them the Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, who was found guilty of complicity in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; men of letters such as Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," William Wycherley, the dramatist, John Wolcot, the Peter Pindar of the reign of George III.; artists like Sir Peter Lely, who died in the piazza

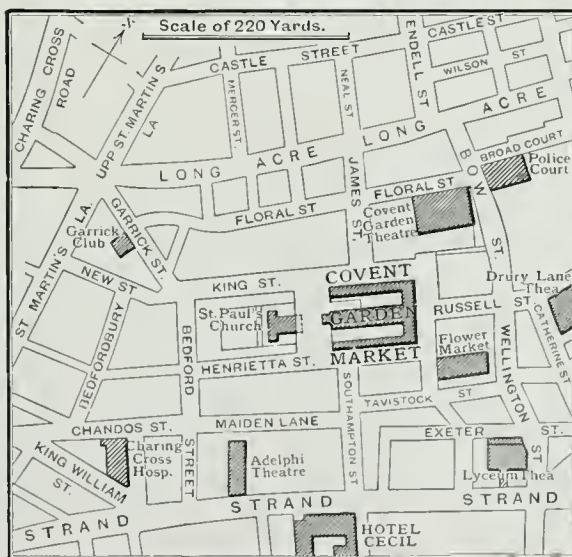
in 1680, and Grinling Gibbons, the carver in wood; actors like Dick Estcourt, and Edward Kynaston, who acted female parts with such charm that it has been "disputable among the judicious," says Downe in the "Roscius Anglicanus," "whether any woman who succeeded him so sensibly touched the audience as he." The list of celebrities also includes John Taylor, the "water poet," and Dr. Arne, the composer. Of those who were laid to rest in the graveyard no trace is now to be seen, for the tombstones have all been removed, and the spacious enclosure now forms a refreshing expanse of level green-sward on the west side of the church.

In front of the portico of St. Paul's used to be erected the hustings at the Westminster elections, and it was to this famous polling place that in the election of May, 1784, when the Tories made a dead set against Charles James Fox, that Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and her sister, Lady Duncannon, conveyed voters in their own carriages. "In some instances," writes Sir N. W. Wraxall, "even personal caresses were said to have been permitted in order to prevail on the sulky and inflexible"; and it was in this election that a costermonger, who must surely have been an Irishman, begged to be allowed "to light his pipe at her Grace's eye." When, in spite of the efforts of the Countess of Salisbury on behalf of Fox's opponent, Sir Cecil Wrey, the Whig leader was re-

turned with a majority of 235, he was chaired to Carlton House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, who had supported his candidature, and among the flags that were carried in the tumultuous procession was one inscribed, in allusion to the real winner of the fight, "Sacred to Female Patriotism."

At a later election for Westmin-

The Hustings.



PLAN OF COVENT GARDEN AND THE VICINITY.

ster, when the Whig cause was upheld by Sheridan, while the Tory candidate was one Paull, whose father had been a tailor, Cyrus Redding saw some men bringing upon their shoulders, from Drury Lane to the hustings here, a stage upon which four tailors were plying their needles, with a live goose and several huge cabbages. The stage was borne close up to Paull amidst roars of laughter. A

of it was pulled down to facilitate improvements in the square. In its early days the Piazza was a fashionable resort, but in the following century it began to decline, and Shenstone, writing in 1774, declares that it was the resort of gangs of robbers armed with bludgeons, who would "attack whole parties, so that the danger of coming out of the playhouse is of some weight on the



THE HUSTINGS IN COVENT GARDEN.

From a Drawing by G. Scharf.

voter called out to Sheridan that he had always supported him, but should now, after such a disgraceful proceeding, withdraw his countenance from him. "Take it away at once, take it away at once!" cried Sheridan; "it is the most villainous-looking countenance I ever beheld."

The Piazza, as we have seen, ran round the square on the north and east sides, and if the plan of Inigo Jones had been fully carried out it would have been carried round the other sides as well. The side of it called the Little Piazza was destroyed by fire in 1769, and not rebuilt, but the Piazza did not finally disappear until about the year 1889, when the last bit

opposite scale when I am disposed to go oftener than I ought." It may here be noted that for years past, when alterations have been made in this and other parts of the Bedford estate in London, it has been the custom to take photographs of buildings before they are pulled down or altered, and of these views a considerable number are preserved in the collection of the National Photographic Record Society at the British Museum.

That the Piazza, and Covent Garden generally, descended in the social scale was no doubt due to the growth, slow though it was, of the market. This appears to have originated quite casually, vendors of vegetables and fruit from the

The Market.

villagers around using the centre of the square for the display of their produce simply because it was an open space. In 1632 the Earl of Bedford commenced to build sheds; in 1671 the market was formally established under a charter which had been granted to the Earl; but in 1710, as appears from a print published in that year, it was still a mere affair of stalls and sheds on the south side. But the market continued to grow, and in 1830 the nucleus of the present buildings was reared by the sixth Duke of Bedford, from designs by Mr. Charles Fowler. At the south-east corner of the quadrangle, stretching down to Tavistock Street, the building known as the English Flower Market was reared by the ninth Duke of Bedford. Beside it is the more recent building, completed in 1903, which is known as the French Flower Market, and on the other side of the Hummums Hotel, with frontages in Russell Street and Wellington Street, is a still later addition to the market buildings.

The Floral Hall, the great building of iron and glass which adjoins and communicates with the Covent Garden Theatre, was erected by Mr. Frederick Gye when that theatre was rebuilt after the last fire, in 1856, and was opened on the 7th of March, 1860. It was intended to be the great flower market of the Metropolis, but there proved to be no public need of the kind, and for many years it was used chiefly for concerts. Presently the Duke of Bedford bought back the lease, and the Hall has for some years past been the home of the traffic in foreign fruit, and here are held auctions of pines, grapes, oranges, bananas, apples and pears, and other fruits that have ripened under alien suns. In past years it was a usual thing to see at Covent Garden strings of carriages in which ladies from the West End drove to buy their flowers and fruit for the day; but now fruit and flower shops have sprung up all over

the town to supply the needs of the wealthy. But if the retail trade of Covent Garden is not what it was, the wholesale business has not ceased to grow. Many hundreds of porters, licensed and unlicensed, are employed here, and it is roughly estimated that, not reckoning the costermongers or the flower-girls who come here in the morning for their day's supplies, the number of persons employed in connexion with the market does not fall short of five thousand.

Of the fine old houses of Covent Garden the only substantial remnant is the large stuccoed building at the north-west corner of the square, numbered 45, King Street, a good specimen of a London mansion of the seventeenth century. Built in the reign of Charles II., it was for a time the residence of Sir Kenelm Digby. It was altered, or perhaps rebuilt, for Admiral Russell, Earl of Orford, who in 1692 defeated Admiral de Tourville near La Hogue and ruined the French fleet; hence the anchors and seafaring tackle with which the staircase is carved. In 1774 the house was put to the uses of an hotel—the first family hotel, it is said, to be opened in London. But it was most famous as “Evans’s”—a combination of music-hall and supper-room, a large hall for concerts being built in the rear in 1855, on the site of a small cottage in which Fanny Kemble was born. The place was called “Evans’s” after W. C. Evans, a comedian at Covent Garden Theatre, who died in 1854. As Evans’s it was closed in 1880: it is now the habitation of the National Sporting Club.

The hotel styled the “Hummums” on the eastern side of the market, abutting upon Russell Street, occupies the site of an older

house of the same name, pulled down in 1888. But there were two Hummums, side by side, one known as the old, the other as the new, and when the former was closed, in 1865, the lease having fallen in, the New Hummums became simply the



ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING OF ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN, BEFORE ALTERATIONS.

(Sir John Soane's Museum.)



OLD VIEW OF COVENT GARDEN SHOWING THE PIAZZAS.

Hummums. The Old Hummums—the strange and ugly name, by the way, is the English perversion of the Arabic word for bath, the place being originally used as a sweating-bath—was the scene of a ghost story which Dr. Johnson, who in these days would have been a leading member of the Psychical Research Society, declared to be the best accredited story of the kind he had ever met with.

At the north-east corner of the Square, near the entrance to the Covent Garden Theatre, stood the “Bedford” Coffee-house, long a favourite resort of actors and dramatists, such as Garrick, Quin, Foote and Sheridan, and at an earlier date carried on by Macklin, the comedian, who here kept what Fielding calls a “Temple of Luxury.” One day, when Foote was leaving the “Bedford” with Garrick, he let fall a guinea, and exclaimed as he looked about for it, “Why, where on earth has it gone to?” “Gone to the devil,” replied Garrick. “Well said, David,” was Foote’s witty reply, in allusion to the great actor’s reputed thriftiness; “let you alone for making a guinea go further than anyone else in the world.”

But the “Bedford” recalls memories less agreeable than those of actors and dramatists.

For it was from its door that Hackman, the clergyman, sallied forth to shoot Miss Reay, the beautiful mistress of Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, on the 7th of April, 1779.

Martha Reay.

Miss Reay was of humble origin, being the daughter of an agricultural labourer at Elstree, a pretty village on the road between Edgware and St. Albans. After serving her timewith a mantua maker in Clerkenwell Close, she found a situation in a shop—now no longer to be found—in Tavistock Row, on the south side of Covent Garden Market. Here it was that she came to the knowledge of the Earl of Sandwich, who, it is said, dropped in to buy a pair of gloves, was smitten by her charms, and instantly determining to cull for himself this sweet flower of the countryside, induced her to leave her situation and go through a course of training in the accomplishments that then constituted feminine education. As soon as her education was finished Lord Sandwich gave her a place in the family circle at Hinchinbrooke, his Huntingdonshire seat, and when he presently became First Lord he installed her at the Admiralty. She bore her protector several children, one of whom, by the way, was Basil Montagu, the eminent Queen’s Counsel, who survived until 1851, and she maintained her influence over Lord Sandwich to the end.

But presently a disturbing influence came into her life in the person of young Captain Hackman, of the 68th Foot, who, becoming enamoured of her, sold his commission, took holy orders and became Vicar of Wyverton, in Norfolk, hoping that she would wed him and exchange the splendours of Hinchinbrooke and the Admiralty for the joys of a

country parsonage. Miss Reay gave him some encouragement, but presently things turned awry, from what cause is not known, though it is suspected that Lord Sandwich, suspecting that his mistress was in secret correspondence with Hackman, placed her under the supervision of a duenna who sought to arouse Hackman's jealousy in the hope that he would break off the connexion. On the evening of the 7th of April, 1779, duenna and lady went to Covent Garden Theatre, and were followed thither by Hackman, who, infuriated at the spectacle of the attentions paid to her by gentlemen from the Admiralty, went out to the "Bedford" to seek solace from brandy. Nor was she for her part happy. One of her friends remarked upon a beautiful rose she was wearing in her bosom, and as the words were uttered the flower fell to the ground. "I hope I am not to consider this an omen!" she nervously remarked.

When the play ended and Miss Reay walked to her carriage, Hackman strode forward and, having pulled her gown to attract her attention, drew from his pockets with each hand a pistol, shot the lady with one and discharged the other at his own head. Miss Reay at once fell, without a cry. A moment later her murderer dropped down

also and began to belabour his head with the butt end of one of the pistols until a neighbouring apothecary wrenched the weapon from him and took him off to his shop to dress his wounds. His victim they bore into a tavern, and by the time a surgeon came she was dead. Nine days afterwards he was brought to trial at the Old Bailey, before Judge Blackstone. The prisoner bore himself with dignity and fortitude, and his brief address to the Court, it must be allowed, was a model of good taste and right feeling. He protested that he had slain Miss Reay without premeditation, in a momentary frenzy induced by seeing her handed to her carriage by a gentleman whom he took to be a favoured rival, and averred that it was only the deed of self-murder that until that moment he had meditated. The judge pointed out that the premeditation necessary to convert an act of homicide into the crime of murder was not necessarily "a long form of deliberation"; and the jury, powerfully influenced, no doubt, by the fact that the prisoner had furnished himself with two pistols, had little hesitation in returning a verdict of guilty.

The scene of this melancholy tragedy, Covent Garden Theatre, otherwise the



THE EAST FRONT OF THE SECOND COVENT GARDEN THEATRE IN 1809.

From a Drawing by Benwell.

Royal Italian Opera, is at the north-east corner of the market, facing Bow Street. The

Covent Garden Theatre.

first of the four theatres that have occupied this site was the speculation of John Rich, the famous harlequin, who, having leased ground from the Duke of Bedford at an annual rental of £100, built upon it a theatre which was opened on the 6th of December, 1732, with Congreve's comedy *The Way of the World*. In the season of 1740-41 Peg Woffington, the charming and tender-hearted Irish actress, made her *début* at Covent Garden, though she had appeared before London audiences, in a juvenile troupe, some years before; and here, in 1757, when she was but thirty-five, she was smitten down with paralysis as she was speaking the epilogue to *As You Like It*, and so her brilliant career upon the stage ended, though she lingered, a mere wreck, for three years longer.

In 1792 the first Covent Garden Theatre was re-opened after having been virtually rebuilt. In 1802 or 1803 John Philip Kemble purchased a sixth part of the Covent Garden patent, and came hither with his brother Charles and his sister Mrs. Siddons from Drury Lane, and the theatre was still under his management when, on the morning of the 19th of September, 1808, it was totally destroyed by fire, and with it the organ which Handel had bequeathed to John Rich and the stock of wines of the Beefsteak Club (p. 607), the total loss being estimated at £150,000, of which only one-third was covered by insurances. Nor was this all, for twenty-three firemen were killed by the unexpected fall of a part of the ruins. Kemble, who had lost everything, met with abundant sympathy in his misfortune. The Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) gave him a thousand pounds, and the Duke of Northumberland presented him with ten thousand pounds; and though Kemble would only accept the ten thousand pounds as a loan, the Duke, when the first stone of a new theatre was laid by the Prince on the 31st of the following



TOWNSEND, THE BOW STREET RUNNER.

From a Drawing by Richard Doyle.

December, sent him back his bond, with a letter begging him to burn it.

Of this third Covent Garden Theatre the architect was Sir Robert Smirke, who modelled it upon the Temple of Minerva in the Acropolis at Athens, with a Doric portico of four fluted columns looking down upon Bow Street. The opening of the theatre on the 18th of September, 1809, with higher prices for the boxes and the pit than those which had theretofore been charged, led to the O.P. (old prices) riots, which did not cease until, the contest having raged for rather more than two months, the pit seats were reduced from 4s. to 3s. 6d. In 1817 John Kemble followed his distinguished sister into retirement, a few years later presenting his share of the theatre, one-sixth, to his brother Charles, who presently quarrelled with another of the proprietors. From about this time the fortunes of the theatre declined. In 1829 the building was seized by the parochial authorities, the rates being in arrear, and was only rescued by public subscriptions and voluntary contributions. In 1833, the year in which Edmund Kean appeared here for the last time, Covent Garden and Drury Lane were united under the management of Alfred Bunn, "the poet Bunn," but the union was of short duration. In 1837 Macready took over the theatre, and inaugurated the historic Shakespearean revival, but within two years he retired from the speculation a heavy loser. In 1843, after more vicissitudes, the theatre was leased to the Anti-Corn Law League, who used it until 1845; then in 1847, having undergone considerable alteration, it entered upon a new career (April 6th) as the Royal Italian Opera House, the company consisting mostly of seceders from Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. Two years sufficed to land the lessee, Mr. Delafield, in bankruptcy, and then, in 1849, the theatre came under the more prudent management of the younger Frederick Gye, who was an impresario by birth, his father having been for many years part proprietor and manager of the Vauxhall

Gardens. At the beginning of 1856 Mr. Gye sublet the theatre for a few weeks to Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," who wound up his tenancy on the 4th of March with a masked ball. At five the next morning, when only a couple of hundred of the revellers were left, the building was seen to be on fire, and in a few hours nothing was left of it but the portico and the sculptures with which it was decorated.

Early in 1857 Mr. Gye, who had temporarily taken the Lyceum, obtained from the Duke of Bedford a ninety years' lease of an extended site, at a rent of £850, and funds for a new theatre having been raised by loan, Edward M. Barry was commissioned to build the present

house, which was opened on the 15th of May, 1858, with Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. It is almost as large as La Scala, at Milan, and but slightly inferior in area and seating capacity to Drury Lane. The Corinthian portico is about one-fifth larger than its predecessor, and is adorned with the sculptures—statues and reliefs by Flaxman and Rossi—which were spared by the flames. In 1869 Mr. Gye shared the management with Mr. Mapleson, the lessee of Her Majesty's, but the coalition was of short duration, and by 1871 the two houses were once more in a rivalry in which ultimately Covent Garden was the victor, for the site of Her Majesty's is now occupied by Mr Beerbohm Tree's new theatre. When

Covent Garden came once more under Mr. Gye's sole management there began an era of prosperity which lasted until after his death, in 1878, the result of a shooting accident at Dytchley Park, Oxfordshire. By his will he left the whole of his interest in the theatre to his children, and Mr. Ernest Gye, who had married Madame Albani, became joint manager with a brother. But the burden was too heavy for them to sustain, and once more the theatre found itself fallen on evil days. Its difficulties were the opportunity of Augustus Harris, the Napoleon of impresarios, who in 1888 assumed the management of the theatre, and in 1891 had under his management not only Covent Garden, but also Drury Lane, Her Majesty's, and the Olympic. Up to the year of his death (1896) Covent Garden enjoyed brilliant seasons of opera, mainly German and modern Italian, as it has done since under the syndicate which was then formed to carry on the house.

But whole volumes might be, and have been, written about the theatre, and we must pass on to notice that institution with which, even more than with the theatre, the name of Bow Street is associated—the Police Office, with its "runners," or "robin redbreasts" as they were also called, from their scarlet waistcoats. Established here in 1749, it was for many years what Scotland Yard became when the Metropolitan Police was created, the police centre of the capital.



BOW STREET POLICE COURT IN 1808.

From a Print by Rowlandson & Pugin.

The officers attached to the other police courts of London were simply constables who do not appear to have been employed out of their own districts, but the Bow Street runners were at the service of the Government and of any who could afford to employ them to bring criminals to justice. They were the aristocracy of the police, and one of the

Bow Street Runners.



SIR JOHN FIELDING TRYING A CASE.

From a Drawing by Dodd.

best known of them, Townsend by name, had had so much to do with the nobility that once he indignantly refused to arrest a baker on the ground that it would "lessen him a good deal" after having had the honour of taking earls, marquises, and dukes. However, he was not above arresting a mere common man who had robbed a nobleman, for at a *levée* it was reported to him that an audacious thief had cut the Star and Garter from a lordly breast. Presently Townsend saw among the company a person who did not quite become his Court dress. Anxious not to make a mistake he followed the man for a few yards, and then, recognising him as an old thief, took him into custody,

and the stolen decoration was found in his pocket.

Of the magistrates of Bow Street in bygone days, the most famous were Henry Fielding and his brother, Sir John Fielding. **The Fieldings.** In 1749 the novelist had been elected by the Middlesex magistrates their Chairman of Sessions, and in 1753, as Bow Street magistrate, he carried out a vigorous plan for breaking up the gang of robbers who infested the capital. "Though my health was reduced to the last extremity," he was able to report, "I had the satisfaction of finding . . . that the hellish society was almost entirely extirpated." The whole gang of cut-throats was dispersed, seven of them were in custody, and the rest of them had flown the capital and some of them the kingdom. But the improvement was only temporary, and Sir John Fielding, who succeeded his brother at Bow Street and threw himself with extraordinary vigour and spirit into the work of repressing crime, had to begin the task over again. First he grappled with the street robbers, then by means of a horse patrol he put down the highwaymen, and soon he became the terror of criminals of all shades and grades. Though he was blind, his acuteness was such as to make up to him for the loss of sight. "He had a bandage over his eyes," says a minister from Scotland who was attracted to the court at which he presided, "and held a little switch or rod in his hand, waving it before him as he descended from the bench. The sagacity he discovered in the questions he put to the witnesses, and the marked and successful attention, as I conceived, not only to the words but to the accents and tones of the speaker, supplied the advantage which is usually rendered by the eye; and his arrangement of the questions, leading to the detection of concealed facts, impressed me with the highest respect for his singular ability as a police magistrate."

The ugly police-court and station thus intimately associated with the Fieldings, on the west side of Bow Street, was superseded in 1881 by a substantial new structure in the Italian style—not unworthy of the chief of the fourteen metropolitan police courts—reared on the east side of the street, opposite the theatre, at a cost of some £40,000, from

designs by Sir John Taylor; but the old buildings did not finally disappear until early in 1897. To Bow Street Police Court come all extradition cases, which are taken by the chief of the three magistrates; and it was here that Dr. Jameson and the other leaders of the raid upon the Transvaal were brought up and committed for trial.

stucco, "it has not been distinctly dis-featured." Nor has it suffered further change since Mr. Martin wrote, in 1890, except that the shop front has been removed. The house of which it forms part has been divided into three. One of the three is a public-house in Bow Street, the "Grapes," in which, on the upper floor, according to Mr. Martin, is a



Photo; Pictorial Agency.

THE PRESENT BOW STREET POLICE COURT.

Russell Street, which crosses Bow Street at its southern end, is one of several streets around Covent Garden—Tavistock Street, Southampton Street, Bedford Street, Bedford Court, and Bedfordbury—named after the ground landlords, whose town house, as we have more than once said, stood on the site of Southampton Street. No. 20, Russell Street, on the north side, became the home of Charles and Mary Lamb when in 1817 they finally left the Temple.

Charles Lamb.

It dates from the end of the eighteenth or the beginning of the nineteenth century, writes Mr. B. E. Martin, the author of "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," and though since Lamb's day it has been made higher by one storey, re-roofed, and re-faced with

small barred cell, "formerly set apart for some exclusive or elusive prisoner from Bow Street Station"—old Bow Street Station, that is—which almost adjoined it. A second house forms the corner of Bow Street and Russell Street; the third, where the Lambs lived, is wholly in Russell Street.

"We are in the individual spot I like best in all this great city," Lamb wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth in the November of the year in which he came to dwell here. "The theatres with all their noises; Covent Garden, dearer to me than any gardens of Alcinous, where we are morally sure of the earliest peas and 'sparagus; Bow Street, where the thieves are examined, within a few yards of us. Mary had not been here four-and-twenty hours before she saw a thief. She sits at the

window working ; and, casually throwing out her eyes, she sees a concourse of people coming this way, with a constable to conduct the ceremony. These little incidents agreeably diversify a female life."

Here the brother and sister lived for six

gold, because he was alone, he was never without company. " I cannot walk home from office but some officious friend offers his unwelcome courtesies to accompany me. All the morning I am pestered—evening company I should always like, had I any mornings, but I am



WHERE "ELIA" LIVED: 20, RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

years, till 1823, and here it was that, in 1820, he began his " Elia " papers, the first of which appeared in the *London Magazine* for August of that year. These six years were among the happiest of his life, though now, as before, he found it impossible to secure the privacy which his literary work demanded. Except for his morning's walk to the office in the City, which he declared was like treading on sands of

saturated with human faces (*divine*, forsooth) and voices all the golden morning. He who thought it not good for man to be alone preserve me from the more prodigious monstrosity of being never by myself."

This house at the corner of Bow and Russell Streets occupies the site of the most famous of the Covent Garden coffee-houses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,

named after Will Urwin, who kept it. Here, on the first floor, above a haberdasher's shop,

**Dryden at
"Will's."**

Dryden used to sit of an evening and deliver pontifical judgment upon literary questions. When Dr.

Johnson wanted to write Dryden's life he went to "glorious John's" contemporary,

said to have been taken in order that he might, so to speak, touch the hem of the older poet's garment.

In his turn Pope became a frequenter of "Will's," but he admits that after Dryden's death Addison transferred the pre-eminence which the house had hitherto enjoyed to a



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

WHERE JOHNSON AND BOSWELL FIRST MET: 8, RUSSELL STREET,
COVENT GARDEN (*p.* 642).

Swinney, for information about him, and was told that at "Will's" he had "a particular chair for himself, which was set by the fire in winter, and was then called his winter chair, and that it was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and was then called his summer chair." To "Will's" it was that Pope, when a child, is traditionally

coffee-house on the other side of the street, opened in 1712 by Daniel Button, who had been in his service, or rather in that of his wife, the Countess of Warwick. "Button's." Johnson in his *Life of Addison* says that Button's was "about two doors from Covent Garden," and if so it must either have been on the site of the present

Hummum's Hotel, or must be one of the two old houses (Nos. 9 and 10) still standing next to the hotel. After Addison's death the popularity of the house declined, and its proprietor was driven to accept parish relief. At "Button's" was the conventional office of the *Guardian*, and over the entrance it was the editor's whim to erect a lion's head with a wide-open mouth, into which would-be contributors were invited to drop their manuscripts. "Whatever the lion swallows," promised the editor, "I shall digest for the use of the public."

Yet another famous Russell Street coffee-house was "Tom's," founded by Captain

Thomas West, on the north side "Tom's." of the street, about the year 1700.

This house was put to other uses in 1814, but it survived until 1865, when it was rebuilt as the National Deposit Bank. Its owner in 1722, in a fit of delirium due to a bad attack of gout, flung himself out of window and was killed.

At the bookshop of Tom Davies, which still survives, though put to other uses (8, Russell Street), Johnson

**A Famous
First Meeting.**

and Boswell had their first meeting. Boswell, as he himself records, was much agitated, and when Davies roguishly mentioned that the friend whom he was introducing came from Scotland, he said, "Mr. Johnson, I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." "That, sir, I find," said Johnson, most ingeniously perverting poor Boswell's meaning, "is what a good many of your country cannot help." At Davies's shop it was, too, that Johnson gave his broad hint to Foote that he would not with impunity be lampooned on the stage. Foote had got a person curiously like Dr. Arne to mimic that eminent musician, and, pleased at the pecuniary results of the poor device, had ordered wooden figures to be made for a puppet-show of which Johnson and Goldsmith were to be the leading characters. Hearing of this, Johnson bought a huge oak

**Johnson's
Cudgel.**

to Davies's shop, and, being asked for what purpose he had provided himself with such an instrument, he sternly replied, "For the castigation of vice upon the stage." The observation, repeated to Foote, sufficed.

On the south side of Covent Garden is Southampton Street, named as a tribute to the beautiful Lady Rachel Russell, daughter of the Earl of Southampton, and devoted wife of William Lord Russell, the martyr to liberty. Among its inhabitants in past days may be named Dr. Lemprière, Mrs. Oldfield the actress, and, more notable than either, David Garrick, who lived here from 1750 to 1772, in a house on the western side which is distinguished by a tablet. Here—to jump from past to present—are the offices of the *Saturday Review*, a journal which, founded in 1855, has always been able to command the services of a brilliant staff of writers. Independence and incisiveness are, as they have always been, the "notes" of the *Saturday*. Close by, in Henrietta

**Henrietta
Street.**

Street, are the offices of another leading weekly review, the *Nation*, founded in 1890 by the late Sir Wemyss Reid as the *Speaker*. The *Nation* is the chief weekly Liberal organ, but, something more than a mere organ of the party with which it is identified, it seeks strenuously to mould political thought. Among the earliest of the residents of Henrietta Street, which was built in 1637, and named after the Queen of Charles I., was the Earl of Strafford, the statesman whom that King surrendered to his enemies.

Parallel with Henrietta Street on the Strand side runs Maiden Lane, where, at No. 26, on the north side, at the corner of Hand Court, in a house which disappeared in 1861,

**Maiden Lane
and Turner.**

Joseph Mallord William Turner, the greatest of our landscape painters, was born (April 23rd, 1775), almost within a stone's throw of the gallery where many of his finest canvases are treasured. The son of a poor hairdresser, he had little general education, but at the age of fourteen he was admitted to the schools of the Royal Academy, and so began the study of the art in which he rose to such lofty eminence.

King Street, parallel with Henrietta Street on the north, and built at the same time, was named after Charles I.,

King Street. and numbers among its early residents Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons when the King went to St. Stephen's to arrest the five members, as Henrietta Street claims Strafford. The

site of Lenthall's house is now occupied by the Westminster Fire Office. Other residents in King Street were Nicholas Rowe the poet, who died here in 1718, David Garrick (1743-45) and Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1799-1802), while he was writing for the *Morning Post*. James Quin, the Irish

music, and was given to practise at night upon a muffled spinet which he had smuggled into his bedroom. Then he took lessons on the violin, and the first intimation his father had of these deplorable proceedings was when he discovered him at a private concert leading a chamber



"TOM'S" COFFEE-HOUSE, RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN
(p. 642).

From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd (1857).

comedian and wit, was born here in 1693, and so also were Dr. Arne and his sister, the actress, their father being an upholsterer, at whose house lodged the three Indian kings who figure in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Like the great Purcell, therefore, Arne, the composer of so many melodies which are as fresh to-day as when they were written, was a Londoner. Born in March or May, 1710, and artied to a solicitor, he could not repress his inborn love of

band with the first violin. After vainly endeavouring to break him from his musical ways his father permitted him to follow his bent. Among his most familiar compositions are "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Blow, blow, Thou Winter Wind," "When Daisies Pied," "Where the Bee Sucks," and "Rule, Britannia." This last song, which Wagner greatly admired for its vigour and boldness, and regarded as a happy typification of the British character, was introduced

into the masque *Alfred*, performed at Cliveden House, Maidenhead, then the residence of Frederick Prince of Wales, on the 1st of August, 1740. Dr. Arne presently converted the masque into an opera, and in this form it was first produced at Drury Lane on the 20th of March, 1745. A year after this Handel produced his "Occasional Oratorio," in which with his usual audacity he appropriated the opening strain of "Rule, Britannia," mating it to the words, "War shall cease, welcome Peace." In his *Life of Handel*, Schoelcher accuses Arne of having pilfered from Handel; but he had got his dates wrong.

Garrick Street, which runs in a north-westerly direction from King Street to Long Acre, and was opened in March,

Garrick Street.

1861, is notable because it is the first London thoroughfare in which any attempt was made to provide a subway, so as to avoid the cost and inconvenience of tearing up a street whenever anything has to be done to the network of pipes buried beneath it. The Metropolitan Board of Works offered six premiums for designs, and, accepting those which it considered best, arranged for the construction of an arched subway, 12 feet high and 7½ feet wide, for the gas and water mains, etc., besides 14 arched side passages for house surface pipes, and proper cellarage on both sides of the street. In this street is the handsome club-house of the Garrick, the club *par excellence* of actors and dramatists,

though not limited to them. As Mr. Percy Fitzgerald records in his monograph on the club, published in 1904, it was established at 35, King Street, in 1831, as a place in which, to quote the quaint phrasing of the founders, "actors and men of education and refinement might meet on equal terms." The formal opening of the club took place in February of the following year. Thirty years later the club moved into its present house, built by Mr. Marrable. Among its treasures the club has many interesting Garrick relics, but it is specially proud of its collection of theatrical portraits, which represent most of the theatrical celebrities of the last two centuries, from Garrick to Irving. In view of the object with which the club was started it is curious to recall

The Garrick Club.

a story which the late Montagu Williams tells us of the behaviour of Robert Keeley, the comedian, his father-in-law, towards a fellow member who was a peer. Keeley and the peer were partners at whist, and when asked why he failed to play a certain card the latter replied that "he didn't think it was the game." "Well, then," said Keeley, "you are a fool," and hobbled off. A day or two later the peer was in the hall, when Keeley entered and hailed him, intending, as everyone supposed, to take this opportunity of apologising for his rudeness. "I have been thinking over that little affair of the spade," said Keeley, "and I find I was right; you *are* a fool." But Keeley, as Mr. Fitzgerald testifies, did not reserve his rudeness for members of the House of Lords. Once when he was about to play cards with a member of the ancient race he was warned not to say anything disagreeable. Presently the question of mixed marriages came up and his antagonist said he was opposed to them, as it would mean the extinction of his race. "And a d——d good job!" growled Keeley.

Rose Street, a narrow alley which has been partly absorbed by Garrick Street, and almost entirely rebuilt, must not be passed over without mention, because in it Samuel Butler, the author of "*Hudibras*," died in poverty and misery, on the 25th September, 1680, and because also it was the scene, in the year before (December 18th), of the brutal assault upon Dryden by three ruffians in the pay of the Earl of Rochester, who supposed the poet to be the author of a stinging satire directed against him.

Long Acre, leading from the north-western end of Garrick Street to Drury

Lane, was at first called the Elms, then the Seven Acres, but by

the end of the sixteenth century it had come to be known as the Long Acres. Coachmakers were settled here by the end of the seventeenth century, and here, with motor-car manufacturers, they still flourish. The street, indeed, has suffered less from change than most of those in the Covent Garden district, and not a few of the houses may very well date from the early part of the eighteenth century. From 1637 to 1643 Oliver Cromwell lived in this street.

Rose Street.

Long Acre.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

MORNING ROOM OF THE GARRICK CLUB.

on the south side, two doors from Nicholas Stone, the master mason and sculptor whose name occurs in these pages; from 1682 to 1686 John Dryden lived on the north side, in a house (No. 137) of which the site was occupied for over a hundred and fifty years by the Dryden Press until in 1905 it was demolished. In Long Acre, too, lived the woman who is said to have been the original of Matthew Prior's Chloe, the wife of a common soldier, and here, if Pope is to be believed, he would bury himself "for whole days and nights together with this poor mean creature."

Towards the end of Long Acre, at the south-east corner of Endell Street, is a large warehouse which has had a varied career. Built originally in 1847 as the St. Martin's Hall for Mr. John Hullab, it was burnt down in 1860, and was re-opened after reconstruction in 1862. In 1867 it was opened as the Queen's Theatre by Alfred Wigan, that title having just been discarded by the theatre near Tottenham Court Road which came to be known as the Prince of Wales's; and it was here that in 1869 the beautiful Mrs. Rousby made her *début*. In 1875 the

building was converted into co-operative stores, then it became a gymnasium, and since then it has once more been applied to business uses.

In Hanover Court, formerly Phoenix Alley, running out of Long Acre southwards,

Taylor, the water poet, kept an alehouse, and here in 1653 he died. At first he gave his house the sign of the "Mourning Crown," but this being regarded as treasonable by the authorities, he styled the house the "Poet's Head," using his own portrait for sign and placing beneath it this couplet:—

There's many a head stands for a sign
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?"

The last of the Covent Garden streets which we need notice is James Street, built about the same time as King Street and Henrietta Street, and named after Charles II.'s brother, afterwards James II. Here, David Garrick, whom we so often meet in this neighbourhood, lived in 1746; here, too, lived Sir James Thornhill; but of late years the street has been almost entirely rebuilt.

CHAPTER LVIII

CHARING CROSS, SPRING GARDENS, AND TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Origin of the Name—The Eleanor Cross—The Present Cross—The Statue of Charles I.—The Regicides—Attempt upon the Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury—Hungerford Market—The "Golden Cross"—Toole's Theatre—Northumberland House—The Avenue—Cockspur Street—Spring Gardens—The London County Council—The King's Mews—Queen Elizabeth's Bath—Trafalgar Square—The Nelson Column—The National Gallery—The National Portrait Gallery—St. Martin's Church—The Round House—St. Martin's Lane—Charing Cross Road—Cambridge Circus—St. Mary the Virgin

AT first a little village about midway between London and Westminster, Charing Cross, long before Dr. Johnson's day, became the spot where, more than in Fleet Street or in any other part of the City, one might find oneself in "the full tide of human existence." It still enjoys the pre-eminence which Johnson thus claimed for it. Charing Cross is not more thronged than the heart of the City of London, but the crowd to be seen here is more cosmopolitan and more picturesque, and less obviously bent upon the serious business of life. This is, in fact, the

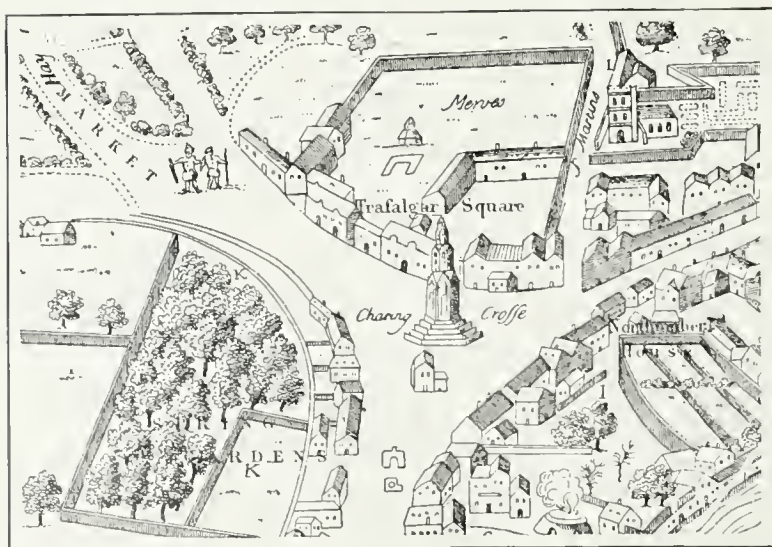
Where East
and West
Meet.

meeting place of east and west, and as such is as truly the heart of the capital as "the Bank" is the focus of "the City." It is the heart of the capital also in another sense, for it is the centre of the Metropolitan Police area,

and of the London ("Greater London") of the Registrar-General, as well as of the cab radius.

Why the little village of Charing or Cherring was so called is not certainly known.

The notion that the name has anything to do with the *chère reine* of Edward I. is, as Professor Skeat has said, "too funny to be pernicious," and it is not unlikely that the true derivation is from the bend just at this point in the river, which from hence to Vauxhall runs north and south, instead of east and west. This is the view favoured by Mr. Holden Macmichael, whose elaborate and interesting work* throws much fresh light on this locality. *Cerr*, as Professor Skeat shows, means in Anglo-Saxon a turn, and is connected with the Old High German *chër*, a turning about, and with the Middle English *cherren*, *charren*, to turn, and so charcoal is wood that is turned to coal. Queen Eleanor is only to be held responsible for the second part of the name, which was added some time after the erection of the most sumptuous or the twelve memorial crosses that marked the spots where her bier rested on its way from Harby, in Nottinghamshire, to



THE CHARING CROSS REGION ABOUT 1502.

From Aggas's Map.

* "The Story of Charing Cross and its Immediate Neighbourhood." By J. Holden Macmichael. 1906. (Chatto & Windus.)

Westminster Abbey. The creator of this beautiful structure, as Mr. Lethaby has shown in his volume on Westminster Abbey, was Master Richard Crundale, the King's mason, and from the general resemblance of the crosses to each other it may be conjectured that he was responsible for the scheme of them all. He died in 1294, before the cross at Charing was completed, but it was finished by his brother, while the statues were sculptured by Alexander of Abingdon. No representations of the cross at Charing have come down to us except the two small ones on the Aggas Map and on Van der Wyngaerde's View of London, but they suffice to show that it closely resembled the surviving crosses at Waltham and Northampton. It must, however, have been much larger, for as much as £300 in the currency of those days was spent upon it, more than three times as much as was spent on the cross at Waltham. Mr. Lethaby quotes Norden's as the best description of Charing Cross by an eye-witness, but Norden is tantalisingly vague, and does not tell us a great deal more than Stow when he characterises it as "a fair piece of work." It continued to testify to passers-by of the devotion of Edward I. to his Queen's memory until 1647, when, having four years before been condemned by Parliament, it was made away with, some of the stones of which it was composed being used for the paving of Whitehall, while others were converted into knife-handles. So, at any rate, says Lilly the astrologer.

The cross which stands in the courtyard of Charing Cross Station is the result of an attempt to reproduce the original cross commemorating Queen Eleanor, but it is a very conjectural reproduction, though Barry made a careful study of the crosses that have survived elsewhere. This modern cross, of Portland and Mansfield stone and Aberdeen granite, carved by Thomas Earp, must not be supposed, however, to occupy the same position as the Eleanor cross, which stood somewhere near the spot where now is to be seen Le Sueur's copper statue of Charles I., the first equestrian statue ever erected in Great Britain. This fine work was commissioned in 1630. The artist, Hubert Le Sueur, born in Paris about 1595, and

said by tradition to have been a pupil of Giovanni Bologna at Florence, arrived in this country about 1628. The statue was cast in 1633, and was intended to be placed in Covent Garden, but it does not appear to have been erected there or anywhere else by the time the Civil War broke out (1642), and after the King's execution it was sold, by order of Parliament, to one John Revett, a brazier in Holborn, in order that it might be melted down or broken up. But Revett, either because he was a Royalist or because he did not believe in the permanence of the new *régime*, buried the statue and palmed off as fragments of it bits of old metal, and in 1660 he unearthed it and presented it to Charles II. Not till fourteen years afterwards, however, was it set up here at Charing Cross, upon a marble pedestal of Grinling Gibbons's designing. The left forefoot of the horse is inscribed—"Huber(t) Le Sueur (fe)cit 1633." There is a tradition that on its being pointed out by a countryman that he had omitted to put girths to the saddle, and trappings, the sculptor was so mortified that he destroyed himself; but neither the manner nor the year of his death is authentically known, though he is believed to have died about 1650. Specimens of his work are still extant in Westminster Abbey, at Oxford, Winchester, and elsewhere, and none of them falls short of a high level of excellence. Nor does it appear to be true that he forgot the girth, for J. T. Smith, in his "Streets of London," declares that careful examination reveals its presence. The sword, with buckles and straps, with which the sculptor armed the King was stolen on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Exchange by Queen Victoria in 1844. The George that hung from the ribbon, too, has gone.

Charing Cross in the old days was one of the places at which royal proclamations were wont to be read, and here, on the site of the cross, were executed Major-General Harrison and others of the régicides, the scaffold being so placed that they had to face the Banqueting House where their royal victim met his doom. Pepys, who was present, tells us that Harrison looked "as cheerful as any man could do in that condition," and it is said that when Peters was asked by the hangman, whose hands were reeking with the blood of others of the

**The
Regicides.**

**Le Sueur's
Statue.**

regicides, how he "liked it," he replied, "I am not terrified; do your worst." There were strong men in those days!

Near Charing Cross Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in the reign of James I., was the victim of a dastardly attack on the part of Sir John Ayres, whose wife had conceived for Lord Herbert a passion which he did nothing to encourage. One day Sir John with four armed men lay in wait for him in Scotland Yard, and as he passed along they rushed out upon him armed with swords and daggers. One of his two lackeys, a big fellow, at once ran away. Lord Herbert's sword broke at the hilt, but he defended himself vigorously with so much as was left of it. "Alighting from his horse," as Mr. Macmichael tells the story, "his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was thrown violently on the ground; but being extracted from that position by his other lackey, a little Shropshire boy, he managed to regain his feet and get his back against a wall, waging thus an unequal warfare with the whole of his assailants. . . . Two gentlemen, seeing so many men set against one, came to the rescue, and Sir John Ayres was twice thrown to the ground; he got up a third time, and making a more furious assault, stuck his dagger into Lord Herbert's side, where it remained sticking for a minute or two until pulled out by Henry Cary, afterwards Lord Falkland. Lord Herbert, in the meantime, wrestling with his assailant, Sir John was thrown a third time, when Lord Herbert, kneeling upon his body, wounded him in four places with his sword remnant and nearly cut his hand off. The desperate combat was then ended, Sir John's friends carrying him away senseless to a boat that was waiting for him at Whitehall stairs." Sir John Ayres, who now refused to meet Lord Herbert, but threatened to shoot him with a musket from a window, was arrested by order of the Privy Council, but, professing contrition, was released by desire of the King; but he was disinherited by his father, and became, so the Duke of Lennox told Lord Herbert, "the most miserable man living."

The Charing Cross railway station, one of the termini of the South Eastern and Chatham Railway, was, with the hotel which fronts it, and the cross which graces the

courtyard, built by E. M. Barry, R.A. In the month of December, 1905, a large part of the roof fell, killing six persons and injuring others, and the station had to be closed for some three months. It occupies the site of the Hungerford Market, pulled down about the year 1862 to make way for it. The market was originally built in 1682, on the property of Sir Edward Hungerford, one of the Hungerfords of Farley Castle, near Bath, who was made a Knight of the Order of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II. Sir Edward Hungerford, known as the "Spendthrift," is said to have "run through" eight-and-twenty manors, and when Hungerford House here at Charing Cross was destroyed by fire in 1669, he was unable to rebuild it. It was in the hope of repairing his fortunes that he secured from the King the right to hold a market in his grounds. But the market never seems to have prospered, perhaps because it was too near to Covent Garden, and by 1815 it had become all but extinct. A few years afterwards it made a fresh start, as a fish, meat, vegetable and fruit market, new buildings being erected in 1831-33 in a heavy Italian style by Charles Fowler, who had just completed the Covent Garden Market. London markets have not seldom been a precarious kind of investment, and by the time this one was demolished the business had again dwindled to very small proportions.

Of Hungerford Bridge we have spoken in another chapter (p. 583). Hungerford Stairs, at the foot of Villiers Street, opposite the market, was a dingy, tumble-down set of warehouses and other buildings, at one of which, No. 80, Charles Dickens, as a boy of ten, found employment in the year 1822, his work being to pack up pots of paste-blackening. He never forgot the misery he suffered in these dismal surroundings and at this uncongenial occupation. "No words," he wrote, "can express the agony of my soul as I sank into this companionship, and felt my hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast"; and he adds that after leaving Hungerford Stairs he never returned to it until it was destroyed.

Among the old inns of Charing Cross was the "Golden Cross," the name of which

A Stiff Fight.

Hungerford Market.

Hungerford Stairs.

is perpetuated by the hotel near the end of the Strand, built about the year 1832 by Tite, afterwards the architect of the Royal Exchange. The old "Golden Cross," which stood a little further westward, and disappeared in 1830 when Trafalgar Square was laid out, was long one of the best-known coaching inns of the Metropolis, and is memorable because at its door



HUBERT LE SUEUR.

Mr. Pickwick had his famous colloquy with the hackney coachman. Here it was, too, that David Copperfield was ushered into a bedroom that "smelt like a hackney coach." Close by the present hotel, at the Strand corner of King William Street, is the Charing Cross Hospital, built by Decimus Burton in 1831, and enlarged in 1904, the former Charing Cross Theatre, afterwards the Folly, but better known to the present generation as Toole's Theatre, having been acquired for its extension. This theatre was once a whisky store; then, in 1848, it became the chapel of the Fathers of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, who migrated to their sumptuous temple at Brompton in 1856. At the first lowly quarters of the Oratorians here at Charing Cross Newman delivered his "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties" in 1850.

The connexion of the late Mr. Toole with the theatre which was to bear his name began in 1882, when it was re-

opened after enlargement; it ceased to be a theatre in 1896, the noise from it being found detrimental to the patients of the Charing Cross Hospital. Mr. Toole, one of the best comedians and one of the most lovable men that ever trod the boards, was a Londoner by birth, being son of a celebrated City toastmaster, and he received his education at the City of Lon-

don School. Perhaps his most famous rôles were those of Bob Cratchit in *The Christmas Carol* and Caleb Plummer in *The Cricket on the Hearth*—parts in which irresistible humour was blended with equally irresistible pathos. Unlike many professional humourists, he was as funny off the stage as on. He committed more drolleries, perhaps, than all his brother actors put together, and though many of them were of the practical kind, never was there the smallest spice of malice in them.

But it is time to speak of that which, until the end of the third quarter of the nineteenth century, was for close upon three hundred years the chief feature of Charing Cross. Northumberland House, the town mansion of the Percies, was remarkable not only because of its long association with that noble house, but also because it was the last of the ancient mansions which once looked down upon the Thames between the City and Westminster. According to Pen-



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

LE SUEUR'S STATUE OF CHARLES I. (p. 647).

nant it stood on the site of the chapel and hospital of St Mary of Roncesvalles, in Navarre, founded in the reign of Henry III. by William, Earl of Pembroke, and suppressed—not for the first time—at the Reformation. In the early years of the seventeenth century Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, built for himself a mansion, which he bequeathed to his kinsman the Earl of Suffolk. In 1642, by the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of the second Earl of Suffolk, to Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, the house passed into the hands of the Percies. First styled Northampton House, then Suffolk House, it was finally known as Northumberland House. Originally it formed three sides of a quadrangle, the centre fronting the Strand, while the opposite side was open towards the garden and river until, in 1642, a new front on this side was added by Inigo Jones. Wings were added to the main quadrangle by Mylne in 1765, and at various times other alterations were made—not usually for the better—so that at the last Northumberland House had no architectural excellence save the dignity which it owed to its size and proportions, while internally it was sombre from lack of light. Surmounting the Strand front was a lion—the crest of the Percies—cast in lead in 1752, and measuring some twelve feet in length. When Northumberland House was demolished and the materials were sold, including the grand staircase, the lion was reserved, and it now looks down upon the Thames from the top of Syon House, the Duke of Northumberland's seat at Isleworth.

At Northumberland House, Oliver Goldsmith, as is narrated in the *Life of him* by Washington Irving, had a disconcerting experience. He had attracted the notice of the then Earl of Northumberland, the Sir Hugh Smithson who had married the heiress of the Percies, and the Earl, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and had patronage to dispense, invited him to call. "I dressed myself in the best manner I could," Goldsmith ingenuously says, "and after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland House, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with the Duke. They showed me into an ante-chamber,

where, after waiting some time, a gentleman very elegantly dressed made his appearance; taking him for the Duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me; when to my great astonishment he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the Duke came into the apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

When in the sixties it was proposed to the Duke of Northumberland of that day that he should sell his historic mansion at Charing Cross he refused to consider the overtures of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and successfully opposed a Bill promoted by the Board in 1866 to give them power of compulsory purchase. But easy communication between the Victoria Embankment and Charing Cross was a great public need. The only cross streets available at that time were Villiers Street and Whitehall Place, of which the former was both narrow and steep, while the latter had a stiff gradient at Charing Cross. The result was that the Embankment was at first much less used than it was expected to be. In 1867 the Duke died, and his successor, though very reluctantly, waived his objection and gave his sanction to a new Bill. The Act was obtained in 1873, Northumberland House was pulled down in 1874-75, and the new street, which has a breadth of 90 feet and is about a thousand feet in length, was opened in March, 1876. Including the £500,000 paid for Northumberland House, the undertaking cost £711,491, but the surplus land brought in £831,310, so that the Board made a profit on the transaction of £119,819. It is the only metropolitan street improvement which had so happy a result, owing mainly, as Mr. Percy J. Edwards explains in the "*History of London Street Improvements*," to its not being necessary to acquire valuable trade interests, and to the fact that there was keen competition for the surplus land for the erection of large hotels and other buildings.

These hotels, which cover the site of

Northumberland Avenue.

Goldie's Mistake.

Northumberland House and its gardens, are the Grand—designed by the late Alfred Waterhouse, but not characteristic of his work—the Victoria, and the Métropole. On the north side of the Avenue, adjoining the Grand, is the Constitutional Club, of red and yellow terra cotta in the style of the German Renaissance, built in 1886 from designs by Colonel R. W. Edis, and forming, in a political sense, a counterpoise to the National

Cockspur Street, it is suggested by Mr. Macmichael, with no little probability, is named from the sale of spurs for use at the royal cockpits connected with Whitehall and St. James's Palace, the latter of which was not taken down until 1816, though it had long been disused. The conjecture finds support in the fact, for which this author vouches, that steel cockspurs are

**Cockspur
Street.**



HUNGERFORD MARKET IN 1805.

From a Drawing by James Fahey.

Liberal Club, its near neighbour. On the same side of the Avenue is the Royal Colonial Institute, established in 1868 to furnish a point of contact for those connected with the Colonies and British India. On the other side of the street, between the Victoria and the Métropole, are the offices of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, which, founded as long ago as 1698, and at first without any regular habitation, established itself at Holborn in 1728, migrated a hundred years later save one to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and settled here in 1879. At the bottom of the street is the Playhouse Theatre, formerly styled the Avenue.

still being sold by old-established cutlers in the neighbourhood. "The sport," he adds, "is not unknown in the recesses of the Cumberland mountains, and ready purchasers of cockspurs are to be found among even our own country gentry. The principal trade, however, I am given to understand, is with the native princes and others of India, and with wealthy citizens of the South American republics."

Spring Garden, more properly Spring Garden, between Charing Cross and The Mall, was an adjunct of Whitehall Palace, and was named after a fountain which was set in motion by any who chanced to tread on an

**Spring
Garden.**

apparatus concealed in the ground—a childish form of practical joke of which people might have been expected soon to tire. In his "Travels" (1598) Hentzner gives a rather different account of the spring, for he describes it as "a *jet d'eau*, with a sun-dial, at which, while strangers are looking, a quantity of water forced by a wheel which the gardener turns at a distance through a number of little pipes, plentifully sprinkles those that are standing around." In the reign of Charles I. the Garden was converted into a bowling-green, and here in the King's presence took place, according to Isaac D'Israeli, the author of "Curiosities of Literature," one of the manifestations of the people's dislike of the Duke of Buckingham. While the King and the Duke were watching the bowlers the latter put on his hat, whereupon a Scotsman, one Wilson, seized the Duke's hand and snatched off the hat, exclaiming, "Off with your hat before the King." Unable to strike,

A Bold Deed.

Buckingham kicked his assailant; but desisted when the King said, "Let him alone, George; he is either mad or a fool." "No, sir," Wilson replied; "I am a sober man; and if your Majesty would give me leave, I would tell you that of this man which many know and none dare speak."

In 1634, four years after the Garden was turfed as a bowling-green, it was closed on account of the quarrels in which roysterers indulged. It was not long before the Garden was in full swing again, for in June, 1649, we find John Evelyn bringing lady relatives here for a treat. But five years later (May 10th, 1654), he laments that it has once more been closed. In 1659 the Garden was again opened, for the author of "A Character of England" writes of it, "It is not unusual to find some of the young company here till midnight; and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry, after they have refreshed with collation, which is here seldom omitted, at a certain cabaret in the middle of this paradise, where the forbidden fruits are certain trifling tarts, neat's tongues, salacious meats, and bad Rhenish." Its career as a place of recreation appears to have come to an end soon after the Restoration, when it began to be deserted in favour

of Vauxhall, being now known as Old Spring Garden, and before long it began to be built upon.

In Spring Gardens is County Hall, the headquarters of the greatest and most many-sided municipal authority in the world, which wields authority over an area of 118 square miles in extent—the administrative County of London—and is responsible in a civic sense for the well-being of four-and-three-quarter millions of human beings. The London County Council was brought into existence in 1889 to supersede the Metropolitan Board of Works, whose offices here at Spring Gardens were enlarged for its accommodation. Its first chairman was the Earl of Rosebery, whose steadying influence at a time when the young giant was stretching his limbs, and awakening to the consciousness of his vast strength, was invaluable. The Council has also enjoyed the services, in the chair and in less conspicuous positions, of other able servants of the State, and this debt it has defrayed by training many men of shining talents who have distinguished themselves in Parliament and in public office.

The London County Council touches the life of London at many points. It controls that splendid body of brave fellows, the London Fire Brigade. It carries out the main drainage of an area larger even than that of the administrative county at an annual cost—not including capital charges—of over a quarter of a million. It controls some forty parks and pleasure grounds, and loses no opportunity of adding to their number or of enhancing their attractions. It drives tunnels under the Thames, constructs bridges over it, provides the Woolwich Free Ferry, creates new thoroughfares, widens old ones, and even in the City, where the Corporation does much that elsewhere in the administrative county is undertaken by the Council, it helps that authority to broaden its streets. It builds model dwellings for the working classes, owns many miles of tramway and runs the trams itself, and the rest of the tramway system of the administrative county is gradually falling into its hands. It maintains asylums for the insane, superintends the work of the sanitary authorities of the Metropolis, regulates the milk supply, sees that evil-smelling trades are carried on with a



NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE AND CHARING CROSS IN 1753.

From a Drawing by Canaletti

minimum of offensiveness, licenses slaughter-houses, inspects common lodging-houses, and in many other ways takes thought for the health of London. It employs a large staff of inspectors to ensure that those who buy are not defrauded by light weights or false measures, it controls the storage of petroleum and other dangerous illuminants, administers the Diseases of Animals Act, and throws itsegis over helpless childhood by carrying out the provisions of the Act regulating the keeping for hire of infants. Its relations with the community begin, indeed, at an even earlier stage of the individual life, for within its own area it supervises the operation of the Midwives Act of 1902. It licenses all the music-halls and some of the theatres of London, and has structural control over these and all other places of public entertainment in the county. It has not been asked to administer the water supply of London, but it sends representatives to the Metropolitan Water Board, as it does to the new Port of London authority. Much else is there that the Council does, and one would have thought the duties thus sketched in faint outline would be sufficient to occupy the energies of a body twice or thrice the size. But Parliament in its wisdom has determined otherwise, and has devolved upon the Council the responsibility for education in London—elementary, secondary, and technical.

In these pages it is our business, in dealing with the present, simply to record what is, avoiding questions around which controversies rage, and for that reason some features of the Council's career have been left untouched. But it may be said that, while the Council has thrown itself with enthusiasm into its utilitarian work, it has from the beginning been mindful also of the things that appeal to the antiquary and to lovers of the beautiful. The public edifices it has reared in various parts of London are on the whole admirable specimens of modern work, well built and pleasant to look upon. With help from the City Corporation it saved from destruction No. 17, Fleet Street (p. 422); it surveys and takes photographs of interesting buildings that are doomed to destruction, it affixes tablets to houses with memorable personal associations. It has been slow to incur the heavy cost of providing adequate accommodation for its own needs, and its officers have

been scattered broadcast instead of working under the same roof; but arrangements have now been made for the erection of a great County Hall overlooking the Thames on the south side between Westminster and Waterloo bridges, and that part of the river is now being embanked for the purpose.

In the Middle Ages Trafalgar Square was a common. In Ralph Aggas's map, drawn in the reign of Elizabeth, cattle are still shown grazing upon it, but long before this it had come to be in part the property of St. Giles's Hospital and of the Abbeys of Abingdon and Westminster. At the Dissolution Henry VIII. granted "common" rights over the land to the parishioners of St. Margaret's and St. Martin's, but Queen Elizabeth leased it, or most of it, to one Dawson, by whom it was enclosed.

During the first three decades of the last century Trafalgar Square was for the most part covered with a number of wretched courts and alleys, known as the Bermudas and Porridge Island, and by the building styled the King's Mews, a name derived from the "mew" of young falcons and hawks, for the site was occupied in ancient times by the royal falconry, and Chaucer, it is interesting to recall, besides being Clerk of the King's Works, was "Clerk of the Mews at Charing." In the reign of Henry VIII. (1534) the birds were turned out to make way for his horses, the royal stables at Bloomsbury having been burnt down. So the word "mews" took on a new meaning, and gradually came to signify any range of stabling. In 1732 the King's Mews, which stood almost on the site afterwards to be partly occupied by the National Gallery, and had been rebuilt in the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, was once more rebuilt, this time in the Classical style from designs by the Earl of Burlington, and it survived in this form until it was taken down, in 1830, as a part of the scheme for the creation of Trafalgar Square.

Close to the King's Mews stood a small building known as Queen Elizabeth's Bath, which was demolished in 1831. Square, and of fine brick, it had a groined roof which appeared to belong to the fifteenth century. As Sir Walter Besant says in his work on Tudor

Trafalgar Square.

The King's Mews.

Queen Elizabeth's Bath.

London, it was an interesting building of which nothing was known except that it was certainly a bath. "Nobody has noticed it except a writer in *Archæologia* (Vol. XXV.), who gives a plan and drawing of the curious place. Like the Sanctuary at Westminster, it would have been entirely forgotten but for the hand of a single antiquary, who rescued it from oblivion at the last moment." The drawing is reproduced on another page (p. 658).

The monument has been derided by others besides French critics, but it found a doughty champion in W. E. Henley, whose glorious lines, picturing it as it appears in an October sunset, we cannot forbear to quote :—

" High aloft

Over his couchant Lions in a haze
Shimmering and bland and soft,
A dust of chrysoprase,
Our sailor takes the golden gaze
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb
As once he flamed it on his ocean round."*



THE SPRING GARDEN IN 1826.

From a Drawing by G. Schaf.

Trafalgar Square is the creation of Sir Charles Barry, and though it was carried out at vast expense, the granite work alone costing £10,000, the architect originally designed it on a far more magnificent scale. The Nelson Column which dominates it and justifies the name it bears was not reared until 1840-43, and not completed until 1849. M. Taine speaks of "that hideous Nelson, stuck on his column with a coil of rope in the form of a pig-tail, like a rat impaled on the top of a pole," and even Max O'Rell, in "John Bull and His Island," charges us with having "stuck" Nelson "upon a Roman candle high in the air." These criticisms, it must be said, lack the humour of that of the British tar who exclaimed, when he first saw the column, "Why, they have mast-headed the Admiral!"

The Square.

The Nelson Monument.

Max O'Rell, in the work named, points out that at the four corners of the Square, which he styles our Place de la Concorde, there are four pedestals to be seen, of which three are surmounted by statues, while the fourth is vacant. That fourth pedestal, the one at the north-western angle of the Square, is still vacant. Such is our eagerness to commemorate our great men! Recently it has been suggested that the Nelson column should be surrounded with statues of Nelson's "band of brothers," Hardy, Collingwood, and the rest of them, and who can deny that the idea is an admirable one, or can believe that it is in the least likely to be carried out?

The fluted granite column, Corinthian in style, with a capital of gun-metal, cast

* "London Voluntaries and Other Verses." By William Ernest Henley. (David Nutt.)

from the cannon of the *Royal George*, was designed by William Railton, and is 145½ feet in height to the top of the capital. Except the Monument in the City, which has a stature of 172 feet, it is the loftiest column in England. The statue on the summit, 17 feet in height, was the work of E. H. Baily. The finely-proportioned pedestal is enriched on its four sides with bronze low-reliefs by Woodington, Ternouth, Watson, and Carew, cast with the metal of guns captured from the French, and representing the most famous scenes in the hero's life, including the final scene in the cockpit of the *Victory*. The lions which crouch at the angles of the base, modelled with his own hands by Sir Edwin Landseer, who was not ready with them until 1867, were the mark of a good deal of ridicule at the time they were set up, and it was the gibe of one wit that the lion on the top of Northumberland House (p. 650) would not recognise them as brethren. But they won the enthusiastic admiration of the observant and artistic Richard Jefferies, who praises "the bold curves and firm touches of the master hand," the "calm strength in repose, . . . the soul of the maker, which abides in the massive bronze," and declares this to be "the only noble open-air work of native art" in the Metropolis.*

The earliest of the other monuments in the Square, all of them of bronze, was

Other Monuments.

Chantry's equestrian statue of George IV., for which he received £9,000. It was intended for the top of the Marble Arch when that structure stood in front of Buckingham Palace, and was placed here in 1845. Then in 1857 was set up, at the south-west corner, Adams's statue of Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde. Four years later Behnes's statue of General Sir Henry Havelock was erected at the east corner. Finally Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's fine statue of General Gordon, showing him in an attitude of meditation, was set up in the centre of the Square in 1888, three years after the mystic-warrior's death at Khartoum.

The Royal College of Physicians, a building with a projecting portico of the Ionic order, on

the west side of the Square, designed by Sir Robert Smirke and opened by Sir Henry Halford in 1825, contains many historic portraits and busts of eminent members of the faculty, and among its treasures is the gold-headed cane which descended from Radcliffe to Mead, from Mead to Askew, from Askew to Pitcairn, from Pitcairn to Baillie, and then became the property of the College. The history of the College has been briefly traced in an earlier chapter (p. 384), and we need only add that when its present habitation was ready for its reception it left its old quarters in Warwick Lane. The adjoining building, the Union Club, a non-political club which was started in 1822, is also of Sir Robert Smirke's designing. A little to the westward, at the junction of Cockspur Street with Pall Mall East, stands M. C. Wyatt's equestrian statue of George III., showing that monarch, pig-tail and all; it was reared in 1837.

The National Gallery, a low building in the Grecian style, raised high upon a terrace on the north side of the Square, is worthy neither of its position at the very best point of "the finest site in Europe" nor of the magnificent collection of paintings which it enshrines. In allusion to its mean little cupolas, like nothing so much as pepper-boxes, it was long ago dubbed the "National Cruet-stand," and a more recent French writer has said of it that it is "the building in London for which the town has most to plead an excuse." Henley, in the London Voluntary from which we have already quoted, speaks with utter contempt of "the dingy dreariness of the picture place"—a "scandal to the ground" he also calls it. It is but fair to the architect, William Wilkins, R.A., whose end was hastened by the attacks made upon this work, to remember that he was much hampered with the conditions that were imposed upon him. That he was capable of designing a building of beauty and dignity when he enjoyed a freer hand is attested by University College in Gower Street. Among the conditions under which he had to work were that the Gallery should not impede the view of the portico of St. Martin's Church—in itself a very proper condition; that it should not infringe upon the barracks space in the rear; and that

* Since Jefferies wrote the number of London's open-air monuments to which his epithet is applicable has been increased by four—nay five!

the columns from Carlton House should be worked into the composition, which should also embrace a dome, cupolas, and porticoes. The work was begun in 1832, the King's Mews, as we have seen, being cleared away to provide a site, and it was finished in 1838, at a cost of £96,000. The Gallery was built to accommodate the Royal Academy

that it has become rather an object of European envy, and the same authority afterwards declared it to be "the most important collection of paintings in Europe for the purposes of the general student." That it includes fewer pictures of world-wide fame than some of the great Continental Galleries, which were formed when such



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

HALL OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

as well as the national collection of pictures, and the Academy was installed in the eastern wing; but from the beginning it was found that the space was inadequate. In 1860 the building underwent considerable enlargement, and nine years later the Royal Academy was transferred to Burlington House. Even so the rapidly growing collection of pictures needed further accommodation, and in 1876 a new wing and the central octagon were added by E. M. Barry, and other additions have since been made.

Whatever may be thought of the building, there is no difference of opinion as to the merits of the collection of pictures. There was a time when Ruskin could speak of it as "a European jest," but since then it has been so enriched by private donations and by public purchases

pictures had not acquired an almost fabulous value, must indeed be admitted; but as a collection representative of all schools of painting, foreign as well as English, remote as well as recent, it claims to be superior to them all. Only two names of universal recognition, indeed, as Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., has pointed out in his Introduction to the sumptuous work which gives a reproduction of every picture upon the walls,* are absent from the catalogue—those of Albert Dürer and Watteau. The collection is specially rich in pictures of the early Italian schools, and in the works of some Italian painters whose merits have won only comparatively recent recognition, while, as Sir Edward Poynter says, "judicious selection

* "The National Gallery." Edited by Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A.

from the very beginning has left it free from the dreary productions of the academic schools of Italy and France which weary the eye and oppress the mind in so many of the great Continental collections, the Italian works of the later schools being few and well chosen, and small in size; and of the two really great painters of the French School, Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorrain, the examples are among the choicest to be found." One

modern artist, whose departure from academic methods and whose gentle art of making enemies delayed the general recognition of his genius, was represented in the Gallery in 1905, for in that year the authorities accepted from the National Art Collections Fund James MacNeill Whistler's "Battersea

Bridge," the famous nocturne in blue and silver. But it was not in harmony with its surroundings, and it has found a more suitable home in the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank.

Internally the National Gallery is above reproach: the rooms are well-lighted and charmingly decorated, the disposition of the pictures, the fruit of constant thought, is admirable, and one of the gems of the collection, and certainly its costliest treasure, the *Ansidei Madonna*, purchased for £70,000 from the Blenheim collection, is so placed that its splendours greet the visitor from the end of a long vista as soon as he has mounted the broad central staircase of variegated marbles.

Adjoining the National Gallery, on the east and north sides, with the main entrance

facing St. Martin's Place, is the National Portrait Gallery, a gift to the nation from Mr. W. H. Alexander, of Shipton, Andover, who in 1889 undertook to devote a sum of £80,000 to this object. The total cost of

the building was £96,000, the balance being provided by the Government. The architect was Mr. Ewan Christian, after whose death the work was supervised by Mr. J. H. Christian.

It was completed in 1895, and the Gallery was opened to the public in 1896. Having to frame his designs in general harmony with the National Gallery, the architect has not produced a particularly effective building, but the east wing is not without elegance, plain and heavy as is the north façade, fronting the Charing



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BATH (*p.* 654).

From "*Archæologia*," Vol. xxv.

Cross Road. Nor, as a picture gallery, can the edifice be regarded as unexceptionable, for the very limited space at disposal made it necessary that it should be built in three storeys, and few of the rooms, therefore, are lighted from the roof. "The bottom rooms," to quote Burne-Jones's caustic criticism, "are gloomy dark cellars where you can see nothing, and the top rooms are raked with blinding light from skylights that are too near them," and such was his disappointment with the building that he never paid it a second visit. It is a pity that a less central site, where space is not so valuable, was not provided, as in the case of the Tate Gallery. People who really want to see pictures will not mind undertaking a short journey, and it is not necessary to study the convenience of the indifferent.

The national collection of portraits was founded by Act of Parliament in 1856, and was housed at 29, Great George Street, Westminster, until 1869, when it was removed to the eastern portion of the Long Building at South Kensington. There it

Gainsborough, Romney, and other great masters, and also, among quite modern works, the splendid series of portraits by the late George Frederick Watts, the gift of that public-spirited artist, its significance is historical rather than artistic.



THE KING'S MEWS, CHARING CROSS, IN 1794.

From a Drawing by T. Malton.

remained until in the autumn of 1885, owing to increased danger from fire, it was transferred to the Bethnal Green Museum, which formed its home until Mr. Alexander's building was ready to receive it. The collection has grown with great rapidity, for whereas, in 1869, when it migrated to South Kensington, it numbered 288 portraits, it now embraces upwards of thirteen hundred, besides sculptures, engravings, and other objects of exhibition. Though it includes portraits by Vandyck, Zuccherò, Reynolds,

On the east side of Trafalgar Square, and forming much the finest of its architectural features, is the church of St Martin-in-the-Fields, built between 1721 and 1726 by James Gibbs. Its Corinthian portico, even now that the steps in front of it have been curtailed—a piece of vandalism which was perpetrated in 1901—is, perhaps, the finest structure of the kind in London, and it is noteworthy, also, as the first example of a regular Classical portico

St. Martin's Church.

attached to a church, though Gibbs was not long in finding imitators, in John James, who built St. George's, Hanover Square, in 1724, and in Nicholas Hawksmoor, who built St. George's, Bloomsbury, in 1731. The effect of the steeple is marred by the fact that

internal, carried out under the supervision of the late Sir Arthur Blomfield; but the galleries have been retained, and so also have the old pews, though they have been made more comfortable by a slight slope given to the backs. On either side of the



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. MARTIN-IN-THE FIELDS.

it seems to sit astride the portico, but in spite of this defect, and of its incongruity as a feature of a strictly Classical composition, it is so beautiful in itself that one would not wish it away. It is surmounted with a crown, in token that St. Martin-in-the-Fields is a royal parish. George I., indeed, according to Mr. Holden Macmichael, was a churchwarden of St. Martin's!

In 1897 the church was re-opened after thorough renovation, both external and

chancel is a mosaic panel, a tribute from Lady Frederick Cavendish to the memory of her husband, one of the victims of the Phoenix Park assassinations.

The name of the parish recalls the fact that when, early in the sixteenth century, a church was first built here, and for long afterwards, it stood in the midst of green fields. Although St. Martin's was constituted a parish in the

**The
Parish.**

fourteenth century, when it was taken out of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, it had no church of its own, or at any rate no parochially independent church, until about 1535, when Henry VIII. provided it with one. In 1660 the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, was carved out of it; in 1670 that of St. Anne, Soho; in 1684 that of St. James, Westminster; in 1725 that of St. George, Hanover Square.

In the vaults, which extend from the portico to the east end, great numbers of parishioners are interred, among them, in an unknown spot, Nell Gwynne, who had a bishop (Tenison) to preach her funeral sermon. In some of the books on London it is said that she left money that the fine peal of twelve bells might be rung once a week, and that they are still so rung under this bequest, but for this story there is no foundation in fact. In the vaults, or in the old graveyard, closed in 1829, lie many other famous or notorious persons. In the former category was John Hunter, but the great anatomist now has a more august resting-place in "the Abbey," to which he was transferred when Frank Buckland, after persevering search, had identified the coffin.

St. Martin's Place is continued northwards by St. Martin's Lane, first built over about the year 1613. Until then the road was simply a country lane, with hardly so much as a cottage to its name—which at that time, by the way, was West Church Lane; and it extended as far southwards as Northumberland House. It has had one famous coffee-house, Old Slaughter's, established near the upper end of the lane, on the west side, in 1692, and not a few distinguished residents, including the great Inigo Jones, who is said to have lived in the house numbered 31, on the east side. It would be of little avail to give the list, for St. Martin's Lane was taken in hand by the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1886 and has been widened and almost wholly rebuilt; among the new buildings being two theatres, the Duke of York's, opened as the Trafalgar Square Theatre in 1892 and renamed in 1895, and the New, built in 1903 for Sir Charles Wyndham. At the foot of the Lane is the Coliseum, a huge place of entertainment opened at the end of 1904, and extending back into Bedfordbury.

At its southern end St. Martin's Lane curves round into the Charing Cross Road, which nearly follows the line of the old Hog Lane, afterwards Crown Street; and at the curve stands the Westminster City Hall, noticed in the first of our Westminster chapters (p. 473). Next to it is the Garrick Theatre, built for Sir John Hare in 1889, and close by is Wyndham's, opened by Sir Charles Wyndham in 1899. In Cambridge Circus is the Palace Theatre, with a curved façade of terra-cotta—the most beautiful playhouse in London until the new His Majesty's was reared for Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the Haymarket. Built for the late Mr. D'Oyly Carte by Mr. T. E. Collcutt, it was opened in 1891 as the Royal English Opera House, with Sullivan's grand opera *Ivanhoe*. But Mr. D'Oyly Carte had not furnished himself with a repertory, for by a miscalculation which is explained by his experience at the Savoy, he counted upon long runs for single works. Even apart from this, it is highly questionable whether London was yet ripe for such an institution, and eighteen months afterwards the Royal English Opera House became a variety theatre!

Cambridge Circus, now the meeting-place of the Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue, was formerly known as the Five Dials, for here five of the narrow streets which were swept away in the making of these two broad thoroughfares had their point of junction. North of the circus, where the Charing Cross Road becomes the boundary of the City of Westminster as far as Oxford Street, is the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, on the west side. It is the successor of the first Greek place of worship in this country, built in 1677. Five or six years after it was finished the Greeks betook themselves to the City, and soon afterwards the building came into the hands of Huguenot settlers, who worshipped in it until 1822, when they sold their remaining interest in the lease to a congregation of Calvinists, by whom it was used until 1849. Then acquired for the Church of England and re-arranged by P. C. Hardwick, it has since been considerably enlarged, and more recently the nave has had, for safety's sake, to be rebuilt, so that now no considerable part of the original structure remains.

Charing Cross Road.

St. Martin's Lane.

St. Mary the Virgin.

CHAPTER LIX

LEICESTER, SOHO, AND GOLDEN SQUARES

Leicester House—Where Princes Sulked—John Evelyn and the Fire-eater—Saville House—Miss Linwood—Sir Joshua Reynolds's Studio—Hogarth's House—A Murder in Leicester Square—Houses of Entertainment, Past and Present—St. Martin's Street and Sir Isaac Newton—Gerrard Street—The Literary Club—Dean Street—The New Royalty Theatre—St. Anne's, Soho—Theodore, King of Corsica—Frith Street and Hazlitt—Greek Street—De Quincey's Strange Experiences—Soho Square—The Name—Monmouth's House—Carlisle House—St. Patrick's Church—The White House—Wardour Street—Shaftesbury Avenue—Broad Street and William Blake—Golden Square and its Memories—Argyll Street and Dr. Dodd—Great Marlborough Street and Mrs. Siddons—Charles Lamb and the Comptroller's Bumps

OF Leicester Square, originally Leicester Fields, the history begins with the erection, between the years 1632 and 1636, by Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, the father of Algernon and of the Lady Dorothy, of Leicester House, at the north-east corner of the square, on lammas land belonging to the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. At first it was the only house here, but others were not long in springing up, and by the end of the century the place had become surrounded by streets and assumed nearly its present dimensions. By this time, too, the centre had been enclosed in a railing, and had become a famous resort for duellists; and here took place, in 1698, the promiscuous duel in the dark in which Captain Coote was slain and Captain French and Lord Warwick were wounded.

Leicester House, which survived until about the year 1788, is styled by Pennant "the pouting place of princes," for here the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., when he had quarrelled with his father, set up a rival Court, and here, when he in turn, after his accession to the throne, had quarrelled with his son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, the latter followed his unfilial example. This was in 1743, and here Frederick lived until his death in 1751. It was in Leicester House that his Princess was waited upon by the Countess of Cromartie, whose husband was implicated in the rising of '45, and who came leading by the hand her four little children. "The Princess

Leicester House.

Princes at Leicester House.

saw her," writes Gray in one of his letters, "but made her no other answer than by bringing in her own children and by placing them by her." So cruel can woman be to woman! To Prince George of Wales, while he and the Princess were living here, was born the Duke of Cumberland, by whom the rising was so ruthlessly stamped out at Culloden. Though not born at Leicester House, George III. was brought up here and was proclaimed King in Leicester Square on the 26th of October, 1760, and three days later Leicester House was crowded with courtiers assembled to do him homage. The Dowager Princess of Wales, his mother, continued to dwell in Leicester House until the year 1766, and at Saville House, adjacent to it on the west, died Prince Frederick William, the King's youngest brother, at the age of sixteen. At Leicester House, again, in 1662, had died Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, eldest daughter of James I., "the Queen of Hearts."

Leicester House, too, figures in the pages of Evelyn, for the diarist records how when he was dining here with Lady Sun-

A Fire-eater. derland he saw a performance of Richardson, the fire-eater. "He devoured brimstone on glowing coals before us, chewing and swallowing them; he melted a large glass and eat it quite up; then taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster, the coal was blowed on with bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped and was quite boiled. Then he

melted pitch and wax with sulphur, which he drank down as it flamed. I saw it flaming in his mouth a good while. He also took up a thick piece of iron, such as laundresses use to put in their smoothing boxes, and when it was fiery hot, held it between his teeth, then in his hands, and threw it about like a stone; but this I observed that he cared not to hold very long. Then he stood on a small pot, and bending his body took a glowing iron in his mouth from between his feet, without touching the pot or ground with his hands." Those who are familiar with the well-authenticated cases of immunity to fire which are met with among savages, and with Sir William Crookes's experiments in connexion with this phenomenon, may think it more reasonable to believe that Evelyn actually saw what he describes than that so close and accurate an observer was grossly deceived.

Leicester House, after having become the home of Sir Ashton Lever's Natural History Museum, was taken down, as we have seen, towards the end of the eighteenth century, and about the same time the Sidneys disposed of their property in Leicester Fields to the Tulk family for £90,000, which was employed in freeing Penshurst from its encumbrances. But it is believed that in Lisle Street, parallel with the square on the north side, a part of the stables still survives in what are now known as the White Bear Yard stables, of which an illustration will be found in "Two Centuries of Soho."*

Saville House, referred to above, occupied nearly the centre of the north side of the square, where now stands the Empire Theatre of Varieties, and it is easy to account for its having sometimes been confused with Leicester House, for in 1718 communication was established between the two mansions for the convenience of the children of Frederick Prince of Wales. Saville House was first known as Ailesbury House, for it was for

some time the town house of the Earls of Ailesbury, and here in 1698 Thomas, the third Earl, entertained Peter the Great. In the Gordon riots (June, 1780) it was sacked by the Protestant mob, whose wrath Sir George Saville had incurred by introducing the Catholic Relief Bill. Rebuilt at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was from the year 1806 until 1844 the home of Miss Linwood's Exhibition of Needlework, which forms a curious chapter in the vagaries of art. This exhibition consisted of sixty copies of famous pictures executed with the needle, the tapestry, it is said, "possessing all the correct drawing, just colouring, and light and shade of the original pictures." Miss Linwood once refused an offer of three thousand guineas for her chief work, the *Salvator Mundi* of Carlo Dolci; but the year after her death, when the collection was sold by auction, all the pictures together, except a few which were reserved, did not realise more than £1,000. The end of Saville House came in 1865 (February 28th), when it was

Miss
Linwood.



PLAN OF LEICESTER, SOHO, AND GOLDEN SQUARES AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

* "Two Centuries of Soho." By the Clergy of St. Anne's. 1898. (Truslove & Hanson.)

destroyed by a fire at which the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) officiated as an amateur fireman, having donned a fireman's helmet for the nonce.

Leicester Square has had many famous residents, among them Swift, Sir James Thornhill and his son-in-law Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mrs. Inchbald, John Hunter the anatomist, and Sir Charles Bell and Cruikshank the surgeons. The only house now standing

which has memorable associations is that of Sir Joshua on the west side (No. 47). to which he came in 1761, remaining here till his death in 1792. Since 1858 it has been tenanted by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, the celebrated auctioneers of books, musical instruments, and works of art, and it has been little altered, except that Sir Joshua's studio has been replaced by one of their auction rooms. Hogarth's house was on the east side of the square, where now we see Archbishop Tenison's School, and next to it was the house of John Hunter, between it and the present Alhambra. In the rear of it he erected a building for his collection of Comparative Anatomy specimens, which forms the nucleus of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. His house survived until 1897.

In the same year disappeared a house (No. 37) which is believed to be that which in 1761 (February 19th) was the

Theodore Gardelle. scene of the murder, by Theodore Gardelle, of his landlady, Mrs. King, of whose body he disposed by dismembering and burning it. On the morning of the day named there were only three persons in the house, Mrs. King, a maid-of-all-work, and Gardelle, who was a Swiss miniaturist. Presently Gardelle despatched the maid on an errand, and when she came back he told her that her mistress had been sent for and had gone out. Nothing more was seen of the woman for ten days, and then, a smell as of burning flesh having aroused suspicion, the Bow Street runners were called in, and discovered calcined fragments of a human body under the rafters and elsewhere. Gardelle at once confessed, though he denied that the murder was premeditated, avowing that the woman had assailed him with bitter invective and

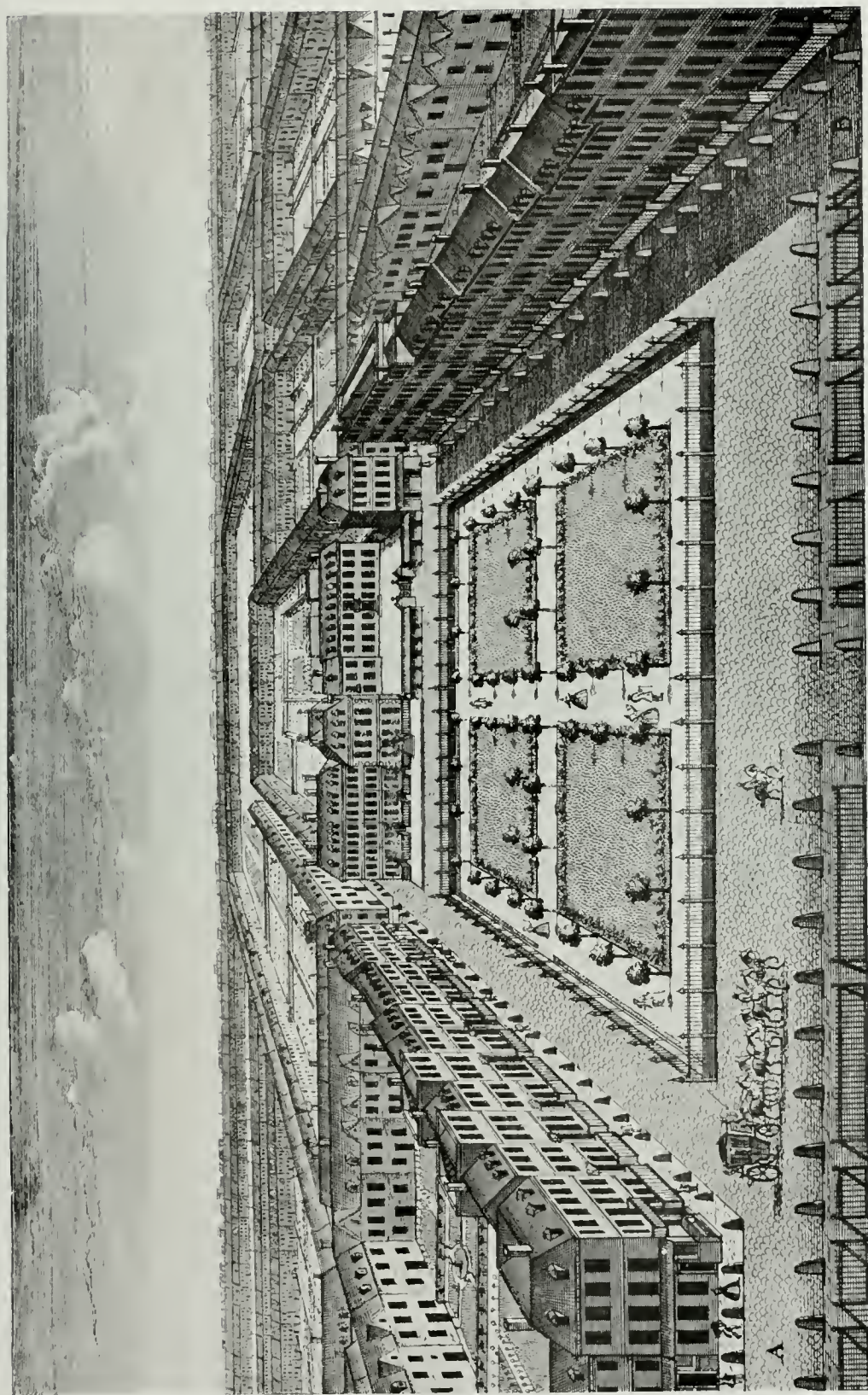
that in a mad moment he had stabbed her in the throat with the sharp-pointed handle of a comb. But it was proved that after the murder he had sent off to a friend a sealed box containing the poor woman's valuables, and, having been found guilty, he was hanged in the Haymarket. The crime was the occasion of unusual excitement, and "as dead as Theodore Gardelle" was a proverb which had a long currency.

In the centre of Leicester Square there formerly stood an equestrian statue of George I., brought from Canons, the Duke of Chandos's seat at Edgware, in 1748. In 1851 it was taken down to make way for Wyld's "Great Globe," but was replaced, in spite of the mutilation it had suffered, when that building was removed in 1861. It was now subjected to further indignities until, in 1872, it was finally disposed of. Two years afterwards the Square, which had for many years been little better than a rubbish heap, was bought of the representatives of the Tulk family for £13,000, and, from designs by the late Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Knowles, who was presently to found and edit the *Nineteenth Century*, and Mr. J. Gibson, was transformed into an ornamental garden, with a marble fountain in the centre surmounted by a statue of Shakespeare—a reproduction by Signor Fontana of Scheemaker's statue in Westminster Abbey—and with busts of famous residents of the Square and its vicinity at the angles—Reynolds, by Marshall, at the north-west; Hunter, by Woolner, at the north-east; Sir Isaac Newton, by Weekes, at the south-west; and Hogarth, by Durham, at the south-east.

Leicester Square has long been one of the entertainment centres of London. In

1789, at the north-east corner of the Square, a new building was erected for Burford's Panorama, established close by some half-dozen years before. The panorama had a long and for the most part prosperous career, but ultimately the building was converted into a Roman Catholic school. Close by, in 1796, Charles Dibdin, the composer of "Tom Bowling," opened a little theatre which he called the "Sans Souci," where he sang his own songs and produced dramatic sketches, but after a few years he had to shut it up and was

**Places of
Entertainment.**



LEICESTER SQUARE IN 1727.

glad to retire on a pension of which the next Government meanly deprived him, so that he died in poverty and misery. Of Wyld's Great Globe we have already spoken; and coming down to our own day there was reared in 1880, on the site of Saville House, a building which, intended for the uses of a panorama, was re-opened

was removed to Leicester Square in 1871, having been established in Castle Street, behind the National Gallery, in 1685, with a library above it. There it remained until Castle Street was annihilated, when the library was dispersed and the proceeds were applied to the erection of the school. It is not the only public institution in the



Photo - Pictorial Agency.

AUCTION ROOM OF MESSRS. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON IN SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

in 1885 as the Empire. The Alhambra, on the east side of the Square, was opened about 1852 as the Royal Panopticon of Science and Art; but the speculation was a failure, and the place was closed. Re-opened under its present name, the Alhambra was burnt down in 1882 and rebuilt, and in 1897 it was extended to the Charing Cross Road. At the north-east corner of the Square, in Cranbourn Street, was built, in 1893, Daly's Theatre for the American company which had been the means of introducing Miss Ada Rehan to the notice of theatrical London; and next to it is the London Hippodrome.

Archbishop Tenison's Grammar School

Square, for occupying nearly half of one side are the head offices of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and here, too, are St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, founded in 1863, and the Royal Dental Hospital of London, established in 1858.

Sir Isaac Newton is commemorated in Leicester Square on the score of his having lived from 1710 until 1727, the year of his death (though he did not actually die here), in St. Martin's Street, which runs out of the Square on the south-west. This house, happily, though a rather mean-looking structure with a front of dingy stucco, has survived, under

**Sir Isaac
Newton.**

the name of Newton Hall, and is distinguished by one of the Society of Art's tablets; but the observatory which Newton built on the roof was removed about the middle of the last century. Nor is the house associated with the great natural philosopher only, but also with Dr. Burney, who lived here from 1779 to 1789, and with his daughter Frances, who here wrote "Evelina."

In Lisle Street, parallel with the square on the north, Edmund Kean spent some years of his wayward boyhood with his uncle, Moses Kean, who is said to have had a brass collar made for his neck inscribed, "This boy belongs to 9 Lisle Street, Leicester Square, please bring him home." Cranbourn Street, leading out of the square on the north, and formerly known as Cranbourn Alley, is associated with the boyhood of another genius, for here Hogarth learnt the art of silver-plate engraving as apprentice to a goldsmith of the name of Gamble.

In Great Newport Street, leading from the eastern end of Cranbourn Street to the Charing Cross Road, and named after the house of the Earl of Newport, which was probably built before Leicester House, but passed into other hands after a few years, we again come upon Sir Joshua Reynolds, for here, at No. 5, he settled in 1753 when he began house-keeping and remained there until, in 1761, he removed to Leicester Square. Happily his house, built in the reign of Charles II., still survives, and is still, like that in Leicester Square, connected with art, for here, in what in Sir Joshua's day was the garden, has been built the Reynolds Gallery, and, as is remarked in "Two Centuries of Soho," it sometimes chances that "a picture of the famous painter's is here sold on the very spot where it was painted." The house, little altered, has since 1810 been in possession of the Messrs. Rutley, dealers in art, of whom four generations have succeeded each other in its occupancy. Romney, too, Reynolds's rival, lived in this street early in his career, and here from 1768 to 1774, when he removed to Greek Street, close by, Josiah Wedgwood had his warehouse and showrooms.

Gerrard Street, parallel with Lisle Street on the north, is of singular interest, for here

we may still see the house (No. 37) in which Edmund Burke lived, though that in which Dryden lived and died (No. 43) has been rebuilt.* Edmund Burke took No. 37 in 1787, and appears to have lived here until he removed to Duke Street, St. James's, in 1793. Dryden came to Gerrard Street from Long Acre in 1686, and lived here until his death in 1700 (May 1st). The street was named after Charles, first Lord Gerard, later first Earl of Macclesfield, whose residence, Macclesfield House, dating from about 1680, survived, though put to business uses, until 1888, when it was demolished after having been damaged by fire, and the site is now occupied by offices of the National Telephone Company.

Gerrard Street is also associated with The Club, founded in 1764 at the "Turk's Head," which before this time had been the home of the Artists' Club. The Club was started by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and among its early members were Burke and Goldsmith and Gibbon. That in an intellectual sense it was exclusive enough is evident from the story of Garrick's election to its membership. The great actor had been imprudent enough to say to Reynolds, "I think I'll be of you." "He'll be of us!" growled Dr. Johnson; "how does he know we will permit him; the proudest duke in England has no right to hold such language." And it was not till some years later (1773) that Garrick found entrance to the charmed circle.

It was in connexion with this club that Dr. Johnson made a highly characteristic retort. Oliver Goldsmith had suggested that an addition to the membership of the club would give an agreeable variety to the meetings. "There can be nothing new amongst us," he remarked; "we have travelled over each other's minds." "Sir," said Johnson, "you have not travelled over my mind, I promise you."

In 1773 the membership of the Club, at first limited to twelve, was extended to twenty, in 1777 to twenty-six, in 1778 to thirty, in 1780 to thirty-five, with a resolution that its members should never exceed

* No. 43 is now in the occupation of Messrs Kegan Paul, Trench, Tribner & Co., Ltd., who publish a *brochure* by Mr. Wheatley which pleasantly recounts the associations of Gerrard Street and the neighbourhood.

forty. In 1783, the landlord dying, the "Turk's Head" was converted into a private house and the Club removed to Piccadilly, where after several changes of abode it settled down in 1799 at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street, but afterwards again

and still by its title loftily assumes that it is the only club in existence.

Dean Street is said to be named after Bishop Compton, Dean of the Chapel Royal, one of the Seven Bishops, and afterwards a non-juror, who as Bishop of London



Photo Paton & Agency.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S HOUSE IN ST. MARTIN'S STREET.

migrated to Grillon's Hotel, in Albemarle Street, and later to other quarters. It celebrated its centenary at the Clarendon Hotel in 1864 with Dean Milman in the chair, and with everyone of the members present, among them Lord Brougham, at this time the "father" of the Club. One of the members was Macaulay, who was anxious that the centenary should be held in the house in Gerrard Street which used to be the Club's habitation, but this was found to be impossible. The Club still flourishes,

took special interest in the building of St. Anne's Church. Many are the artists who have been denizens of Dean Street, among them Sir James Thornhill, who lived at No. 75, a large house of rather dingy brick, on some of the walls of which are paintings attributed to him and to Hogarth, his son-in-law. In the same house E. H. Baily, R.A., the sculptor of the figure of Nelson which surmounts the column in Trafalgar Square, afterwards lived. In Dean Street, as is recorded in Hogarth's "Works,"

**Dean
Street.**

the hapless Theodore, King of Corsica, who is buried in St. Anne's, was lodging in a garret when he was waited upon by two gentlemen belonging to a committee who had raised a subscription to relieve his poverty. "To give his attic apartment an appearance of royalty, the poor monarch placed an arm-chair on his half-testered bed, and seating himself under the scanty canopy, gave what he thought might serve as the representation of a throne. When his two visitors entered the room he graciously held out his right hand, that they might have the honour of kissing it."

In this street is the New Royalty Theatre, formerly known as "Miss Kelly's Theatre." In 1840 Miss F. Kelly, a lady who had gained a reputation in light comedy and domestic melodrama at Drury Lane and the Haymarket, opened here a school for acting, and the venture proving successful, she was ill-advised enough to build in the yard and on the site of the stabling attached to the house a theatre, which was opened on the 25th of May, 1840, but after five nights the house had to be closed. It was reconstructed in 1861, and was remodelled as to its interior by Miss Kate Santley in 1883.

The church of St. Anne, Soho, of which the chief—the eastern—front abuts upon

Dean Street, was built to serve a
**St. Anne's,
Soho.** parish carved out of that of St.

Martin-in-the-Fields, and was consecrated by Bishop Compton in 1686. It stands upon a portion of what was then Kemp's Field, and is dedicated to St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, but in allusion to the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne, who had just been betrothed to Prince George of Denmark. The original steeple, said to have been modelled after a tower at Copenhagen—a compliment to Prince George—had become so ruinous by the end of the next century that in June, 1800, it was taken down and replaced by the present singular structure, designed by S. P. Cockerell, who, says one of the authors of "Two Centuries of Soho," intending "to provide four clockfaces, and wishing to avoid the simple cube, which might have too closely resembled a dice, modified the structure until the result was a very close imitation of a beer barrel." It is certainly one of the ugliest steeples in all London. In 1831 it was the

turn of the original roof to be replaced; in 1866 were completed improvements superintended by the late Sir Arthur Blomfield, and in 1896-97 further renovations and embellishments were carried out. St. Anne's is famous for its musical services, as is becoming in a church which had for its first organist Dr. Croft. In the churchyard, now a pleasant public garden with an avenue of shady trees and a drinking fountain, are two tombstones of exceptional interest, one on each side of the west entrance. One of them, bearing a turgid and pugnacious inscription which is not worth quoting, is to the memory of William Hazlitt the essayist. The other commemorates Theodore, the unfortunate King of Corsica, and bears an inscription from the pen of Horace Walpole, who tells us that it was only after some days' deliberation that the rector and churchwarden allowed the exile to be styled King of Corsica. "Near this place," it runs, "is interred Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this parish, December 11th, 1756, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison by the benefit of the Act of Insolvency; in consequence of which he registered his kingdom of Corsica for the benefit of his creditors."

The man whose strange career ended so miserably was a Prussian baron, Neuhoof by name, educated in France, who presently entered the service of Charles XII. of Sweden and made something of a name. In 1736, invited to Corsica by the distressed inhabitants of that island, he sailed thither with three ships laden with arms and ammunition, but after a few years' barren sovereignty, reaching the end of his resources, he established a regency and set forth to seek foreign succour which he never obtained. But through the machinations of the Genoese Minister a loan was put in his way, and, unable to repay it, he was arrested for debt. Horace Walpole promoted a subscription to procure his release, but Theodore's character was so bad that only £50 could be raised. Though this sum, Walpole records, "was much above his deserts, it was so much below his expectation that he sent a solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name; and that, too, after he had accepted the money. I have done with countenancing kings," Horace Walpole sententiously adds.

When Theodore, whom Walpole describes as "a comely, middle-sized man, very reserved and affecting much dignity," was released, he hired a sedan-chair for which he was unable to pay and was carried to a tailor's in Soho, where he died four days later. He was buried at the expense of a Compton Street oilman, though Horace Walpole paid for the tablet for which he had furnished the inscription.

In Frith Street, built about 1680 and named after one Richard Frith, a builder, though the name was for a time corrupted into Thrift Street, just as Greek Street was corrupted into Grig Street, the most notable house is No. 6, for here, on the 18th of September 1830, in the presence of Charles Lamb and his son, died William Hazlitt, who had come here a few months before. He who had lived so troubled a life died so quietly, we read in the "Memoirs," that "his son, who was sitting by his bedside, did not know that he was gone till the vital breath had been extinct a moment or two. His last words were, 'Well, I've had a happy life.'" Of another man of renown, though in another walk of life—Sir Samuel Romilly—

Frith Street was the birthplace, his father being a jeweller here, of Huguenot extraction, so that the boy attended the French Protestant School close by. For this brilliant advocate and Parliamentarian, who strove so hard to mitigate the barbarities of our penal code, a tragic fate was reserved. Overwhelmed by the death of his wife in 1818, in a fit of delirium he took his own life. In Frith Street, too, Mrs. Inchbald wrote her "Simple Story" in 1791, and Edmund Kean

spent his infancy; and here Macready was lodging when in 1816 he made his *début* in London. Here again, at a Mr. Williamson's, No. 20, either the present house bearing that number, or one on the same site, the young Mozart gave concerts in the year



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE CURIOUS STEEPLE OF ST. ANNE'S, SOHO (p. 668).

1765. The public were informed by advertisement dated March 8th, 1765, that they would find the Mozart family at home every day in the week from 12 to 2 o'clock, and might have an opportunity of testing the young prodigy's talents "by giving him anything to play at sight or any Music without a Bass, which he will write upon the spot without recurring to his harpsichord."

Greek Street, though the name appears as

Grig Street in some old maps, is no doubt named after a colony of Greek merchants who built themselves a church a few yards to the east of it (p. 661). The house—the last on the east side of the street, at the south end—in which Sir Thomas Lawrence lived from 1797 to 1804,



THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA (p. 668).

and which before that had been Josiah Wedgwood's warehouse, was demolished to make way for the Palace Theatre, but that which Alderman Beckford built for himself, at the north-east corner of the street, where it joins Soho Square, still remains, in the occupation of the Sisters of Charity. This, by the way, is but one of many admirable charitable institutions which are carried on in and around Soho Square.

In Greek Street, on the 3rd of January, 1803, was born Douglas Jerrold, while his mother was on a visit to London. But this street has a yet stronger literary interest, for it was at the house at the north-west corner of

the street that Thomas de Quincey, when in November, 1802, a youth of seventeen, he arrived in London, was allowed by the tenant, a shady attorney of the name of Brunell, who only used it by day, to sleep on the floor. He had lived in lodgings for a few weeks, but when he came to his last half-guinea and found that the loan he was trying to raise on his expectations seemed as far from being an accomplished fact as ever, he threw himself upon Brunell's good nature. "Towards nightfall," he says in the "Confessions of an English Opium-eater," "I went down to Greek Street; and found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor friendless child, apparently ten years old. From this forlorn child I learned that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came; and great joy the poor creature expressed when she found that I was in future to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house could hardly be called large—that is, it was not large on each separate storey; but having four storeys in all it was large enough to impress vividly the sense of its echoing loneliness; and from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious uproar on the staircase and hall; so that, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold and hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more from the self-created one of ghosts." In after years De Quincey would often come to see the house in which, for some few

weeks, he thus strangely spent his nights, and would contrast its cheerful aspect with that which it presented to him when it offered him a cold and hard, yet not an unwelcome, refuge. What became of the child he could never learn, though he sought diligently to trace her.

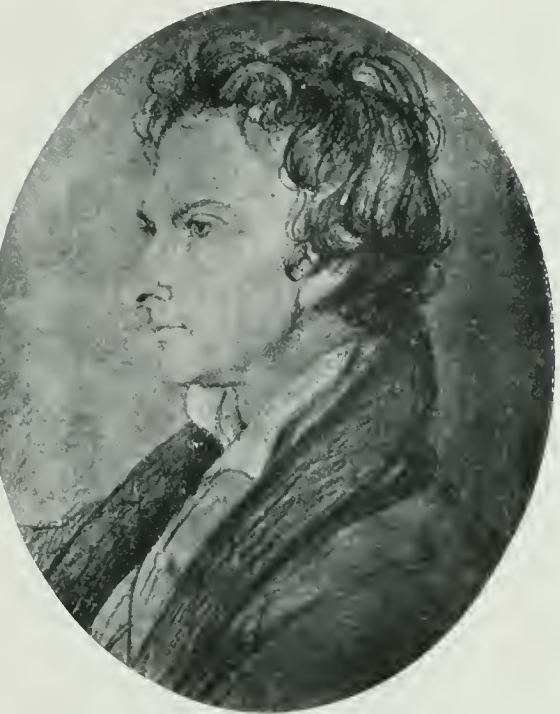
Another acquaintance which he made in those days of poverty and suffering also eluded his search. One night, ill and faint, he sat down on a doorstep in Soho Square, grew alarmingly worse and was like to die. Seeing his plight, a poor orphan girl whom he knew as Anne flew into Oxford Street and quickly brought him a glass of port-wine and spices that at once revived him. She

could ill afford the money, and he could not repay her. Shortly after this he went on a journey to Eton, and they parted in Sherwood Street, Golden Square, on the understanding that they were to meet again when he came back, but on his return he was unable to find her. But he never forgot her kindness, and long afterwards he would have been glad to assure her of his gratitude, but still she escaped his search, though he looked into myriads of faces in the hope of recognising her. "I should know her again among a thousand, and if seen but for a moment," he wrote nineteen years afterwards. "Handsome she was not; but she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiarly graceful carriage of the head. I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. Now I wish to see her no longer, but think of her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave—in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen; taken away before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature."

Soho Square, whither we have followed this great master of prose, has suffered less from the housebreaker than most of the regions with which we have so far dealt, and it still numbers many comely and well-built houses of the early part of the eighteenth century. Building here began in 1681, and at first the square consisted of a few great houses. Pennant says that it was first called Monmouth Square, after the handsome but foolish and craven duke of that name, that it was then styled King Square, and that after the battle of Sedgemoor (1685) its name was changed by the Duke's admirers to Soho, his password on that dismal day.

That it was once called King Square. **Soho Square.** (or King's) Square is true, but there is no evidence that it was ever known as Monmouth Square, and Peter Cunningham showed by reference to the rate-books of St. Martin-in-the-Fields that this region was known as Soho (or Sohoe)—an ancient hunting cry when the hare was found—at least as early as 1632, more than fifty years before Sedgemoor. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the Duke of Mon-

mouth borrowed his watchword from this district instead of the district being named after his watchword. The large house in which he lived here, on the south side, between Frith and Greek Streets, was built for him, it is said, by Wren. It was offered for sale in 1693, and appears to have been occupied by different French ambassadors, then to have been used as a French Protestant chapel, and next to



WILLIAM HAZLITT (p. 669).

From the Portrait by W. Bewick in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

have been bought by the Lord Bateman of whom George I. said that he could make him a peer, but could not make him a gentleman, and who is commemorated by Bateman Street, between Dean and Greek Streets, and by Bateman's Buildings, which were built upon the site of the house when in 1773 it was pulled down.

Another great house, dating from about the year 1690, was Carlisle House, on the east side of the square, at the south-west corner of Sutton Street, where now stands the handsome Roman Catholic Church of St. Patrick. It was built for the Earl of Carlisle of that day, but by 1761 we find it in the hands of Teresa Cornelys, a public singer from Germany, who

Carlisle House.

built in the grounds two large rooms for concerts and masked balls, and converted it into what one contemporary calls "the most magnificent place of public entertainment in Europe." Among her patrons were "Old Q." (the Duke of Queensberry) and the bigamous Duchess of Kingston, who appeared on one occasion as Iphigenia so scantily attired that Horace Walpole remarks that she was "almost ready for the sacrifice." For some years Mrs. Cornelys and her entertainments, which included gaming-tables, were all the rage in fashionable London, but in 1772 she was sold up, and though she contrived to start here again in 1776, she had to give up Carlisle House finally in 1778. Some years later we find her selling asses' milk at Knightsbridge, and in 1797 she died a debtor in the Fleet.

A few years after Mrs. Cornelys left Soho Square Carlisle House was taken down, but the large rooms she had built in the grounds were in 1792 converted into the Roman Catholic Chapel of St. Patrick by Father O'Leary, a learned Franciscan friar, with Irish wit as well as Irish eloquence, and it soon became one of the most fashionable Roman Catholic churches in London. In 1889 the chapel was condemned as unsafe, and in 1891-93 the present church—a very fine specimen of the late Italian style, built of red brick and Portland stone, with a campanile containing in a niche a statue of the patron saint—was built from designs by Mr. John Kelly. Within the church are some beautiful paintings, including a Murillo, a Vandyck, and a Carlo Dolci. On the north side of the square is another fine church, that of the French Protestant Church, designed by Sir Aston Webb, R.A., with an unusually effective façade of red brick and terra cotta, and opened by the Bishop of London in 1893. It was reared with funds obtained from the sale of the French Church in St. Martin's-le-Grand, acquired for the enlargement of the General Post Office.

Another noted house, known as the White House, at the north-west corner of Sutton Street, had in the eighteenth century a reputation as a place of fashionable dissipation even worse than that borne by Carlisle House under Mrs. Cornelys. Earlier in that

century, in 1726, it was the residence of the Spanish Ambassador, Don Ripperda, and before this it belonged to Sir Cloudesley Shovell, and here he lay in state in 1707 before his interment in Westminster Abbey. It has now been rebuilt by Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, whose enormous premises extend back to Charing Cross Road, which they border for a considerable distance. Next to the successor of the White House, and belonging to the same firm, is the old town house of that Earl of Falconberg who in 1657 married Mary, the third daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and after the Restoration, which his wife did what she could to promote, was appointed Ambassador to Italy. Sutton Street is named after Sutton House, their country seat at Chiswick. In what was Lady Falconberg's drawing-room, and is now an office of Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, is a magnificently carved mantelpiece; and some of the ceilings of the house are said to have been painted by Angelica Kaufmann.

Soho Bazaar, established in the north-west corner of the square in 1815 by John Trotter, and opened by Queen Charlotte, survived, though on a much diminished scale, until a few years ago. Another feature of the square, the statue of Charles II., which stood in the centre, has also disappeared. It had become so mutilated that it was sometimes said to be intended not for Charles II. but for the Duke of Monmouth, and at last, in 1876, it was removed to the grounds of the late Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., at Harrow Weald. The square, we may add, is interesting by reason of the number of comely houses that have come down from the past, but its garden is still a private preserve, and is less attractive than it would no doubt be were it in the hands of a public authority.

Wardour Street, famous for its curiosity shops, and running parallel with and westward of Dean Street, was built about 1686, as appears from a tablet at the corner of Edward Street. Here is the "Intrepid Fox," a licensed house of which the name was bestowed by way of compliment to Charles James Fox by its landlord, Sam House, a great admirer of the statesman. In this street also lived Dr. Dodd, who settled here

**Lord
Falconberg.**

**The White
House.**

**Wardour
Street.**

in 1751 after marrying a penniless girl, and before he had taken orders.

One of the streets which cross Wardour Street is Shaftesbury Avenue, leading from Piccadilly Circus to New Oxford Street. The

towards Charing Cross. In 1877 the Act was passed, but conditions as to the rehousing of the dense population which would be displaced proved to be impracticable, and the Board had to go to Parliament to get



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. PATRICK'S, SOHO SQUARE (*p.* 672).

formation of this thoroughfare was resolved upon by the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1876, when the new line of east-and-west communication between

Shaftesbury Avenue.

Shoreditch and Bloomsbury, by way of Old Street, Clerkenwell Road, and Theobald's Road, was nearing completion, and it was evident that provision must be made for the new stream of traffic which would thus flow

them altered. Much delay was thus occasioned, and it was not till 1886 that the street was completed. Richmond Street, King Street, and Dudley Street were absorbed by the Avenue, which has a width of 60 feet and a length of 3,350 feet. Shaftesbury Avenue is lined with many noteworthy buildings, among them the Lyric, the Apollo, the Shaftesbury, the Hicks and the Queen's

Theatres, and Shaftesbury House, the headquarters of the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, formerly in Great Queen Street. The Home, like the Avenue, is named after one of the most eminent philanthropists of the Victorian era.

Broad Street is memorable from its connexion with William Blake, artist and



MANTELPiece IN LORD FALCONBERG'S HOUSE, SOHO SQUARE (*p.* 672).

poet and mystic, who was born in 1757 (November 28th) at No. 28, where his father carried on business as a hosier. This was his home until his marriage, in 1782; but two years later he returned to Golden Square and established himself as a print seller at No. 27, and dwelt there nearly four years; No. 28 now bears one of the tablets of the London County Council

Golden Square, built about the time of the Revolution, and said by Pennant to have been originally styled Gelding Square, after the sign of a neighbouring inn, has in its centre a statue of George II., brought from the Duke of Chandos's seat at Edgware, like the statue

of George I. which formerly occupied the centre of Leicester Square. One of its earliest inhabitants was the great Lord Bolingbroke, at the time he held the office of War Secretary, early in the eighteenth century. Other residents here were Anastasia Robinson, the vocalist, to whom Lord Peterborough made love, Mrs. Cibber the actress, and William Windham the Whig statesman, one of the most brilliant debaters in an age of great debaters, who was born here in 1750. At the present No. 31 (formerly No. 30), marked by a tablet of the London County Council, lived John Hunter from 1763 till about 1770, when he removed to Jermyn Street. These were the years when he was waiting for practice, and his abundant spare time was spent in the researches which enabled him to take so high a rank among the world's anatomists.

In the centre house on the south side lived, for many years, Angelica Kaufmann, one of the original members of the Royal Academy, who was entrapped into a marriage with a handsome fellow who gave himself out as Count Horn, and proved to be that personage's valet. The scoundrel was presently good enough to accept a separate maintenance, and after his death the lady married an Italian gentleman and settled in Rome.

In Golden Square, too, lived Robert Perreau, a fashionable doctor who with his twin brother Daniel, a City man, was charged with forging an acceptance for £7,000, which he presented at Drummond's Bank as security for an advance of £5,000. Mr. Drummond had his doubts as to the signature, and asked Robert if he had seen Mr. Adair, whose name it bore as endorsement, sign it. "No," was the reply; "it was given me this morning by my sister-in-law, and it never occurred to me to doubt that it was genuine." By his sister-in-law he meant a Mrs. Rudd, a fascinating woman who lived under his brother's protection. When Mr. Drummond proposed that they should see Mr. Adair, Robert at once consented. Mr. Adair immediately denounced the signature as a forgery, and both the Perreaus, with Mrs. Rudd, were arrested and committed for trial. It was now discovered

that the Perreaus had raised several large sums on other forged endorsements purporting to be Mr. Adair's. Mrs. Rudd was accepted as king's evidence, and on her testimony the prisoners were both convicted and hanged. Their defence was that they had been deceived by Mrs. Rudd, who had professed to get Mr. Adair's endorsement to their bills; and at first she had admitted that this was so, though when she was allowed to turn king's evidence she withdrew the statement. The probability is that Robert Perreau, at any rate, knew nothing of the forgery. The brothers died hand in hand, both protesting their innocence. Mrs. Rudd did not long survive them, dying in great poverty in Golden Square three years afterwards.

Two years after the Perreaus were executed a charge of forgery was brought against the Rev. Dr. Dodd, who was arrested at his house in **Argyll Street:** **Dr. Dodd.** Argyll Street, one of the streets between Golden Square and Oxford Street. He had been tutor to the Earl of Chesterfield, and he forged the name of that nobleman to a promise to pay, hoping that he would soon be able to return the money and that his patron would never hear of the transaction. But the forgery was detected, and Dr. Dodd was charged. He at once restored £3,900 out of the four thousand guineas he had raised, and offered a note of hand for the balance; but he was convicted and sentenced, and though there was a very general feeling in his favour, the law took its course. "If Dodd is pardoned," declared the King (George III.), "it will be said that the Perreaus were murdered."

Argyll Street is named after Argyll House, the residence of the Dukes of Argyll, which early in the nineteenth century was bought by the fourth Earl of Aberdeen, and was in his occupation while he was Prime Minister, and at the beginning of the Crimean War. The

site is now occupied by Hengler's Circus. Great Marlborough Street was built at the end of the 17th century and named after the victor of Blenheim. At the present No. 54, marked by a London County Council tablet, lived Mrs. Siddons and her husband from 1790 to 1802, and in this street also Benjamin Robert Haydon had his studio from 1808 to 1817.



DR. DODD.

It was in this studio that occurred the immortal encounter between Charles Lamb and the Comptroller of Stamps who, introduced to Wordsworth, insisting on knowing whether the poet did not consider that Milton and Newton were great geniuses. This was too much for Lamb, who took a candle, walked over to the interrogator, and blandly said, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" Haydon and Keats carried him off, but again and again he burst into the room to beg that he might "have another look at that gentleman's organs."



THE QUADRANT, REGENT STREET, IN 1829.

CHAPTER LX

REGENT STREET TO PARK LANE

The Making of Regent Street—Thomas Campbell and the Mercer—Nash's House—Polytechnic Young Men's Christian Institute—Swallow Street—Vigo Street—Burlington Gardens—Sackville Street—Savile Row—Hanover Square—St. George's Church—Conduit Street—Old Bond Street and Laurence Sterne—New Bond Street—Albemarle Street—Grafton and Dover Streets—Berkeley Square—Lansdowne House—Grosvenor Square—Mayfair—Curzon Street—Park Lane

REGENT STREET, one of the two or three most fashionable streets in London, was laid out by John Nash to provide direct access from Carlton House, the residence of the Prince Regent, to the Regent's Park, and was constructed under an Act of Parliament of 1813, and all but finished by 1820, at a cost of more than a million and a half, borne by the Office of Woods and Forests. It is nearly a mile in length, and being to a great extent the creation of a single mind, it has, in spite of later alterations, more architectural unity than almost any other considerable street in the capital. The plaster fronts of the houses came in for a good deal of criticism at the time of their erection, and elicited an epigram from the *Quarterly Review* (June, 1826) so felicitous that it must once more be quoted:—

"Augustus at Rome was for building renowned,
And of marble he left what of brick he had found;
But is not our Nash, too, a very great master?
He finds us all brick and leaves us all plaster."

The taste for stucco has departed, but Nash is still entitled to the credit of having given to London what Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., styled "the one fine and consistent piece of architecture in London." Nash borrowed from the brothers Adam the device of uniting several buildings into one façade, so as to convey an impression of greater architectural importance than could be got from separate buildings of different designs, and in the Quadrant, where the street bends round on the north side of Piccadilly Circus, forming actually the fourth part of a circle, he gave very powerful expression to this idea by building over the foot pavements on both sides of the street a continuous Doric colonnade, of which the columns, resting upon a granite plinth, supported a balustraded roof (*see* the view above). But picturesque as was the effect, the colonnade darkened the shops, and in 1848 it was removed, and a balcony added to the principal floor of the houses. The harmonious proportions of this part of the street have been impaired by the

commanding Regent Street front of the Piccadilly Hotel, which has sprung up on the site of St. James's Hall.

Regarded as a thoroughfare, Regent Street, it must be admitted, has less unity than has its architecture. The part of it which lies south of Piccadilly Circus seems to be cut off from the rest of it by the swerve it there takes, while Oxford Circus, further north, almost claims to be its termination. Of those who are not in the way of consulting maps of London it would not be surprising to find that many, in fact, suppose it to end there. It may be that it was some such idea as this that confused Walter Bagehot and Richard Holt Hutton on one occasion when, fellow students at University College, they wandered up and down Regent Street for something like two hours in a vain attempt to find Oxford

**In Quest of
Oxford Street.**

Street. But it is only fair to say that they were engaged

in a discussion of the question whether the so-called logical principle of identity should rank as a law of thought or merely as a postulate of language.

Neither Regent Street nor Swallow Street, which, running from Piccadilly to Oxford Street, it absorbed, abounds in associations, but we may recall a comical incident which Southey relates of Thomas Campbell. They

were walking up Regent Street

when a poor woman with an infant in her arms and a child at her side begged a copper.

Neither of the poets had any small coins, but the woman was importunate and Campbell turned into a mercer's shop to change a sovereign. There he got into an altercation with the shopkeeper, who at last jumped over the counter and collared him, and charged him and his friend with having come there to provoke a disturbance for some dishonest purpose. Campbell was furious, they both refused to leave the shop without an apology, and the police were sent for. By this time Campbell was speechless with indignation. Southey explained matters to the policeman, adding "This gentleman is Mr. Thomas Campbell, the distinguished poet, a man who would not hurt a fly, much less act with the dishonest intention that person has insinu-

ated. The moment I uttered the name," proceeds Southey, "the policeman backed away two or three paces, as if awestruck, and said, 'Guidness, mon, is that Maister Cammell, the Lord Rector of Glasgow?' 'Yes, my friend, he is, as this card may convince you,' handing it to him. 'All this commotion has been caused by a mistake.' By this time the mercer had cooled down to a moderate temperature, and made every reparation in his power. . . 'My dear fellow,' said the poet, who had recovered his speech, 'I am not at all offended'; and it was really laughable to see them shaking hands long and vigorously, each with perfect sincerity and mutual forgiveness."

All Souls' Church in Langham Place, built by Nash in 1824 as a termination to Regent Street, still presents its needle-like spires to view as one looks up the street from the south. And near the other end of the street there still stands the house which Nash built for himself and in which he lived in some splendour. Afterwards it came

**Nash's
House.**

to be known as the Gallery of

Illustration, one feature of it, the long gallery, which Nash had used as a library, being embellished with copies of paintings by Raphael. Presently it was occupied by the Constitutional Club while the great club-house in Northumberland Avenue was being built, and since then it has been the home of the Raleigh Club.

In the part of Regent Street which lies to the north of Oxford Street, and which was formed out of two narrow and squalid thoroughfares known as Edward and Bolsover Streets, is the Polytechnic Young Men's Christian Institute, the successor of the old Royal Polytechnic, founded in 1838 in premises which were enlarged in 1848, and suffered from fire in 1881. The Institute, which numbers its students by the thousand, dates in its present form from 1882, and was

nursed into activity and vigour by

**Quintin
Hogg.**

the late Mr. Quintin Hogg, whose

sudden death in 1903 gave a shock to all who admired his enthusiasm in an admirable cause, upon which he had expended no less than £150,000. He is commemorated in the street outside the building by a bronze monument representing him as teaching a brace of eager boys, one of whom represents the educational and the other the athletic side

of the Polytechnic. The work of Sir George Frampton, it is one of the few memorials in the streets of London which have the power of arresting the attention of passers-by. A little to the north, at the beginning of Langham Place, is a similar institution for young women. Another modern feature of Regent Street, but much further down, near the Quadrant, is the elegant New Gallery, established in 1888, as a result of the secession of Burne-Jones and others from the Grosvenor Gallery.

The present Swallow Street, running between the Quadrant and Piccadilly, is not really a part of the Swallow Street which was absorbed in Regent Street, but was known as Little Swallow Street until Swallow Street itself had vanished. Here is a building of some interest which since 1885 has been the home of the Theistic Church founded by the Rev. Charles Voysey, an Anglican clergyman who was deprived of his living in 1871 for unorthodoxy. Before it became the Theistic Church it was a chapel of the Established Church of Scotland, and prior to that phase of its history it was the home of a congregation of French Huguenots, who migrated hither in 1690 from the French Ambassador's Chapel in Monmouth House, Soho Square.

Vigo Street, named after the action in Vigo Bay in 1708, leads out of Regent Street to Burlington Gardens, one of several streets

in this region which bear the names of various members of the house of Boyle, to which belonged the Richard Boyle, second Earl of Cork and first Earl of Burlington, for whom the original Burlington House was built. Thus, besides Old and New Burlington Streets, and the Burlington Arcade, we find Boyle Street, Cork Street, and Savile Row, the last of them named after Dorothy, the heiress of the Saviles, who married the third Earl of Burlington, the architect.

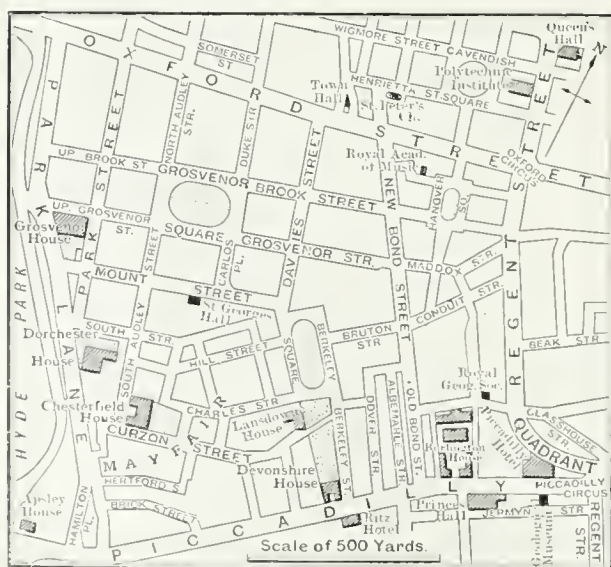
On the south side of Burlington Gardens is one of Sir James Pennethorne's most elaborate and most successful efforts in architecture, the Palladian structure which was built for the University of London, and opened by Queen Victoria in 1880. On the balustrade of the portico are seated figures, by Durham, of Newton, Bentham, Milton, and Harvey, representing the four faculties of Science, Law, Art, and Medicine. The third faculty was to have been represented by Shakespeare, but the wisdom of Parliament, and of the Metropolitan Board of Works, decided that the creator of Hamlet was not sufficiently academic for the purpose, and Milton was chosen instead. But the shade of the poet greater even than Milton was appeased by the erection of a statue in the interior, where his association with the University would not obtrude itself upon the man in the street.

In 1900 the University, reorganised as a teaching instead of a merely examining institution, was transferred to the Imperial Institute Buildings at South Kensington, and the building which it vacated was ceded to the Civil Service Commission.

On the north side of Burlington Gardens is Uxbridge House, built by Vardy, with help from Bonomi, for the first Earl of this name, and inhabited both by him and his son, the Marquis of Anglesea, who lost a leg at Waterloo and died here in 1854; it is now a branch of the Bank of England. It stands on the site of Queensberry House, built about 1726 for the third Duke of Queensberry. Here it was that John Gay lived as the petted guest of the Duke and his high-spirited and eccentric Duchess, who took care

Swallow Street.

The Old University of London.



PLAN OF DISTRICT BETWEEN REGENT STREET AND PARK LANE.

of the poet's money as well as of the poet, so that instead of ending his life in poverty, as he might well have done had he been left to his own devices, he died worth more than £3,000. Though her espousal of his cause led to her banishment from the Court, where the poet's sarcasms had given dire offence, the Duchess, and no less the Duke, remained his faithful friend, and he breathed his last under their hospitable roof.

Sackville Street, dating from about 1679, still retains its original gas lamps, projecting from the houses, and has not a single standard lamp to its name.

Sackville Street.

Here lived Sir William Petty, whom we may call the founder of the Science of Political Economy, and here, also at No. 32, now used as offices, lived for many years Arthur Young, that observant and sagacious writer on agriculture who so clearly foresaw the French Revolution.

Arthur Young.

In 1797, while dwelling here, he lost his favourite daughter, "Bobbin," at the age of fourteen. She was a child of quite remarkable intelligence and rare sweetness, the joy of her father's life and the consolation of an unsuitable marriage. "I buried her in my pew," he wrote, "fixing the coffin so that when I kneel it will be between her head and her dear heart. This I did as a means of preserving the grief I feel, and hope to feel, while the breath is in my body." The blow was one from which he never recovered. His mind became a prey to gloom, he avoided society, and gave to religious meditation all the time he could spare from his official duties. In 1811 he was operated upon for cataract, and a burst of tears a few days after the operation, induced by the moving description of the death of the Duke of Grafton given him by Wilberforce, who was admitted to his darkened room, reduced him to a condition of hopeless blindness. He died here in 1820 (April 20th).

Savile Row has had many distinguished residents—George Grote, the historian of Greece, who lived at No. 12 from 1848 until his death in 1871, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, as too was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who died at No. 14 in 1816. Both these houses are marked by tablets. Sheridan died neglected by all but a few faithful friends, and with the duns at his door. One of them,

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall records, sought to gain entrance when the door was opened to admit his physician, Dr. Baillie, but the doctor and the footman expelled him and shut the door in his face. Other famous residents of this street were William Pitt and Sir Benjamin Brodie, the surgeon.

In Old Burlington Street Mark Akenside, the pompous doctor who wrote "The Pleasures of Imagination," spent the last eight years of his life, dying here on the 23rd of June, 1770. In Cork Street died (February 27th, 1735) another medical man who cultivated letters, John Arbuthnot, the wit who collaborated with Pope in "The Memoirs of Martin Scriblerus."

Hanover Square, in which there are still to be seen many of the original houses, plain but dignified, was built between the years 1716 and 1720, and named, of course, after the dynasty which in 1714 had acceded to the throne of this country. Chantrey's bronze statue of William Pitt, looking down George Street from the south side of the garden in the centre of the square, was not erected until 1831. The most noteworthy of the buildings in the square, the Hanover Square Rooms, at the north-west corner of Hanover Street, was demolished in 1900. The Rooms were built in 1775 by Giovanni Andrea Gallini (a Swiss of Italian extraction, who had been dancing master to the children of George III., and was presently knighted as Sir John Gallini), Johann Christian Bach, son of the great composer, and C. F. Abel. Here, in 1791 and 1792, and again three years later, Haydn conducted his twelve grand symphonies. In 1792 Hummel, then a boy of fourteen, played here a pianoforte concerto, and in 1796 John Braham made his *début* as a tenor. From 1833 to 1866 the concerts of the Philharmonic Society were held in the Rooms. In 1874 the building was altered at a cost of £25,000 for the late Charles Henry Russell, nephew of Henry Russell, the vocalist and composer, and was re-opened as the Cercle of the Nations; afterwards it was known as the Hanover Square Club.

Until the year 1908 there stood on the north side of the square Harewood House, a stately mansion built by Robert Adam for the Duke of Roxburghe, but afterwards the

town house of the Earls of Harewood, and at one time reputed to possess the finest collection of old china in this country.

Harewood House. In recent years it was the property of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, but the acquisition of Park Royal as a permanent *locale* for the Society's Shows turned out unfortunately, and in 1905 the Society decided to sell Harewood House. In this square are the offices of not a few scientific and other societies, among them the Royal Society of Medicine, formed in 1907 by the amalgamation of several separate medical societies, with Sir W. S. Church, Bart., as President.

In Tenterden Street, which runs out of the square westwards, is the Royal Academy of Music, a mean-looking building for the habitation of one of the most important of London's artistic institutions, founded by the Earl of

Westmorland in 1822 to provide advanced tuition in music. In George Street, on the south side of the square, built about the same time as the square, and still little altered, is the

St. George's. church of St. George, long famous for its fashionable marriages, though of late years it has been to some extent supplanted in this respect by St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The parish which it serves is one of the many that have been carved out of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Built by John James, and completed in 1724, it is a well-proportioned structure, but so hemmed in by neighbouring buildings as to be very badly lighted, although the only stained glass is in the east windows.

Among the most interesting marriages celebrated here are those of the Duke of Kingston to the Countess of Bristol (March 8th, 1769), who was presently convicted of bigamy, and Sir William Hamilton to Emma Harle (September 6th, 1791), the wonderfully beautiful woman whom Romney painted and who fascinated Nelson. In more recent days (May

6th, 1880), George Eliot, after the death of George Henry Lewes, married Mr. J. W. Cross less than eight months before her death. The marriage of Mr. Asquith, then Home Secretary, to Miss Margot Tennant (May 10th, 1894) was remarkable from the fact that the register was signed by the Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, by the ex-Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, who had retired from office a few weeks before, and by a future Prime Minister,

Mr. Arthur Balfour. To Americans the church has been of special interest since it was casually discovered by a curious visitor from the States that the register contains a record of the marriage of "Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-eight, widower, ranchman," to "Edith Kermit Carow," on December 2nd, 1886. Until this discovery was made even the clerk of St. George's was not aware that the register bore the American President's signature.

George Street has other associations also with eminent Americans. No. 25 occupies the site of the house in which lived John Copley, the American painter who became one of our Royal Academicians, and his son, John Singleton Copley, Lord Lyndhurst, several times

Famous Marriages.



THE QUINTIN HOGG MEMORIAL, REGENT STREET
(A. 677).

Lord Chancellor, of whose immense intellectual ability the late Mr. Gladstone, who had sat with him in Cabinets, was a great admirer; and at No. 24, a comely house of brick on the east side, Nathaniel Hawthorne was living in 1855. In this street also lived for the last few months of her life Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, dying here on the 21st of August, 1762.

Conduit Street, which runs at the south end of George Street, between Regent Street and Bond Street, reminds

Conduit Street.

us of the conduit which stood in what, in the seventeenth century, was known as Conduit Mead, wherein Carew Mildmay told Pennant the historian, in 1780, that he shot a woodcock when a boy. In this street was Limmer's, at one time a kind of midnight Tattersall's, a dirty and gloomy house where men of the turf met to square accounts. In Conduit Street was born (January 24th, 1749) Charles James Fox; on the site of No. 37, marked by a tablet, lived George Canning in the early years of the last century. Nor are these Conduit Street's only associations with statesmen, for it was at a fire here in July, 1809, that Windham, the eloquent Whig, met with the injuries which led to his death in April of the following year. After Canning, No. 37 was occupied by Dr. Elliotson, the first of our medical men to endeavour to place what was then known as mesmerism, but is now more respectable as hypnotism, upon a scientific basis; two doors away, at No. 39, on the south side, lived another distinguished member of the faculty, Sir Astley Cooper, who died here on the 12th of February, 1841. No. 9, once the town house of the Earl of Macclesfield, with a stuccoed front, is now the headquarters of the Royal Institute of British Architects and kindred societies. It is not unfitting that the Institute should dwell in the street of which the building was begun by the architect Earl of Burlington.

Coming now to Bond Street, famous for its picture galleries as well as for the glittering shops which so endeared it to Lord Beaconsfield, we shall

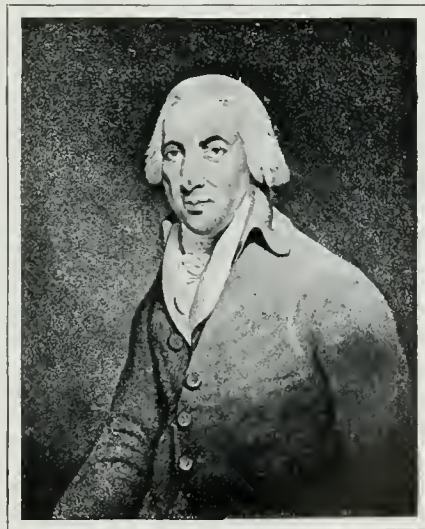
Old Bond Street.

deal first with the southern part, distinguished as Old Bond Street, built in 1686 by Sir Thomas Bond, Bart., who was Comptroller of the Household of Henrietta Maria, the Queen Mother. Its crowning personal association is with Laurence Sterne, who died here, at No. 41, at that time a silk

bag wig-maker's shop, on the 18th of March, 1768, having not long before come back to town from Yorkshire with his "Sentimental Journey" in his bag. The book was published at the end of February, and made an immense sensation. A few days afterwards Sterne wrote to tell his daughter that a vile influenza was bowing him down. He grew worse, and pleurisy set in, and three days before the end he took up a pen for the last time and wrote to his friend Mrs. James, of Gerrard Street, Soho, confiding his daughter to her care in the event of his being vanquished in this wrestling. At the time of his death his friend Mr. John Crawford was entertaining a distinguished party of guests, including many of Sterne's patrons and friends, in Clifford Street, and James Macdonald, his Scottish footman, was sent to the sick man's lodgings to enquire after him. Macdonald was told by the landlady to go to the bedroom, and as he approached the bed he

heard Sterne mutter, "Now it has come." A few minutes later the dying man had ceased to breathe. The lodging-house servant, his sole nurse, is said by Dr. Ferrier, his medical attendant, to have torn the gold buttons from his sleeve as he was in the article of death. Although his was a lonely death, it is not the fact that in his last illness he was neglected by his friends.

In Old Bond Street are the galleries of



ARTHUR YOUNG (*p.* 679).

Messrs. Agnew, the art dealers—the scene, in 1876, of the theft of Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire. The picture was the talk of the town from the price—10,100 guineas—it fetched at Christie's, the highest price ever paid at an auction for a portrait; and one morning, when the gallery in which it was being exhibited was opened, the frame was found empty. The theory of the police was that the theft was the work of some visitor to the exhibition who had contrived to secrete himself on the premises at closing time, and slipped out when the doors were opened next morning. No one was brought to book for the theft, although Messrs. Agnew offered a reward of a thousand pounds; but after remaining *perdu* for years the stolen treasure mysteriously turned up in 1901 and was recovered by or restored to its owners.

New Bond Street, like Old Bond Street, has personal associations of unusual interest.

Here for a while lodged Dean **New Bond Street.** Swift; and at Long's Hotel, rebuilt in the eighties, Sir Walter Scott met Byron for the last time. "I never," wrote Sir Walter to Tom Moore, "I never saw him so full of gaiety or good humour, to which the presence of Mr. Mathews, the comedian, added not a little." At No. 146, in the three last years of the eighteenth century lived Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at Waterloo. On the site of No. 147, Nelson was lodging in 1797, while suffering long continued agony from the unskilful amputation of his arm. "He had scarcely any intermission of pain, day or night, for three months after his return to England," writes Southey. "One night, during this state of suffering, after a day of constant pain, Nelson retired early to bed in hope of enjoying some respite by means of laudanum The family was soon disturbed by a mob knocking loudly and violently at the door. The news of Duncan's victory [Camperdown] had been made public, and the house was not illuminated. But when the mob was told that Admiral Nelson lay there in bed badly wounded, the foremost of them made answer, 'You shall hear no more from us to-night.'" Another resident of New Bond Street was Lord Camelford. In 1801 he too, like Nelson, had a visit from a mob, who assailed the house because he had

refused to illuminate his windows by way of celebrating the Peace. It was too much to expect of a man of blood that he should join in such a celebration, but the mob made no allowance for his natural infirmities. Having been induced by his friends to discard a pistol, Lord Camelford rushed out and laid about him furiously with a cudgel, until he was knocked into the gutter and rolled over and over, when he was glad to seek the shelter of his house.

In New Bond Street are many public and private art galleries, and the elegant Æolian Hall. The Grosvenor **The Grosvenor Gallery.** Gallery is now put to other uses than those it was built to subserve,

but its story must be briefly told because of the place it holds in the anti-academic movement. The creation of Sir Coutts Lindsay, artist and man of fortune, it was opened in 1877 as a picture gallery where, to quote from Lady Burne-Jones's "Memorials" of her husband, "distrust of originality and imagination would not be shown, delicate workmanship would not be extinguished, and the number of pictures exhibited would not be too large for the wall-space." The building is believed to have cost upwards of £100,000, and the first show was made memorable by the inclusion of several of the works of Burne-Jones, who had never before exhibited at a public gallery. In his opinion it was far from being an ideal picture gallery, for he thought its sumptuous hangings, its gilding and ornamental features generally were superfluous and out of place, but to several successive exhibitions he sent his pictures, until in 1887 he wrote to his friend Mr. Charles Hallé protesting against innovations of the preceding season. "Club rooms, concert rooms, and the rest," he urged, "were not in the plan," and must and would degrade the Gallery. "One night we are a background for tobacco and another for flirting—excellent things both, but then not there." The letter was endorsed by Mr. Hallé and Mr. Comyns Carr, who both retired from the direction of the Gallery, and Burne-Jones also severed his connexion with it. The result of the secession was the building of the New Gallery to fulfil the end from which the Grosvenor Gallery had swerved, and it was

opened in 1888, Burne-Jones contributing three important works.

Albemarle Street, named after the second Duke of Albemarle, who bought Clarendon House (p. 696), was built by the Sir Thomas Bond who gave his name to Bond Street. Near the

Albemarle Street.

north-east corner is the home of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, founded in 1799, mainly by Count Rumford, to encourage the application of science to the ordinary purposes of life. The building consisted originally of five private houses, which were acquired by the Institution and adapted to its purposes, and furnished with a Corinthian façade by Lewis Vulliamy in 1837. With the Institution is inseparably bound up the fame of Sir Humphrey Davy, and still more the renown of Michael Faraday, at first the elder savant's assistant, who lived here, in rooms at the top of the house, for forty-five years until in 1858 Queen Victoria placed at his service rooms at Hampton Court, where he died in 1867.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club, on the east side of the street, occupies what was formerly Grillion's Hotel, the **Grillion's.** meeting-place of Grillion's Club, a social institution of which the importance is indicated by the saying that "the English Constitution is a democracy tempered by Grillion's." It was founded early in the last century by the grandfather of the present Sir Thomas Acland as a social resort for the leaders of both the great political parties, where they might meet in good fellowship and forget the bitterness of party conflict, and the statue of its founder, who presented it with many valuable portraits of early members, still has a place of honour on its table. In his "Essays Political and Biographical" (1908) the late Sir Spencer Walpole records that in the early days of the club—in 1840—two members who had just been in violent collision in the House of Commons had to sit next to each other at the club. They were Lord Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby) and Lord Morpeth, then Irish Secretary in the Melbourne Administration, and the "Rupert of Debate" had very vigorously attacked a clause which after amendment was repeatedly referred to as the Amended Clause. At this meeting of the club only one chair remained vacant, the one

next to Lord Morpeth. "After dinner had commenced," writes Sir Spencer Walpole, "Lord Stanley entered the room, and naturally had to take the only vacant seat. The other members present held their breaths. . . . Sir Thomas Acland, however, who was in the chair, summoned a waiter, and, pointing to a dish of dressed lobster on the table, said 'Take that dish of dressed lobster to Lord Morpeth and Lord Stanley. Lord Morpeth! Lord Stanley! the amended claws!' The laughter which ensued drowned the possibility of strife, and the fun became as boisterous and as good-humoured as ever." The club, though it has long left Albemarle Street, is still in existence, and opens its session with that forgotten function a breakfast. The late Mr. Gladstone, who was elected a member in 1840—a mark of honour which perhaps won little gratitude from him, for he was never, even in the days of his bachelorhood, a Clubman—was on one occasion the only guest, and before leaving the table he entered his name in the book and recorded that he had been served with "one bottle of champagne," adding the lines:

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

The date was the 27th of April, 1883, when Mr. Gladstone's Government found itself beset with dire troubles in Egypt and the Soudan, as well as in Central Asia, and another member of the Club, the late Lord Houghton, thus speculated upon the thoughts that passed through the Prime Minister's mind as he ate his solitary meal:

"Trace we the workings of that wondrous brain,
Warmed by one bottle of our dry champagne;
Guess down what streams those active fancies
wander—
Nile or Ilissus? Oxus or Scamander?
Sees he, as lonely knife and fork he plies,
Muscovite lances—Arab assegais?
Or patient, till the foods and feuds shall cease,
Waits his dessert—the blessed fruits of peace?
Yes, for while penning this impartial verse,
We know that when (as mortals must) he errs,
'Tis not from motive of imperious mind,
But from a nature which will last till death,
Of love-born faith that grows to over-faith,
Till reason and experience both grow blind,
To th' evil and unreason of mankind."

On the west side of the street are the premises of Mr. John Murray the publisher, whose business was transferred from Fleet

Street in 1812, as we have already mentioned (p. 427). The present Mr. John Murray, the fourth in succession, who was born in London in 1851, was President of the Publishers' Association in 1898-99; and it is pleasant to record that the house which founded the *Quarterly Review*, and has numbered among its clients so many men of the highest literary distinction, still maintains its exalted place among publishing houses.

portraits of the members of the famous Dilettanti Society, founded so long ago as 1734 by noblemen and others who were devoted to antique art and to a very hilarious conviviality, so that Horace Walpole declared that while the nominal qualification for membership was having been in Italy, the real qualification was drunkenness. In this collection is represented the work of a recent

**The
Dilettanti
Society.**



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

Grafton Street, which runs across the north end of Albemarle Street, and is named after the town house of the Dukes of Grafton, has numbered among its residents Admiral Earl Howe, the hero of the First of June, who died at No. 11 in 1799; Mrs. Fitzherbert, who for a time lived at No. 24; Sir George Cornwall Lewis (No. 21), and Lord Brougham, who lived at No. 4 (marked by a tablet) for the last thirty years of his life, though he died not here, but at Cannes, in 1868. At 15A the late Sir Henry Irving for many years had chambers until in 1899, advised by his doctors to remove to sunnier quarters, he migrated to Stratton Street, Piccadilly. In this street is the Grafton Gallery, in one of the rooms of which are hung the splendid collection of

**Grafton
Street.**

and the present President of the Royal Academy, Lord Leighton and Sir Edward Poynter, Bart. The society once preserved its treasures and held its meetings at the Thatched House Tavern, and afterwards at Willis's Rooms.

Dover Street, at the western end of Grafton Street, is named after Henry Jermyn, Lord Dover, who lived here, and died in 1708. On the same side of the street lived, and died (February 26th, 1706), John Evelyn, upon whose diary we have so often drawn. At No. 29, now forming part of the premises of the Sesame Club, lived John Nash, the architect.

**Dover
Street.**

This reminds us that we are now in the centre of those ladies' and mixed clubs which, during the last few years, have become

a leading feature of the social life of London. Here, besides the Sesame, are the Empress, the

Ladies' Clubs. Ladies' Athenæum, and the Bath Clubs, and here too, in a comely house of small red bricks with a basement of stone, is installed the Ladies' Imperial Club, the first distinctively political club for ladies, opened in 1906. In Albemarle Street is the Albemarle, another fashionable mixed club; in Burlington Gardens is the Ladies' Army and Navy; and in Piccadilly is the Lyceum, an arts club for ladies. In Grafton Street are the Pioneer and the Green Park, the latter of which limits its membership to ladies who have been presented at Court. But perhaps the most exclusive of all these ladies' clubs is the Alexandra, a little to the north in Grosvenor Street, which not only limits its membership to ladies who have been presented, but sternly closes its portals even to visitors of the other sex. In this street also is the Ladies' Empire.

Berkeley Square is named after Berkeley House, which stood on the site of the present Devonshire House, and was built on the site of Hay Hill Farm about the middle of the seventeenth century for Sir John Berkeley of

Stratton, with gardens extending back to and covering the area of the square. So we get the explanation of the names of streets in this vicinity—John Street, Stratton Street, Hay Hill, Farm Street, Hill Street. The names of Bruton and Charles Streets are also accounted for, the ancestors of Lord Berkeley of Stratton being known as the Berkeleys of Bruton, and Charles Street being named after Charles Earl of Falmouth, brother of the first Lord Berkeley. At Berkeley House lived the Princess Anne when she had to leave the

Cockpit in Whitehall because she refused to give up her friendship with Lady (afterwards the Duchess of) Marlborough, and here she remained until at Queen Mary's death William III. placed St. James's Palace at her service. Berkeley House presently was acquired by the first Duke of Devonshire, and was destroyed by fire on the 16th of October, 1733.



LAURENCE STERNE (*p.* 681).

From the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Berkeley Square.

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Berkeley Square is perhaps the most dignified of all the squares in London, and nowhere in town do we see finer plane-trees than those which adorn the enclosure around which it is built. It is extraordinarily rich in memories of statesmen and of men eminent in other walks of life. In a house on the west side Lord Clive perished by his own hand on the 22nd of November, 1774, at the age of forty-eight, impelled to the act, says Dr. Johnson, by the consciousness of the crimes by which he had acquired his fortune and by his weariness of life now

Great Names.

that he no longer had great affairs to occupy his mind. At No. 11 (east side) Horace Walpole lived for the last eighteen years of his life, and here he died on the 2nd of March, 1797, when the house, the only one distinguished by a tablet, passed to his niece, Lady Waldegrave. In this square, too, lived Lord Brougham, and before him it was occupied by Earl Grey. A house on the west side was for more than half a century the residence of the Earls of Jersey, and here the widow of the fifth Earl, the daughter and heiress of Robert Child the banker, held her receptions. On the east side lived and died Lady Anne Barnard, whose name is still kept green by her beautiful song "Auld Robin Gray," written in her youth. She was the widow of the penurious son of Alderman Sir John Barnard, a City magnate. One Monday morning her husband woke having dreamed that he would die in the course of the week, and, believing the dream, he gave his housekeeper only enough money to get half a week's supply of chocolate for his morning cup. On the fourth morning he was found dead—a victim, possibly, of what in these days would be called auto-suggestion.

Another curious memory of Berkeley Square may be recalled. In his Journal Mr. Raikes tells how at five o'clock on a fine summer's morning in 1813 he and Beau Brummell were walking here, and the latter was bitterly lamenting his misfortunes at cards when "he suddenly stopped, seeing something glittering in the kennel. He stooped down and picked up a crooked sixpence, saying, 'Here is an harbinger of good luck.' He took it home, and before going to bed drilled a hole in it and fastened it to his watch-chain. The spell was good: during more than two years he was a constant winner at play and on the turf, and, I believe, realised nearly £30,000." But the gamester's luck turned again, and in 1816 he had to flee to France to evade his creditors.

We have not yet mentioned the chief feature of Berkeley Square, Lansdowne House, the splendid mansion of which the well-timbered gardens form its southern side, built about the middle of the eighteenth century by Robert Adam for the Earl of Bute, at that

time Prime Minister. Before it was finished its owner, who had brought the war with France and Spain to an end by the Treaty of Fontainebleau, sold it to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne. Bute's enemies asserted that he could not have built this house unless he had taken bribes from the Court of France, and a similar accusation was afterwards launched against Lord Shelburne in respect of the peace which he concluded with America in 1783. It was said, therefore, that Lansdowne House—Lord Shelburne was created Marquis of Lansdowne in 1784—was built by one peace and paid for by another.

The associations of Lansdowne House are chiefly political and social. The first Cabinet of Earl Grey's Government—the Government that carried the Reform Bill of 1832—was held here, as other Cabinets have been; and it was here that, in February, 1906, after the defeat of the Unionist Government, the party met to seal the understanding at which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain had arrived on the fiscal question, and that in the autumn of 1908 the Unionist members of the House of Lords decided to throw out the Licensing Bill. But Lansdowne House is not without associations with science and learning. It was while living here as librarian to Lord Shelburne in 1774 that Priestley discovered oxygen. Here, too, in 1762 Dr. Johnson waited upon Lord Bute to thank him for the literary pension which the Government had bestowed upon him, and was handsomely told that the pension was "not for anything he was to do, but for what he had already done."

In Davies Street, running from Mount Street to Oxford Street, there is still to be seen, at the Berkeley Square end, Bourdon House, an old-fashioned building, which according to Hare's "Walks in London" was the little manor house in the country that formed the home of "Mistress Mary Davies," the heiress whose marriage in the church of St. Clement Danes brought to the Grosvenors a large part of the immense wealth which they have derived from London. She was the daughter of Alexander Davies, a scrivener who had married the daughter of Dr. Dukeson, the rector of St. Clement Danes. To Davies was left the manor of

**Beau
Brummell.**

**Lansdowne
House.**

**Mistress
Mary Davies.**

Ebury by one Hugh Audley, a member of the Inner Temple, who died in 1662. At Davies's death, in the Great Plague, his child Mary, at this time but six months old, was taken charge of by her grandfather, Dr. Dukeson, who when she had reached the age of eleven gave her in marriage to Sir Richard Grosvenor, of Eaton in Cheshire, from which county Dr. Dukeson had come. Of Sir Richard

and the executive head of the Irish Government" and "the man whom the mass of English people, high and low, had been taught during five years, by the leaders of both political parties, to regard as guilty at least of high treason, and probably of complicity in murder." And in this square, again, at No. 50, the house of his mother, there took place the last scene in Lord



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE (*p.* 686).

Grosvenor and Mary Davies, the present Duke of Westminster is a lineal descendant.

Grosvenor Square, built on the Grosvenor Estate, is, like Berkeley Square, rich in political memories. To begin with its more recent associations, it was here, as we learn from Mr. Winston Churchill's *Life of his father*, that in July, 1885, there took place, in the drawing-room of a house dismantled and deserted at the end of the London season, the

historic meeting between the late Earl of Carnarvon, the newly-appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Parnell—between “the representative of the Queen in Ireland

Randolph Churchill's meteoric career. He had started on a trip round the world for the benefit of his health, but general paralysis had marked him for its own, and, growing worse after reaching Japan, he was brought back home as speedily as possible, and reached England in the last days of 1894 “as weak and helpless in mind and body as a little child.” For a month he lingered, but at last the end came on the morning of the 24th of January (1895). He was but forty-six, and at thirty-eight he had been Leader of the House of Commons, and after the Prime Minister himself the most influential member of the Government.

At No. 44 in this square, the town house

Grosvenor Square.

An Historic Interview.

Lord Randolph.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

BOURDON HOUSE (p. 686).

of the Earls of Harrowby, the members of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet were to have been assassinated by the Cato Street conspirators, so called from the little street, now re-named Horace Street, off the Edgware Road, where the plot was hatched. The desperadoes, about a dozen in number, with one Arthur Thistlewood at their head, knew that Lord Harrowby was to entertain his colleagues at dinner on the 23rd of February, 1820, and their plan was, under cover of the delivery of a spurious despatch-box, to rush in, murder all the Ministers, making specially sure of Lord Sidmouth and Lord Castlereagh, seize the barracks in Hyde Park with the aid of the mob, and then attack the Tower and the Bank of England. But the plot had been disclosed by one of the conspirators, and Ruthven, the Bow Street runner, and a band of officers burst in upon them as they were arming in a loft in Cato Street. The lights were extinguished and there was a general fight, in which one of the officers was fatally stabbed. Thistlewood contrived to escape, but was captured next morning, and he and four others were hanged, and five others transported

Among other Ministers who have lived in Grosvenor Square may be named Lord Rockingham, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and Lord North, the good-humoured, easy-going Premier under whom this country drifted into the conflict with the American Colonies. Here, too, lived and died (1797) John Wilkes, the agitator who gave Lord North so much trouble; nor must we fail to name Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "the great Eltchi," the masterful diplomatist upon whom rests so much of the responsibility for the Crimean War. The house at the opposite corner of Upper Brook Street (No. 23), which disappeared in 1906, was until about 1852 the town house of the Earls of Derby, and here, in 1797, the twelfth Earl married Miss Farren, the beautiful Irish actress. The square also claims Sir George Beaumont, the patron of art; William Beckford, the grandiose creator of Fonthill Abbey; and Mr. Thrale, the friend of Johnson. "Rainy Day" Smith records that he once saw Johnson himself in hot pursuit of a sturdy thief, who had stolen his handkerchief in the square. Over-taking the fellow, he seized him by the collar with both hands and shook him violently, then releasing him he gave him a smack in the face which sent him reeling off the pavement. Nor must we fail to record that here lived Thomas Raikes, the author of the entertaining "Journal," and that during his residence here was fulfilled a prophecy that he would be arrested for debt. The failure of a builder who was repairing his house involved him in a dispute over a small sum with the assignee, who had him arrested while his carriage was waiting to convey him to the Duke of York's to dinner.

Grosvenor Square, which has not ceased to be one of the most fashionable spots in London or to maintain its connexion with eminent servants of the State, was the last London square to be lighted with gas, which it refused to adopt until 1842, thirty-five years after this illuminant had been introduced into Pall Mall, and here, as in Berkeley Square and elsewhere, may still be seen, on the tops of the railings, the iron link-extinguishers for which the need ceased when our streets were lighted with gas. Another relic

Johnson
and the
Pickpocket.

of the past, in the centre of the square, is the pedestal of an equestrian statue of George I. which Sir Richard Grosvenor reared in 1726, and which was mutilated the next year.

In Duke Street is the King's Weigh House Chapel, a building designed by the late Alfred Waterhouse as successor to the historic chapel of that name in the City (p. 264). The middle of

Duke Street.

the street is occupied by a pretty roof garden above the transforming station of the Westminster Electric Supply Association. A garden was first formed by the late Duke of Westminster, the ground landlord, some five-and-twenty years ago, and when the Association acquired land for its station, one of the conditions imposed was that the garden should be preserved in this form. In

Brook Street.

Brook Street, named after the Brook Field, which in turn was named after the Tye Burn (Tyburn), lived Handel, at No. 57, marked by a tablet. Here is the new Claridge's Hotel, a handsome structure of red brick at the corner of Davies Street.

In Upper Grosvenor Street, where in 1765 died the Duke of Cumberland, the "butcher" of

Grosvenor House.

Culloden, is Grosvenor House, once called Gloucester House, for before it was acquired by the Grosvenors it was the residence of the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. The handsome stone screen of open arches which separates the courtyard from the street was added in 1842 by Thomas Cundy, who some years before had built the western wing, which contains the gallery where are hung many of the paintings that form the priceless Grosvenor Collection, begun by the first Earl, and enlarged by his successors.

In Park Street, at No. 3, Benjamin Disraeli was living under his father's roof in the year 1835, and it was

Park Street: Disraeli.

during this period that he had his savage controversy with O'Connell, in which he denounced his antagonist as a yahoo, while O'Connell stigmatised him as a miscreant, a wretch, and a liar, and at last went so far as to term him "the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died impenitent on the Cross." Nor was there much of the Pickwickian element in these amenities, for Disraeli at last sent a challenge to

O'Connell, with the result that one May morning he was haled out of bed by the police, taken before a magistrate, and bound over to keep the peace. Afterwards, Disraeli appears, according to Mr. Arnold Wright,* to have moved to another house in this street, numbered 31A.

Norfolk Street was the scene of the murder of Lord William Russell, uncle of Lord John Russell, by his

Murder by a Valet.

Swiss valet, Courvoisier, a young man of twenty-three, who had only been in his service about five weeks. On the morning of the 6th of May, 1840, this nobleman was found dead in bed with his head nearly severed from his body. The house was in great confusion, but examination of the premises led the police to the conclusion that the house had not been forced, and that the crime must have been committed by one of the inmates. Suspicion pointed strongly to Courvoisier, and at last he was arrested, but when the

* *London Argus*, Dec. 20, 1902.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

WHERE LORD ROLPH CHURCHILL DIED
(b. 687).

trial began the evidence against him was inconclusive. Now, however, a Madame Piolaine, a French lady, who with her husband kept an hotel off Leicester Square, came forward and declared that a few days before the murder Courvoisier, who had once been in her service, but under another name, called and left with her a sealed parcel. She did not know that the man in custody was her former servant, but reading in a French paper a reference to the murder which raised her suspicions, she opened the parcel, and found that it contained some of Lord William Russell's plate which the police had been trying hard to trace, and also a pair of stockings which Courvoisier's washerwoman afterwards identified as his. When this evidence had been presented Courvoisier acknowledged his guilt to his attorney; but his counsel, after communication with the Lord Chief Justice, did not consider it their duty to abandon him to his fate. The line of defence which they had been instructed to follow—that the cook and housemaid had entered into a conspiracy with the police to bring the accused to the scaffold—was virtually abandoned, but they still sought to persuade the jury that while the case was certainly one of suspicion there was no actual proof against him. Happily the jury were proof against their eloquence, and Courvoisier expiated his crime in the Old Bailey before a crowd of more than twenty thousand persons.

The Audley Streets, North and South, are named after the "rich Audley" to whom Mary Davies, the heiress, was so deeply indebted (p. 687). In **Audley Streets.** St. Mark's Church, in North Audley Street, is buried Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon's custodian at St. Helena, who got along so ill with his captive. No. 77, South Audley Street, which has been much altered if not rebuilt, was the residence of Alderman Wood, who placed it at the service of Queen Caroline from the 6th of June, 1820, when she arrived in London from the Continent to assert her rights as consort of George IV., until her trial began in the following August, and here she received addresses from the City Corporation and would appear on the balcony to show herself to the populace. On the

eastern side of the street is Grosvenor Chapel, as to its exterior one of the most ungainly places of worship in London. Here are buried Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Ambrose Phillips the poet, and John Wilkes, who is self-described, on a tablet which marks his grave, as "a friend to Liberty."

With Curzon Street, in which South Audley Street ends, we come to Mayfair, a name which, vaguely applied **Mayfair.** to the region lying between the western section of Curzon Street and Piccadilly, is reminiscent of a fair held every May in the Brook Field. It is said by Newton to have originated so long ago as the reign of Edward I. as a privilege granted to the hospital of St. James, which stood on the site of St. James's Palace, and it was finally suppressed as a public scandal in the reign of George I. It requires some exercise of imagination to associate

the vulgar orgies of this festival with a district of which the prevailing note is repose and gentility. **Curzon Street.** "When," writes the author of "Tancred," who was destined to draw his last breath in Mayfair, "when you turn from the brightness and vitality of Piccadilly, the parks, the palaces, the terraced mansions, the sparkling equipages, the cavaliers cantering up the hill, the swarming multitude, and enter the region of which we are speaking, the effect is at first almost unearthly. Not a carriage, not a horseman, scarcely a passenger: there seems some great collapse in the metropolitan system, as if a pest had been announced, or an enemy were expected in alarm by a vanquished capital." This is a curiously composite street, divided between shops and the residences of the fashionable. It is named after George Augustus Curzon, third Viscount Howe, who was the ground landlord. It was here, at No. 19, marked by a tablet of the London County Council, that Lord Beaconsfield died. After his overthrow

in the General Election of **Lord Beaconsfield.** 1880 he had retired to Hughenden, and then, after a brief sojourn in Charles Street, he established himself here, at No. 19, of which he bought the nine years' lease with part of the £10,000 which he received for his last

novel, "Endymion." His health had long been broken, and a few weeks after he came to Curzon Street he was smitten with the illness which came to its fatal end on the morning of April 19th, 1881. He had made a gallant fight with death, for as he said, "I had rather live, but I

when he succeeded to the earldom of Oxford he offered to share with her the title which he did not care to use himself.

On the site of Curzon Chapel, on the south side of the street, there now stands the splendid new town house, of stone, of the Duke of Marlborough. Opposite Curzon Chapel there



Photo Bedford Lemere & Co.

GROSVENOR HOUSE: AN INTERIOR (*p.* 689).

am not afraid to die." At No. 8 died, both in the same year (1852), Horace Walpole's two Miss Berrys, Mary and Agnes, the friends whom he would playfully speak of as his "two wives," and whom he appointed his literary executors. It was not his fault that Mary, the elder of the two, was not his wife, for

The Miss Berrys.

was once another chapel, in which the notorious Dr. Keith celebrated some seven thousand clandestine marriages, until the gross scandal was suppressed by the Marriage Act of 1754. In 1752 the fourth Duke of Hamilton was here wed to Elizabeth, the youngest of the three beautiful Miss Gunnings, after the scantiest but hottest of courtships. We learn

from one of Horace Walpole's letters how at the house-warming of Chesterfield House the Duke "made violent love at one end of the room while he was playing faro at the other; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which

A Hasty Marriage.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

WHERE LORD BEACONSFIELD DIED (p. 690).

were of three hundred pounds each; he soon lost a thousand. . . . Two nights afterwards he found himself so impatient, he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring, so the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop. At last they were married with a ring off the bed-curtain at half-an-hour after twelve at night, at the Mayfair Chapel." After the death of her first husband the lady married John Duke of Argyll, and was presently created a peeress of Great Britain in her own right under the title of

Baroness Sandridge and Hamilton. The eldest of the three sisters also married into the peerage, becoming Countess of Coventry.

Chesterfield House, where the Duke of Hamilton was so violently smitten with the charms of Miss Gunning, is the fine building at the north-east corner of Curzon Street, designed by Isaac Ware for the fourth Earl of Chesterfield and finished in 1749, and commanding a view of Hyde Park. The magnificent marble staircase and the screen facing the court-yard were brought from Canons, the Duke of Chandos's seat near Edgware. It formerly boasted, in the rear, one of the finest private gardens in London, but in 1869 the house was acquired by Mr. Charles Magniac, a City merchant, and since then the handsome houses known as Chesterfield Gardens have been built on the site. A later tenant of the house was Lord Burton, who died in 1909.

It was not in this house, but in Grosvenor Square, that Dr. Johnson, then a poor, struggling man of letters, waited upon the Earl of Chesterfield to secure his favour, although E. M. Ward, in his picture "Dr. Johnson in the Ante-room of Lord Chesterfield," shows us the great man waiting here in Chesterfield House. Johnson's resentment of the cavalier treatment he received moved him to say, "This man I thought had been a lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among lords." But we must not look to an angry epigrammatist for just estimates of character or capacity, and Horace Walpole was nearer the mark when he said of this polished nobleman that "his entrance into the world was announced by his *bons mots*, and his closing lips dropped repartees that sparkled with his juvenile fire." When his friend Sir Thomas Robinson, who was as tall as he himself was short, called upon him in his last illness, he exclaimed, "Ah, Sir Thomas, it will be sooner over with me than it would be with you, for I am dying by inches."

In Hertford Street is the house, No. 14, bearing a London County Council tablet, which Edward Jenner, the originator of vaccination, took, in 1803, on a ten years' lease at a high rent, in the hope of forming a lucrative West End connexion on the

Chesterfield House.

Dr. Johnson and the Earl.

Hertford Street: Edward Jenner.

strength of the fame he had won. But, as he himself wrote, "my fees fell off both in number and value, for, extraordinary to tell, some of those families in which I had been before employed, now sent to their own domestic surgeons or apothecaries to inoculate their children, alleging that they could not think of troubling Dr. Jenner about a thing executed so easily as vaccine inoculation. Others who gave me such fees as I thought myself entitled to at the first

Church and State. Edmund Kean lived at No. 12, marked by a London County Council tablet, from 1815 to 1824, having taken the town by storm at Drury Lane Theatre as Shylock early in the preceding year. The *ménage* was one of strange contrasts. "On the one side Mrs. Kean, with her love for fashionable life, formed the centre of a titled and distinguished crowd, giving dinners and planning social triumphs; on the other hand we find the master of the house, a born



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.

inoculation reduced them at the second, and sank them still lower at the third. In the following year Jenner returned to his country-side patients at Berkeley in Gloucestershire. The grant of £10,000 which Parliament first voted to him for his discovery did little more than pay the expenses to which he had been put, but in 1806 it was supplemented by a further grant of £20,000. Hertford Street, quaint and quiet, is still affected by doctors, and Jenner's house is in the occupation of a member of the faculty.

In Clarges Street, named after Sir Walter Clarges, a member of the family into which Monk, first Duke of Albemarle, married, Lord Macaulay was living (at No. 3) in 1839, when he wrote his famous review of Gladstone's book on

Bohemian, boxing in the dining-room with Mendoza and Richmond . . . fondling his tame American lion in the drawing room . . . or escaping from the brilliant company to meet fellow Bohemians, or perhaps the Wolf Club at the Coal Hole Tavern."*

Park Lane, in the reign of Queen Anne a desolate bye-road known as Tyburn Lane, has become proverbial as the **Park Lane.** centre of fashionable London, the desired haven alike of a proud aristocracy and of our *nouveaux riches*. Yet it has neither symmetry nor the faintest semblance of architectural unity. At its southern end it dwindles down almost to the width of an alley, at scarce any point has it

* The London County Council's "Indication of Houses of Historical Interest in London." Vol. I.

noble breadth, it is neither straight nor curved, but simply crooked. And though it contains some beautiful and dignified houses, most of the older buildings, judged as architecture, have no merit in themselves, nor are they congruous with each other. Many of them have not so much as a foot of ground between them and the roadway, and here and there one comes upon a cluster of them huddled

Park, being built upon only on the eastern side.

The most stately of the palaces in Park Lane is Dorchester House, built in 1852-53

Dorchester House.

by Lewis Vulliamy for the father of the present owner, Major Holford, Equerry-in-Waiting to King Edward, on the site of an older mansion of the same name, which was one of the residences of the late Marquis of Hertford. Faced with Portland stone, it has a façade looking down Park Lane, as well as one fronting Hyde Park. Its noble and harmonious proportions give it uncommon dignity, and one can see at a glance that it was "built for long endurance." In 1905 Dorchester House became, as it still is, the American Embassy.

Another imposing Park Lane palace, at the north-west corner of Upper Brook Street, is Brook House, the seat of Lord Tweedmouth until he migrated to Seymour Street, and during his occupation one of the social centres of Liberalism. It is now the property of Sir Ernest Cassel, one of the chief donors to the new Radium Institute. Londonderry House, at the south-west corner of Hertford Street, stands on the site of the town mansion of the D'Arcys, Earls of Holderness. At Dudley House, marked by a conservatory which runs along its front, and built in 1824, lived the eccentric Earl who was Foreign Secretary under

Canning, and whose career was summed up by a Court lady as "a man who promised much, did little, and died mad." Of late years Dudley House has been in the hands of Sir J. B. Robinson, the South African magnate. Another mining millionaire, the late Mr. Alfred Beit, reared for himself a sumptuous palace with winter gardens where fountains splash among palms. A charming house it is, built of a white stone that has already taken on a mellow tone which blends harmoniously with the ivy that trails over the stone wall. At one corner of Great Stanhope Street stands the house



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

STANHOPE HOUSE, PARK LANE (*p.* 695).

together as closely as the houses in some mean street. Finally it is numbered with an inconsecutiveness which, though baffling, sorts excellently with its other characteristics, nor is it surprising to find that one group of houses turn their backs upon it, and prefer to be known as Seamore Place. The fact is that Park Lane is so much desired partly because it is so irregular and so incongruous—because it is neither street nor avenue, square nor crescent—because it is what it styles itself, a lane. Its other and more obvious distinction is that, except at its Piccadilly end, it lies quite open to Hyde

which was built for yet a third South African millionaire, the late Mr. Barnato, whose career came to so melancholy an end. The twelve effigies which were a prominent feature of the original design, and were irreverently dubbed "the twelve Apostles," did not please the severer taste of Sir Edward Sassoon, Bart., and as soon as he had acquired the property they were deposed from their place of pride like so many usurpers. At the other corner of Great Stanhope Street is Stanhope House, which must be noticed because of the beautiful tracery with which it is embellished.

The house at the north-west corner of Upper Grosvenor Street (No. 29, Park Lane)

where Disraeli went to live after his marriage, in 1839, with Mrs.

Wyndham Lewis, its owner, the widow of his colleague in the representation of Maidstone, is still standing. Disraeli had met Mrs. Lewis a few years before, when he described her as "a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea." Here "Coningsby" and "Sybil" were written, and here Disraeli continued to dwell until the end of 1872, when, bereaved of "the most perfect of wives," he found he could no longer dwell within walls which reminded him so unendurably of his loss.

Not far from its southern end Park Lane is joined by Hamilton Place, which was continued thus far in 1871, when it was doubled in width by the setting back of the houses on the eastern side. It owes its name to Colonel James Hamilton, a favourite of Charles II., who presented him with the ground upon which it stands, and also made him Ranger of Hyde Park. At the point where Hamilton Place runs into Park Lane is a Memorial Fountain by Thomas Thornycroft, which had a singular origin. A lady who had lived in this region died intestate, and it being understood that her mind had been bent upon the erection of a fountain at this spot, the Government of the day set aside a sum of £5,000 for the purpose. So it is that London has this monument which, while it discharges perpetual streams of water for the refreshment of the thirsty wayfarer, commemorates England's greatest poets—Shakespeare, who is gazing at large over Hyde Park; Milton, whose face is turned towards Oxford Street; and Chaucer, who looks with his smile of wise humour towards Piccadilly. That any Government should ever have risen to such a height of generosity in dealing with the property of an intestate is not the least remarkable fact recorded in these pages. To believe it is almost an act of faith.

Hamilton Place.



THE THREE MISS GUNNINGS (p. 691).

CHAPTER LXI

PICCADILLY

Derivations—Clarendon House—Apsley House—"Old Q."—Where Henry Irving Lay in State—Devonshire House—Burlington House—The Albany—St. James's Church—The Egyptian Hall—St. James's Hall—The West London Mission—The Museum of Practical Geology—Clubs—Piccadilly Circus

OF the name of Piccadilly the origin is wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. There is a fine assortment of theories, which are carefully discussed by Mr. Wheatley in his volume, "Round about Piccadilly and Pall Mall"; but he begins by confessing himself baffled, and ends by declaring that the only verifiable facts are that there was a district called Piccadilly, that the principal house in it was called Piccadilly Hall, and that there was also here a Gaming House, Shavers' Hall, which was called Piccadilly from its locality. Whether the region was named from Piccadilly Hall, or Piccadilly Hall from the region, and how it was that the name originally arose, there is no evidence to show. The most popular theory, perhaps, is the one which traces the name to the ruffs which were fashionable in the first half of the fifteenth century, and which, having sharp points, were called "piccadils," the diminutive of the Italian and Spanish *picca*, a spear-head. Having further noted that Piccadilly Hall appears to have been situated at the north-east corner of the Haymarket, and Shavers' Hall close by, we pass on to less debatable ground.

Piccadilly, as we have seen, was at first the name of a region. When first bestowed upon a street, it indicated simply the stretch of road between the Haymarket and Sackville Street. Its westward continuation, as far as Berkeley Street, where stood the turnpike, was known as Portugal Street, in allusion to Charles II.'s Portuguese consort, and west of this again ran the great Bath road. Catherine of Braganza was never popular in this country, and early in the eighteenth century the name Portugal Street began to fall into disuse, and about the year 1750 was officially discontinued.

In 1721 the turnpike had been removed from Berkeley Street to Hyde Park Corner, and so the way was prepared for the application to the whole thoroughfare of the name Piccadilly. The turnpike was finally abolished in 1825.

Of the great mansions that were built in Piccadilly in the seventeenth century by noblemen who wanted to be on the westernmost edge of the capital, the most notable of all was Clarendon House, which the great Lord Chancellor built for himself in 1664-66, on the north side of the street, over against St. James's Palace. For its owner, Clarendon House was an unmitigated misfortune from the beginning. Designed by Pratt, it cost the Earl £50,000 instead of the £20,000 of the estimate. He entered upon occupation about the end of 1666, or quite early in 1667. At this time he was intensely unpopular. The Plague, the Great Fire, the unsuccessful war with Holland, and other circumstances had caused a widespread feeling of discontent, which naturally vented itself upon the Government of which he was Prime Minister, and when the Dutch came up the Thames to Gravesend, the mob broke the windows of Clarendon House and painted a gibbet on the gate. They also nicknamed the house Dunkirk House, from their persuasion that it was built with money which its owner had received from the French for negotiating the sale of Dunkirk to Louis XIV. In August of the next year he was deprived of the Great Seal, and three months later he had to fly the kingdom. He died in exile in 1674, and his sons sold the house to the second Duke of Albemarle, who drank himself to death in 1688. The property was then acquired by Sir



PICCADILLY FROM THE GREEN PARK IN 1778.
From a Drawing by Paul Sandby.

Thomas Bond and other contractors, and demolished, and upon the site were built Albemarle, Dover, Bond, and Stafford Streets. "I returned to town with the Earl of Clarendon," writes Evelyn in 1683, "when, passing by the glorious palace his father had built but few years before, which they were now demolishing. . . I turned my head the contrary way till the coach was gone past it, lest I might minister occasion of speaking of it, which must needs have grieved him that in so short a time their pomp was so sadly fallen."

About the same time that Lord Clarendon was employing three hundred men to rear his stately palace with the stones of old St. Paul's, Sir John Berkeley, of Bruton, and Lord Burlington were building themselves mansions close by; the one on the west the other on the east. Of Berkeley House we have already given some account in our last chapter (p. 685), and to Burlington House we shall come as we journey along Piccadilly from west to east, noticing a few of its more salient features.

Apsley House, at the west end of Piccadilly, was built in 1784 by the brothers Adam for Henry, Lord Apsley, afterwards second Earl Bathurst, who from 1771 to 1778 was Lord Chancellor. He died in 1794, at the ripe age of eighty-three; but his father, the first Earl, friend of Pope, had lived to be ninety-one, and to within a month of his death (1775) he daily took two hours' horseback exercise, and regularly drank his bottle of claret or madeira before dinner. Two years

before his death, when he was entertaining friends, his son, the Lord Chancellor, objected one night to sitting up any longer, and retired. "Come, my friends," said the Earl as soon as his son's back was turned, "since the old gentleman is gone to bed I think we might venture to crack another bottle."

In 1808 Apsley House, still presenting to Piccadilly its front of red brick, was acquired by the Marquis of Wellesley, the eldest brother of the conqueror of Napoleon. Having become possessed of it in 1820, the great Duke, in 1828, commissioned Benjamin and Philip Wyatt to face it with Bath stone, and to add to it a west wing and a portico. In 1830 he purchased the

freehold interest of the Crown in the property for the sum of £9,530; and in 1853, the year after his death, his son and successor in the title employed Philip Hardwick to make further alterations. In 1831, exasperated against the Duke on account of his opposition to the Reform Bill, the mob had assailed Apsley House and broken his windows, which he then had fitted with iron blinds. The offence was one which he never forgave, and Raikes, in his "Journal," records how when, his popularity having returned, he was followed up Constitution Hill by a cheering mob, he heard their plaudits "with the most stoical indifference, never putting his horse out of a walk or seeming to regard them, till he leisurely arrived at Apsley House, when he stopped at the gate, turned round to the rabble, and then pointing with his finger to the iron blinds which still closed the windows, he made them a sarcastic bow, and entered the court without saying a word." The blinds were not removed until after his death. Boehm's equestrian statue of the Duke opposite Apsley House, on the other side of the roadway, was reared in 1885.

The row of large houses on the east side of Apsley House was built by the brothers Adam. Further east, between Park Lane and Hamilton Place, there stood until 1889, when one of them was taken down, two houses which in the early years of the nineteenth century were one, belonging to "Old Q." the profligate Duke of Queensberry, who in his decrepit old age would sit in the bow window ogling pretty women as they passed and send out his footman with messages to such as he thought would welcome them. He kept a physician on the premises, and the arrangement with him was that he should have so much per day while his charge lived, but not a shilling at his death. The bargain was not a bad one for either of the parties to it, for the Duke lived to be eighty-six, dying in 1810. "A thin, withered old figure with one eye," is Leigh Hunt's description of him, while Raikes says that he was "a little, sharp-looking man, very irritable, and swore like ten thousand troopers; enormously rich and selfish."

A large house standing back from the

Apsley House.

A Merry Old Gentleman.

road just beyond White Horse Street, with a small courtyard in front, is now the Naval and Military Club, but it has been known successively as Egremont, Cholmondeley and Cambridge House, for it was built for the Earl of Egremont some time before 1761, came afterwards (1822-29) into the hands of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, and was then acquired by the father of the late Duke of Cambridge, youngest son of George III., who died here in 1850. Next it was taken by Lord Palmerston, whose body was brought to it from Brompton Hall in 1865, on its way to Westminster Abbey. The house at the west corner of Stratton Street is that which the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts (p. 613) inherited from the Duchess of St. Albans. It was here that the ashes of Sir Henry Irving lay in state, in 1905, before their removal to Westminster Abbey. The great actor had been brought from Bradford, where he had died suddenly, to his flat at 17, Stratton Street, whence the body was removed to Golder's Hill for cremation.

The house at the west corner of Bolton Street was from 1807 to 1819 Watier's Gambling Club, started by Watier, **Watier's.** the Prince Regent's cook, at that personage's instigation. High play at macao was the order of the day, and the moral atmosphere of the place may be gauged from a story which Mr. Wheatley records of Beau Brummell. After losing heavily one day, Brummell in tragic manner called to the waiter for a flat candlestick and a pistol, whereupon a fellow member, one Bob Bligh, took from his pocket a brace of loaded pistols with the remark, "If you really wish to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter."

Devonshire House occupies the site of Berkeley House (p. 685), which was bought by the first Duke of Devonshire in 1697, and, burnt down in 1733, was at once replaced by the present mansion, of William Kent's designing. Sumptuous and beautifully decorated within, and full of priceless treasures, it is no ornament to Piccadilly, and one need not desire a fuller view than is to be had through the handsome gates which were brought from Chiswick in the year of the

Diamond Jubilee to mitigate the ugliness of the wall which screens the house from the street. But as one of the rallying places of the Whig party the mansion is rich in splendid and memorable associations. Its most famous mistress was Georgiana, the duchess whose beauty and grace, transferred to canvas by Reynolds and Gainsborough, were the least of her charms, for she had, as Sir N. Wraxall says, "an ardent temper, susceptible of deep as well as strong impressions, a cultivated understanding, illumined by a taste for poetry and the fine arts, and much sensibility, not exempt perhaps from vanity and coquetry." Her husband, the fourth Duke, though not of remarkable abilities, was said by Dr. Johnson to be a man of such dogged veracity "that if he had promised an acorn, and not one had grown in his woods that year, he would have sent to Denmark for one." In the long bachelor days of the late Duke—who, by the way, had inherited the integrity of his ancestor—Devonshire House was of less account in the world of politics and fashion than it had usually been, but after his marriage it was once more the frequent scene of brilliant social functions.

Burlington House was built of red brick, about the year 1664, for Richard Boyle, second Earl of Cork and first Earl of Burlington. About fifty years afterwards it was greatly altered for the third Earl, a connoisseur in architecture and in many things besides, by Colen Campbell, who gave the south front a coating of stone in imitation of a palace of Palladio's at Vicenza, and also added a colonnade which seemed to Horace Walpole to be "one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night-time," while Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House, considered it "one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe." Burlington House, handsome as it was, appears to have been inconvenient as a residence, but the Earl and, after his marriage, his accomplished wife were never tired of extending their hospitality to men of genius. In 1715 Lord Burlington invited Handel to be his guest, and here the maestro remained until, in 1718, he went to be the Duke of Chandos's organist at Canons. Here, too, from 1716 until his

Burlington House.

Devonshire House.

The Architect Earl.



THE COLONNADE IN FRONT OF BURLINGTON HOUSE (p. 699).

From a Drawing by J. Wykeham Archer.

death in 1748, lived William Kent, the painter, architect, and landscape gardener, whom the Earl frequently helped in his architectural designs. When, in 1744, Mlle. Violette, the lovely dancer, came to these shores, the Countess invited her to become a permanent guest at Burlington House, and, on her marriage to David Garrick, gave her a wedding portion of £6,000. Of Swift's first meeting with the Countess, soon after

Swift and the Countess.

her marriage, a curious story is told in Mrs. Pilkington's "Memoirs." The Earl omitted to introduce his guest to his wife, intending, it was supposed, to have some fun. After dinner Swift abruptly and familiarly asked her to sing him a song, and, when she declined, threatened to make her sing. "Why, madam, I suppose you to take me to be one of your poor hedge parsons," he said; "sing when I bid you." At this the Earl laughed, but the Countess burst into tears and withdrew. When they next met the Dean said, "Pray, madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now as when I saw you last?" "No, Mr. Dean," was the reply; "I will sing to you if you please." And the two became good friends. The story, if true, is hardly creditable to the taste either of the Earl or of the

Dean, nor does it say much for the spirit of the Countess.

At the Earl's death, in 1753, the title became extinct, and his daughter having five years before married the Marquis of Hartington, afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire, Burlington House passed to the Cavendishes. In 1815 the sixth Duke sold it for £75,000 to his uncle, Lord George Cavendish, who made some alterations, and employed Isaac Ware, the architect who designed Chesterfield House, to build for him on the west side of the house the Burlington Arcade. In 1854 Burlington House was purchased by the Government for £140,000, and here were installed the University of London, the Royal Society, and other learned institutions. In 1866 the Government leased the mansion to the Royal Academy for a nominal rent, together with ground lying behind it, and here Sydney Smirke built for the Academy the present noble Exhibition rooms. The beautiful colonnade was now taken down and the stones, numbered, were stored in Battersea Park, but they have since been disposed of; the brick wall which screened Burlington House from Piccadilly was also made away with, and on the ground in these ways made available wings were built, while

the quadrangle was completed by the erection on the Piccadilly side of a building of three storeys in the pure Italian style. The new buildings were designed by Banks and E. M. Barry, and were finally completed in 1874. When they were ready for the learned societies that were to occupy them, they vacated the old mansion and it was taken possession of by the Royal Academy, which proceeded at its own expense to add an upper storey to the building. Its annual exhibition had been transferred from the National Gallery to the galleries built for it by Smirke in 1869. The wings are shared by the Royal Society, the British Association, and other learned societies, and here, too, are held the meetings of the British Academy, incorporated by royal charter in 1902 to promote historical, philosophical, philological and cognate studies.

The Albany, a little to the east of Burlington House, standing in a paved courtyard, completed its centenary as an abode for bachelors of means in 1904. Replacing the house of Charles Spencer, third Earl of Sunderland, who was driven from power on account of his probably innocent connexion with the South Sea Bubble, it was built for the first

Viscount Melbourne about the year 1770. Lord Melbourne presently exchanged it with Prince Frederick, Duke of York and Albany, the second son of George III., for the present Dover House, Whitehall. In a few years the Duke got tired of the house, and it was then converted into chambers for fashionable single men, under the name of the Albany, and extended by the gardens being built over. In course of time the Albany became the favourite quarters of rising young politicians and other men of means who were not content to be the dawdlers of an empty day, and the place still keeps up its olden reputation, its tenants embracing members of both Houses of Parliament, naval and military officers, with diplomats and lawyers and others. Here, in 1814, Lord Byron

Famous Residents.

wrote his "Lara," in chambers afterwards tenanted by Lord Lytton; here, in this "luxurious cloister whose inviolable tranquillity affords so agreeable a relief from the roar and flood of Piccadilly," as his nephew and biographer terms it, Macaulay spent fifteen happy years, and wrote a large part of his History; and here, in the early years of his parliamentary life, but after leaving Jermyn Street, where he first settled lived "the

The Albany.



Photo Pictorial Agency.

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB (*p.* 699).

rising hope of stern and unbending Tories," daily reading family prayers with his two servants, and pursuing, says Mr. G. W. E.

Russell, "the same even course of **Gladstone**, steady work, reasonable recreation and systematic devotion which he had marked out for himself at Oxford." "I am getting on rapidly with my furnishing," he writes to his father on settling here, "and shall be able, I feel confident, to do it all, including plate, within the liberal limits which you allow. I cannot warmly enough thank you for the terms and footing on which you propose to place me in the chambers, but I really fear that after this year my allowance in all will be greater not only than I have any title to, but than I ought to accept without blushing." Mr. Gladstone went freely into society and was welcomed at musical houses for the beauty of his baritone voice, but, like his friend Thomas Acland, he steadfastly eschewed Sunday evening entertainments, in spite of the rallying of Monckton Milnes, who really thought that people who kept Friday as a fast might make a feast on Sunday! In Lord Morley's Life it is recorded that he would not break through his rule even to dine with Sir Robert Peel, but he was a strict observer of the etiquette of calls, and notes in his diary that on some afternoons he made a dozen or fourteen of them. Mr. Gladstone came to the Albany in 1833, and it remained his home for six years.

St. James's Church, on the south side of Piccadilly, was built in 1684-85 by Sir Christopher Wren as a chapel-of-ease, but afterwards became the church of a parish carved out of that of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. For the steeple Sir Christopher is not responsible, for it was added a few years later from the design of a local carpenter named Wilcox, whose design was preferred to his because it was estimated to cost £100 less. Plain as is the exterior, the interior is admirable in its proportions and general effect. Its roof, which with the galleries is actually supported by the Corinthian columns, was described by Professor Cockerell as "a perfect study of construction and architectural economy," and Wren took pleasure in the roof and in the interior generally. "I can hardly think it practicable," he wrote in a letter to a friend, "to make a single room

so capacious, with pews and galleries, as to hold above two thousand persons, and all to hear the service, and both to hear distinctly and see the preacher. I endeavoured to effect this in building the parish church of St. James's, Westminster, which I presume is the most capacious with these qualifications that hath yet been built; and yet at a solemn time, when the church was much crowded, I could not discern from a gallery that two thousand were present." The church possesses specimens of Grinling Gibbons's work in both stone and wood; the foliage over the altar was carved by him, and so too was the curious marble font, which represents the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, with Adam and Eve standing on either side *au naturel* and the Serpent twined round the stem and offering Eve the forbidden fruit. The church was built to face Jermyn Street, and in the centre of the south side was a handsome door which was bricked up in 1856. In 1902 an outdoor pulpit was added on the north or Piccadilly side, facing the spacious flagged graveyard, which is walled off from the street.

In 1905 Piccadilly lost two of its most familiar features, the Egyptian Hall and St.

The Egyptian Hall. James's Hall. The former place of entertainment, which stood nearly opposite the Burlington Arcade, was built in 1812 as a museum, and ornamented in the Egyptian style. It was afterwards used for exhibitions of diverse kinds, but to the present generation it is associated with the conjuring performances of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, who began their surprisingly clever entertainments here in 1874.

The last concert in St. James's Hall took place on the 11th of February, 1905, and so disappeared the most famous of London's concert-halls, to make way for the Piccadilly Hotel, built from designs of Messrs. William Woodward and Walter Emden, with a frontage to Regent Street as well as to Piccadilly. The hall was erected in 1857-58 for a company of which the promoters were two music publishing firms, Messrs. Beale and Chappell of Regent Street, and Messrs. Chappell and Co. of New Bond Street. The designs were furnished by Mr. Owen Jones, and the building was to have cost £23,000, but in



Photo: Fictorial Agency.

PICCADILLY, LOOKING EAST.

excavating for the foundations the builders came upon a quicksand, and this having to be saturated with concrete, and other unforeseen expenditure having to be incurred, the £23,000 was multiplied into £70,000, and by later additions the total cost of the building was brought up to over £120,000. Here were held the Monday and Saturday Popular

for public meetings and lectures, and it was the headquarters of that remarkable religious and social movement the West London Mission, founded by the late Hugh Price Hughes in 1887, with the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse as his chief colleague. The audience which filled the hall on Sunday evenings to listen to Mr. Hughes's pointed



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY (p. 702).

Concerts; here too began the Richter Concerts. No conductor ever had in more abundant measure than Dr. Richter the secret of communicating his inspirations to those who "sat under" him, nor did any ever hold the reins with a lighter hand. In his early visits to these islands his English was not so good as it presently became, and sometimes those whom he was directing were amused by his quaint mistakes. On one occasion the ladies of the chorus twice failed to sing some high notes to his satisfaction. "Ah, ladies," he said by way of stimulus, "you should sing that passage not with your voices only, but with your enthusiasms." When the ladies had had their laugh, they did sing it with their "enthusiasms."

St. James's Hall was also used occasionally

and vigorous eloquence was perhaps the most promiscuous and picturesque congregation in London, including people from many lands, and of the most diverse classes, from dock labourers and match girls to nobles and members of Parliament, with more than a sprinkling of artists, actors, and actresses, ballet-girls, and Bohemians in general. Mr. Hughes, who died in 1902, was a born organiser as well as a brilliant speaker, and the religious and social activities which radiated from the Mission, to the benefit of all the region round about Piccadilly, were so extensive as to require a stout volume for their annual record. The present preaching centre of the Mission is the Lyceum Theatre (p. 607).

Another of the halls of Piccadilly is Prince's, the hall of the Royal Institute

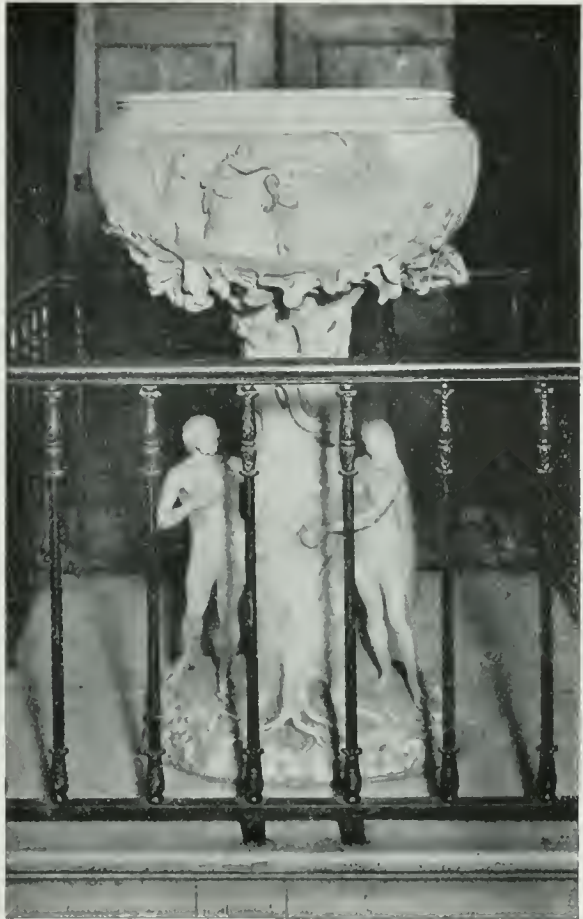
of Painters in Water Colours, with a restaurant on the ground floor; it was opened in 1883 by the then Prince of Wales, after whom it was named. Here, also, are held the exhibitions of the Society of Oil Painters.

Opposite the site of St. James's Hall, but with the entrance in Jermyn Street, is the Museum of Practical Geology, built by Sir James Pennethorne, and opened in 1851. On the ground floor, besides a lecture theatre and library, is a spacious hall, formed into three divisions by Doric columns for the display of stones used in building and in architectural decoration. On each side a staircase leads to the museum, a large room filled with geological specimens, many of them objects of beauty, and in two upper galleries that run along its sides are cases containing an immense number of fossils. To many readers of this work the most interesting feature of the museum is the geological model of London and its neighbourhood, showing the lay of the ground and the strata of which it is composed. Attached to the museum are the offices of the Geological Survey.

Of the clubs of Piccadilly we can only speak in passing. The Naval and Military, in the house where Lady Palmerston, in the middle of the last century, used to give her famous Saturday parties, has already been mentioned. The Junior Athenæum occupies Hope House, at the south-east corner of Down Street. Sport is represented by the Turf, the Isthmian, and the Badminton Clubs; politics by the Junior Constitutional, one of the largest club-houses in Piccadilly; diplomacy by the St. James's. Of late years much widening and rebuilding have been going on in Piccadilly, and at the corner of the Green Park, stretching eastwards to Arlington Street, and occupying the site of the Walsingham and Bath Hotels, has sprung up the Ritz Hotel, an enormous building seven storeys high, built in the style of the French Renaissance, of Norway granite and Portland stone, from designs by Messrs. Mewes and Davis.

In Piccadilly Circus are the Criterion Theatre, opened in 1874, and for some three-

and-twenty years after 1875 the theatrical headquarters of Sir Charles Wyndham, the London Pavilion Variety Theatre, and several handsome restaurants. Here, too, is one of the few open-air monuments in London which can justly be accused of poetry—the Shaftes-



THE GRINLING GIBBONS FONT IN ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY (*p.* 702).

bury Memorial Fountain, the work of Mr. Alfred Gilbert. On the sides are eight plaques of scenes from the life of the philanthropic nobleman whom the fountain commemorates; and on the summit a winged figure that is an embodiment of swift and graceful flight is discharging from an arrow a "shaft." It was unveiled in 1893 by the late Duke of Westminster, as Chairman of the Committee which promoted the memorial, and the charge of it was undertaken by the London County Council.

CHAPTER LXII

BETWEEN PICCADILLY AND PALL MALL

The Haymarket—Her Majesty's Theatre—His Majesty's—The Haymarket Theatre—Panton Street and its Associations—Jermyn Street—Arlington Street—St. James's Street and its Clubs—St. James's Place and Samuel Rogers—Almack's—King Street—St. James's Theatre—Napoleon House—St. James's Square—Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans—The Earl of Feversham—Norfolk House—Ormonde House—The Great Commoner—Lord Castlereagh—Lord Thurlow—Lord Loughborough—Lord Ellenborough—London House—Admiral Boscawen

THE Haymarket owes its name to a market for the sale of hay and straw which was carried on here from the sixteenth century until in 1830 it was removed to Cumberland Market, Regent's Park.

The Haymarket. The associations of this street are mainly theatrical, but it has other memories as well. Here George Morland, the eccentric painter, was born on the 26th of June, 1763, the son of an artist and picture dealer, who, quickly discovering his genius, kept him in a garret painting pictures when he ought to have been at school. Here, too, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, dwelt Sir Samuel Garth, author of "The Dispensary," and a few years later Anne Oldfield, the actress, was living in this street. Here, again, Addison was occupying a garret up three pairs of stairs when a member of the Government waited upon him and invited him to write a poem in celebration of the victory of Blenheim. The result was "The Campaign," which Mr. Andrew Lang has denounced as one of the very worst poems in the language, though it contains the magnificent simile which likens Marlborough to an angel who "Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm." Whatever the demerits of the poem, it brought about Addison's appointment as a Commissioner of Appeals, and his elevation no long while afterwards to an Under-Secretaryship of State.

The Haymarket was the scene of the encounter in which Baretto, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and compiler of an Italian Dictionary, was involved. On the 3rd of October, 1769, he was walking up the street when

he was molested by a woman so impudently and pertinaciously that he struck her on the hand. Thereupon he was assailed by three men, who endeavoured to fling him into a puddle, and in his alarm the scholar struck one of them with a knife which he always carried with him for cutting fruit and sweetmeats. The man died of his wound, and Baretto was put upon his trial for murder; but Dr. Johnson and Garrick and Burke gave evidence in his favour and he was acquitted.

From 1705 until 1893 the chief building in the Haymarket was Her Majesty's Theatre, otherwise the Royal Italian Opera House, which stood on the site now occupied by His Majesty's Theatre and the Carlton Hotel.

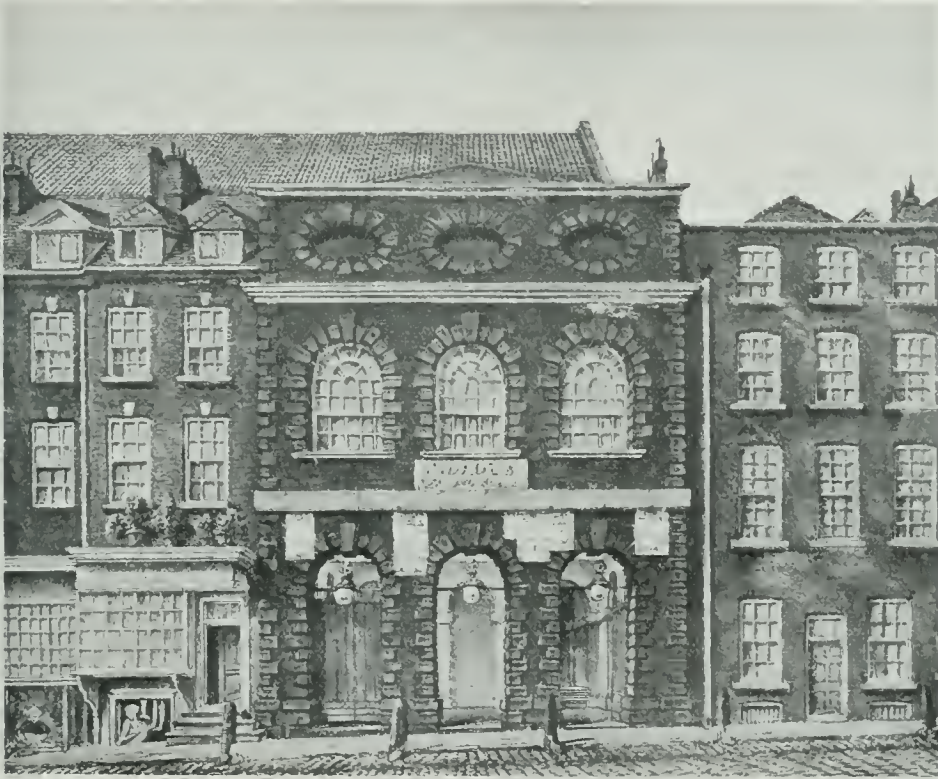
The first theatre on this site was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, with whom Congreve was associated in the management; and it was opened on the 9th of April (1705) with Dryden's *Indian Emperor*. It was a failure as a theatre, for its acoustic properties were about as bad as they could be; and then in 1708 it started upon its career as an opera house. From 1711 until 1738 it was under the management of John James Heidegger, the son of a Zürich clergyman, who lived to be London's *arbitrator elegantiarum*. In 1789 (June 17th) the opera house was destroyed by fire, and was at once rebuilt. Reconstructed with great improvements in 1818, it was once more destroyed by fire on the 6th of December, 1867. Again rebuilt, it pursued its chequered career until 1892, when, the lease having expired, it was demolished.

His Majesty's Theatre, which, as we have said, occupies part of the site of the old opera

Baretto in a Street Row.

house, was built, at a cost of some £60,000, for Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who had long been associated with the Haymarket Theatre, on the other side of the street, and it was opened in 1897 as Her Majesty's Theatre. Designed in the style of the French Renaissance, and built of Portland stone, it is still, perhaps, the handsomest theatre in London. It is remarkable

which produced some of Henry Fielding's satires. One of these pieces, *The Historical Register*, contained so successful a caricature of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, that it led to the passing of the Act by which the Lord Chamberlain's licence has to be obtained before a play can be produced. From 1744 to 1747 the Haymarket was under the management of Macklin, who



THE FIRST OPERA HOUSE IN THE HAYMARKET.

From a Drawing by J. Capon, made in 1783.

for the splendid Shakespearean revivals of which it has been the scene under the rule of the most accomplished and most versatile of our actors, who in 1904 founded a School of Dramatic Art for the training of actors and actresses.

The Haymarket Theatre, opposite His Majesty's, has a history even more interesting than that of the old Opera House. Built in 1720 by a carpenter of the name of John Potter, it soon came to be known as "The Little Theatre in the Haymarket," by way of distinction from the larger house on the other side of the street. In 1734 it was occupied by "The Great Mogul's Company,"

then gave place to Samuel Foote. Under Foote's *régime* (1767) it was elevated to the dignity of a theatre royal. It owed this distinction to its lessee's misfortune in losing his leg, the result of a hunting accident, for the Duke of York, the younger brother of George III., by way of showing his sympathy, obtained for him the royal patent, and he thereupon enlarged the theatre, and in the following year, with his *Devil on Two Sticks*, cleared close upon £4,000. Foote bore the loss of his limb pluckily, and in one of the few sallies of his which can be read with unqualified pleasure he turned the tables upon one who had the execrable taste to chaff him about his missing member. "Make no

The Haymarket Theatre.

allusion to my weakest part," he said ; " did I ever attack your head ? "

Foote was succeeded by George Colman the elder, and he, at his death in 1794, by his son. In 1794 (February 3rd), on the occasion of a play commanded by the King and Queen, there was such a rush to get into the pit that fifteen persons were trampled to death and twenty others seriously injured. In 1820, the younger Colman having sold his interest in " The Little Theatre," the present theatre was built, from a design by John Nash, on ground immediately adjoining on the south side, and soon afterwards " The Little Theatre," of which the site is marked by the Café de l'Europe, was taken down. From 1837 to 1879 the new Haymarket was leased first by Benjamin Webster and then by Mr. Buckstone. Under Buckstone's management, in 1861, Edwin Booth, the American actor of whom we have spoken in connexion with the Lyceum, made his first appearance in London as Sir Charles Overreach, afterwards taking the parts of Shylock, Richelieu, and Richard III., but making no great impression upon his audiences. Mr. Cyril Maude, in his lively volume on the Haymarket Theatre, records a ludicrous incident in connexion with a visit of Queen Victoria and the Princess Royal (afterwards German Empress). Buckstone had been playing in *Lend Me Five Shillings*, and in his hurry to make himself presentable before conducting his royal visitors to their carriage, the soap got into his eyes and made them water, so that he had to press a handkerchief against them. When the Queen congratulated him upon the performance, being deaf, he mistook the meaning of her remark and replied, " No, it's soap, your Majesty ; it's soap ! "

The theatre was shortly afterwards (1880) taken by Mr. and Mrs. (Sir Squire and Lady) Bancroft, who reconstructed the interior and converted the whole of the ground floor into stalls, so that the Haymarket became the one theatre in London without a pit. So it remained during their *régime* and that of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, but at the beginning of 1905, when the theatre was reopened by Mr. Cyril Maude after having been decorated anew, the pit was restored. When Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft gave up the Haymarket they retired into private life, and their farewell perform-

ance, on the 20th of July, 1885, was the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of feeling. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's tenancy of the Haymarket, as distinguished as that of the Bancrofts, lasted until 1896, his last performance being given on the 15th of July. The reins were then taken by Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude.

Leading out of the Haymarket on the east is Panton Street, where is another theatre, the Royal Comedy, built in 1881. This street is named after a Colonel Panton (d. 1681), who, having made a fortune as the keeper of the gambling saloon known as Piccadilly Hall, eschewed play and invested his ill-gotten gains in land which he covered with houses. Down to the middle of the last century Panton Street, now as decorous a street as any, kept up its ancient association with gambling, and in his " Life and Adventures " the late G. A. Sala accounts how, in the fifties, he had a disagreeable experience in a Hall of Dazzling Light kept by a person whom he styles Mr. Jehoshaphat. There was a dispute about the champagne at fifteen shillings a bottle, Sala found himself on the floor with Mr. Jehoshaphat kneeling on his chest, his nose was split by a blow from a hand well garnished with diamond rings, and then he was rolled into the street. Happily, there was a good Samaritan at hand in the person of the keeper of a similar establishment next door, and, his face having been bound up with a table napkin, he was deposited in a cab and taken to Charing Cross Hospital and thence to his lodgings. The experience suggested to Sala that it was time he bade farewell to Bohemia, and as soon as he had recovered from the blow he married. A quarter of a century afterwards he was staying at an hotel at Melbourne when he heard that the youth who was waiting upon him was called " Jehoshaphat," and on his remarking that he once knew someone of that name the waiter explained that he was the nephew of the gentleman who split open his nose in Panton Street.

Jermyn Street, running from the Haymarket to St. James's Street, parallel with Piccadilly, is named after the Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, who founded St. James's Square (p. 714). Here are the headquarters of that

**Panton
Street.**

**Jermyn
Street.**

noble institution the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Founded so long ago as 1824, its present offices were built in 1869 and enlarged in 1904. In Jermyn Street Mr. Gladstone, as he confided to Mr. Dasent, author of "The History of St. James's Square," lived for a few months when he first came to London, in 1832, as member for Newark, having taken rooms a few doors west of York Street over a corn-chandler's shop kept by a relative of some of his constituents. At Nos. 87 and

88, or in houses occupying the same sites, Sir Isaac Newton lived for thirteen years, from 1697 until 1709, when he migrated to Chelsea. No. 87 bears one of the London County Council's tablets. The street is also associated with

Sir Walter Scott, who stayed at the St. James's Hotel, now the Hamman Baths, on the south side, for about three weeks in June and July, 1832, after his return from the Continent. He lay here in a state of stupor, in a back room on the second floor, and Peter Cunningham, in his "Handbook," recalls from personal recollection the universal feeling of sympathy with which the spectators saw him carried from the hotel to his carriage on the afternoon of the 7th of July. "Many were eager to see so great a man; but all mere curiosity seemed to cease when they saw the vacant eye and prostrate figure of the illustrious poet. There was not a

covered head, and . . . hardly a dry eye." Sir Walter's constant yearning to return to Abbotsford, as Lockhart says in the *Life*, had at last induced his physicians to consent to removal, and this seemed to infuse him with new vigour. But he lingered only until the 21st of September.

Before passing on to St. James's Street we may notice Arlington Street, which with

Arlington Street.

Bennet Street is named after the first ground landlord, the Henry Bennet Earl of Arlington who was a member of the Cabal. Arlington Street has always been a favourite dwelling-place of statesmen. Sir Robert Walpole came to live here in 1716, on the west side of the street, in a house (on the site of the present No. 17) in which Horace was born, and here he remained until about 1742, when he bought a smaller house (No. 5) on the east side, dying there in 1745, and leaving it to Horace, who lived in it until in 1779 he removed to Berkeley Square. No. 5 now bears a tablet of the Society of Arts which connects it with the father but ignores the son. No. 20, on the west side, is the town house of the Marquis of Salisbury, and was rebuilt by the late Marquis in a fashion characteristic of his love for seclusion.

St. James's Street, one of the most dignified thoroughfares in the West End, descending by

St. James's Street.

an easy gradient from Piccadilly to Pall Mall, with "Holbein's" Gateway to close the view, was at first known as Long Street. Aristocratic as it is, and boasting the most famous of the clubs, it is not without memories of a baser sort. It was here that Blood, the scoundrel who presently tried to carry off the regalia from the Tower, made his infamous

attempt upon the life of the great Duke of Ormonde. On the night of the 6th of December, 1670, the Duke's coach was stopped on its way to Clarendon House (p. 696) by Blood and his son and four accomplices, and he was dragged out, his footmen having been by some mysterious



THE HAYMARKET THEATRE IN 1820 (p. 708)

means got out of the way. The Duke was entirely at the mercy of the ruffians, but they did not slay him there and then, for the whimsical idea had occurred to Blood to hang this proud nobleman at Tyburn like any common malefactor. So he was bound and mounted on horseback behind one of his assailants, and taken up St. James's Street and along Piccadilly, while Blood rode on ahead to get the gallows ready. The man to whom the Duke was buckled was of great strength, but his captive resisted to the utmost, and so progress was slow. At last when Berkeley (now Devonshire) House had been passed the Duke contrived to get his foot under the man's and unhorsed him, and they both fell in the mud, and were struggling there when the porter from Clarendon House—who had been told of what had happened by the coachman—came running up with a Mr. Clarke and rescued the Duke. Whether Blood was animated by personal spite, engendered by something the Duke had done while Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or was instigated by others will probably never be known. But Lord Ossory, his son who succeeded him in the title, accused Buckingham, in the King's hearing, of being at the bottom of the plot, and told him that if his father's life was taken, whether by violence or by poison, he would pistol him (Buckingham) even were he standing behind the King's chair. The mystery in which the affair is enshrouded is deepened by the circumstance that Charles begged Ormonde to pardon the rascal, just as a year later he pardoned him for the attempt to steal the Crown jewels, and, not content with that, gave him an estate worth £500 a year.

St. James's Street must also be debited with memories of James Maclean, the

"gentleman" highwayman, who **Maclean.** with his friend Plunkett robbed

Horace Walpole of his watch and nearly slew him, for a pistol went off accidentally and the bullet grazed Walpole's cheekbone. Maclean, who was respectably connected, his father being a Presbyterian minister in the north of Ireland, had handsome lodgings in this street, and gave himself out to be an Irish gentleman with an income of £700 a year. At his trial at the Old Bailey

some ladies were moved to tears which the fellow little merited, for he was about the most chicken-hearted scoundrel that ever took to the road. At his first adventure his fear was such that he could neither utter a word nor draw a pistol; afterwards he rode for miles without speaking, and when he and Plunkett reached an inn he hid himself and seemed to fear his own shadow. The next attempt was almost a failure on account of the state of distraction to which he was reduced, and when this was over, says a chronicler, he had "no rest, no peace of mind, was sullen, sulky, and perplexed what course to pursue." The exploit which led to their arrest was the holding up of the Salisbury coach at Turnham Green on the 26th of June, 1750. Fortune was most unkind to Maclean on this occasion, for having stripped from a coat some gold lace, he pledged it with a pawnbroker who offered it for sale to the very man who had supplied it. Soon after his arrest he confessed, hoping to be accepted as King's evidence against Plunkett, but in this he was disappointed, and though at his trial he retracted his confession he was found guilty and was hanged at Tyburn.

But St. James's Street has had no lack of residents famous rather than notorious.

On the west side lived Edmund **Famous Residents.** Waller from 1660 until 1687, the year of his death at Beaconsfield. Pope at one time lodged here; Sir Richard Steele lived here from 1714 to 1724, when he retired to Wales to escape his creditors; Sir Christopher Wren died here on the 25th of February, 1723. At No. 8, on the east side, since his day a good deal altered, Byron was lodging in 1811 and 1812, and it was during this time that he took his seat in the House of Lords and made his maiden speech, and that the publication of the first cantos of "Childe Harold" set the whole town agog about him; the house bears a striking medallion of the poet enclosed in glass, affixed by Sir Tollemache Sinclair. At No. 88, in the building afterwards styled Palace Chambers, Thackeray lived after the failure of his wife's health compelled him to give up house-keeping, and here he wrote "Barry Lyndon." At No. 76, the site of which is now covered by the Conservative Club, Edmund Gibbon died on the 16th of January, 1794. The house next door to Boodle's Club, No. 29,

on the east side of the street, is that at which James Gillray the caricaturist committed suicide in 1815 by flinging himself from an upper window. Next door to Brooks's Club, on the opposite side of the street, Charles James Fox was living when in May, 1781, his creditors sold his furniture. Horace Walpole saw him sauntering along the street while the porters were bringing the things out of the house, and records

(Nos. 37 and 38), started its career so long ago as 1698 as White's Chocolate-house, on the other side of the way, near **White's.** the bottom. The building was destroyed by fire in 1733, and three years later White's Club was started. It has inhabited its present quarters since 1755. For many years it was the first of the Tory clubs, but of late years it has ceased to be distinctively political. Brooks's (No. 60), on



Photo. Pictoria. Agency.

THE HAYMARKET, LOOKING NORTH.

how with the greatest *sangfroid* Fox went up to him and began to talk about the Marriage Bill.

By a natural transition, this incident in the life of the great Whig leader brings us to the clubs for which St. James's Street has been famous from its earliest days. On the east side are Boodle's and White's, two of the oldest of these St. James's Street clubs. Boodle's (No. 28), named after a founder of whom little is known, and much affected by country gentlemen and masters of hounds, was established in 1762, and remained a proprietary club until 1897, when it was purchased by the members. It is, perhaps, the quaintest house in the street. White's, near the top of the street

the west side of the street, with a pilastered front, was the social headquarters of the Liberal party during the long reign of the Whig oligarchy. The days of its political influence have passed, but it does not forget its past dignity, and it is still distinguished by an air of old-world stateliness that recalls the witticism that "dining at Brooks's is like dining at a duke's house with the duke lying dead upstairs." It was started in Pall Mall in 1764 as a gaming club as a result of blackballing in connexion with White's, and was at first farmed by Almack and then by the Brooks—a wine merchant and money-lender—whose name it has ever since borne. The present club-house was built by him in 1778, from designs by Holland.

The Devonshire Club, which occupies the



THE GREAT DUKE OF ORMONDE (*p.* 709).

pillared and stone-fronted building near the top of the street, dates only from 1875, but the club house, though altered in the year 1873, was built by the Wyatts, in 1827, for the founder of Crockford's, the famous gambling club of the Regency.

Crockford's. Crockford, as Mr. Boulton records in "The Amusements of Old London," began his career as a gamester by punting for half-crowns in a low gaming-house. Presently it occurred to him to build a gaming club for the aristocracy, at which the members, instead of playing against each other, should play against the establishment. The admissions were made by a committee of the members; the subscription was a low one, and the proprietor had to look for profit to his winnings. Members who did not play were accustomed to throw a ten-pound note on the play-table at the end of the season, and for this and the entrance fee they were supplied gratuitously with choicest wines and the finest cookery in London. The game played was known as French hazard; the chances were, of course, largely in favour of "the bank," and Crockford's, as was said at the time by some of the victims, "absorbed the entire ready money of a generation, and much of its landed estate." No wonder that its proprietor is believed to have died worth at least a million.

Further down the street (No. 64) is the Cocoa Tree Club, which originated in Pall

Mall in the early years of the eighteenth century as a chocolate-house that was a famous resort of the Tories and

Other Clubs. Jacobites. Arthur's, yet lower down (69 and 70), was founded in 1761 by the Mr. Arthur who was the proprietor of White's, on the other side of the street. The club-house was rebuilt in 1825 from designs by Thomas Hopper. The Thatched House Club, near the bottom of the street, founded in 1865, occupies part of the site of the Thatched House Tavern, which, at first probably of humble origin, became one of the chief taverns in the West End, with a large room in which many literary and other associations held their convivial meetings.

Another club-house (No. 74), a stately building of stone, occupying another part of the site of the Thatched House Tavern, was reared in 1843-45 from designs by Basevi and Sydney Smirke, to provide accommodation for the Conservative Club, founded in 1840 for the benefit of those for whom there was no room at the Carlton. We have paused in St. James's Street too long, but we must not omit to recall that at the south-west corner of the street, opposite the Palace, stood from the reign of Queen Anne until the early years of the nineteenth century, when it was burnt down, the St. James's Coffee-house, for long the headquarters of the Whigs and the chief rival of the Cocoa Tree. The site is now occupied by a block of chambers, and over against it, on the east side of the street, is a handsome building of red brick with white stone facings, designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A. Even St. James's Street, though it has been less affected by the rage for rebuilding than most other streets in this part of London, has not altogether escaped.

Only less notable for its memories than St. James's Street is St. James's Place, a quaint and quiet street running westwards to the Green Park, with a kind of wing on the north and another on the south. It has numbered among its residents Addison, Parnell the poet, Secretary Craggs, John Wilkes, Warren Hastings, that gallant seaman Lord Cochrane and Sir

Francis Burdett. But the fame of the place is most intimately bound up with Samuel Rogers, the banker who wrote "The Pleasures of Memory" and was the generous patron of

St. James's Place.

Samuel Rogers.

literature. From the year 1808 until his death in 1855, at the age of ninety-two, he lived at No. 22, distinguished by a London County Council tablet. "During all that period this small house in a quiet nook of London," says Abraham Hayward in his *Essays*, "was the recognised abode of taste and the envied resort of wit, beauty, learning, and genius. There, surrounded by the choicest treasures of art, and in a light reflected from Guidos and Titians, have sat and mingled in familiar converse the most eminent poets, painters, actors, artists, critics, travellers, historians, warriors, orators, and statesmen of two generations."

Of the innumerable good stories told, or said to have been told, by Rogers, who was a better *raconteur* than poet, we will cull one that is less hackneyed perhaps than most others. One of his friends, as we read in the "Memoir" of Richard Redgrave, R.A., was rather vague in his mind, and to him Rogers once said, "I have been walking to-day in the Champs Élysées and I was met by an old lady who stopped, and looking fixedly at me, said, 'Sir, isn't your name Rogers?'" "Well," asked his friend, "and was it?"

A graphic and by no means flattering picture of the poet in his last days is drawn by the late Duke of Argyll in his "Autobiography and Memoirs," and it is necessary in conning it to remember the Duke's frank admission that he cared little for Rogers's poetry and liked the man less. "He was hideous to behold. When I first knew him in 1841 he was seventy-eight years of age, and he continued leading the same ubiquitous social life for ten years longer, till he was in his eighty-eighth year, but he had none of the venerable aspect of age in his appearance. He was a small man with a bald head, a very flat face and a complexion perfectly cadaverous. His eyes were sharp and observant, but amiability was not conspicuous in the expression. His speech was slow, and always apparently premeditated. He was famous for his sharp sayings, not infrequently bitter. His temper was jealous and irritable. Yet with all this he was liked by those who knew him well, and he was said to be generous to his poorer brethren of the pen."

In King Street, which opens out of St. James's Street on the east, is Willis's

Restaurant, formerly known as Willis's Rooms, and yet earlier as Almack's. The building was reared by Robert Mylne in Almack's. 1765 for one Almack, a Scotsman, who the year before founded in Pall Mall the club afterwards removed to St. James's Street and known as Brooks's. Almack's presently became, under the regulation of six lady patronesses, the most fashionable resort in London, and the *entrée* to it was a hardly less signal mark of social distinction than presentation at Court. But before the middle of the century Almack's had begun to wane, and it came to its end about the year 1863. The building owed the name by which it has since been known to the fact that Almack's niece married one Willis, who succeeded to the ownership. On the other side of the street are the auction rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, who migrated here from Pall Mall in 1823 (*p.* 723).

In King Street also is the St. James's Theatre, built on the site of the famous Nerot's Hotel by Samuel Beazley in 1835, at a cost of £26,000, for John Braham, the great tenor, who at the age of sixty entered upon this speculation. It turned out



BOODLE'S CLUB.

disastrously for him, and three years later he was obliged to begin his professional life over again by undertaking a singing tour in America. He died in 1856, in his eighty-third year. The St. James's Theatre had a more than usually chequered career, but under the joint management of Mr. Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and more recently

In the interest derived from distinguished associations St. James's Square, to which we now come, is excelled by no square or street in the west of London. To its memories a whole volume has been devoted by Mr. Dasent,* and we shall be glad to avail ourselves of his guidance in our brief sketch of the subject. This



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

WHITE'S CLUB (*p.* 711).

under Mr. George Alexander, it has enjoyed a prosperity in happy contrast to its earlier vicissitudes.

On the same side of King Street, near the east end, marked by a tablet of the Society of Arts, and now styled Napoleon House, is the house which was the abode of Louis Napoleon from 1847 until in the following year the revolution in France gave him the opportunity for which he had so long waited. In his triumphal progress through London in 1855 he was seen, as the procession passed up St. James's Street, to point out to the Empress the quiet street in which he had bided his time.

**Louis
Napoleon.**

square has from the beginning been the place of residence of men and women of lofty station, and in spite of the fact that fashion has now extended so much further westwards it is so still, though certainly less attractive than Berkeley or Grosvenor Square, many of the houses being of dingy brick or of stucco. Mr. Dasent, who has laboriously traced the successive residents of all the houses here, from its beginning down to the year in which his volume appeared, enumerates as many as fifteen Prime Ministers who have dwelt here, from Arthur Capel, first Earl of Essex, who in 1683, after the Popish plot, was thrown into the Tower, and there not long afterwards was found with his throat cut, down to Mr. Gladstone, who during the Parliamentary Session of 1890 lived at No. 10.

At the Restoration St. James's Square was simply a meadow, known as the Pall Mall Field or Close. In 1662, Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, whom we have already spoken of as giving his name to Jermyn Street (*p.* 708), obtained, as a reward for his services to the royal house, a lease of this meadow, and forthwith laid it out as a building estate. For himself he built a residence on the site of the present Norfolk House, at the south-east corner of the square, moving into it in 1667. He soon had no lack of aristocratic neighbours. Presently he built himself a larger house on the north side of the square, which became known as Ormonde House. A later owner of his first house in the south-east corner of the square, St. Albans House,

* "The History of St. James's Square." By Arthur Irwin Dasent. 1905. (Macmillan & Co.)

was that Lewis de Duras, afterwards Earl of Feversham, who commanded the royal forces at Sedgemoor, and has left behind him so evil a memory in the West Country for his cruelties

The Earl of Feversham.

to the peasantry who had flocked to the Duke of Monmouth's standard. He was a Frenchman who had come to this country in the Duke of York's train, and his brutality was unredeemed by any talent in the field. After having been in the hands of the Earls of Sunderland, St. Albans House was acquired by the first Duke of Portland, who in 1722 sold it to the eighth Duke of Norfolk. By his brother, the ninth Duke, Norfolk House, as now it was styled, was lent to Frederick, Prince of Wales, when, in 1737, the latter had quarrelled with his father, George II. The next year George III. was born here, in what Mr. Dasent terms "a very dismal-looking room" in a building behind the present Norfolk House. Another son, the Duke of York, was also born to the Prince of Wales at Norfolk House before he migrated eastwards to "the pouting place of princes" in Leicester Square (p. 662). In

1748-52 the first Norfolk House was replaced by the present unattractive mansion, built from designs by the elder Matthew Brettingham. In the new Norfolk House died in 1777, in his ninety-second year, the last of the old male line of the Howards, and it has since been owned and inhabited by six successive holders of the title.

Ormonde House, to which the founder of the square removed when he left St. Albans House, was acquired, when Lord St. Albans retired to his country seat, by the "great"

Duke of Ormonde. After the disgrace of his grandson, the second duke, the mansion became the property of the princely Duke of Chandos, and bore his name for the few years that remained before his pecuniary em-



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

SAMUEL ROGERS'S HOUSE IN ST. JAMES'S PLACE (p. 712).

barrassments led to its being pulled down and replaced by three smaller houses, now numbered 9, 10, and 11. The centre house of the three, dismal as it looks, is peculiarly rich in memories. It was the residence of

No. 10. the elder Pitt from 1759 to 1762, when with all his vehement energy he was prosecuting the war with France, winning for himself the title of the Great Commoner, and silencing all opposition by the success of his measures. At an informal Council held here, while he was suffering from an attack of gout,

and at which Sir Philip Francis, now but twenty-one, was acting as his amanuensis, he was asked by one of his colleagues the reasons for his disapproval of a project of which they thought well. "My Lords," replied the great man, "the reasons why I consider the measure injudicious are so obvious that I wonder you should require to be told them. I will venture to assert that they will occur to that youth. Speak, Francis." The young man unhesitatingly gave the reasons as he divined them. "I told you how it would be," was Pitt's taunt to his colleagues; "you cannot answer a boy." From about 1820 to 1829 Pitt's house was the residence of the Earl and Countess of Blessington, and now it became a centre of fashion and frivolity. Then it was the home of the Windham Club, which left it for No. 13, its present habitation, in 1836. Next (1837-54) it was the residence of that fourteenth Earl of Derby who was three times Prime Minister; and it was here that in 1890 there lived the statesman who was four times Prime Minister.

Sir Philip Francis dwelt at No. 17, on the west side, on the site now occupied by the East India United Service Club, from 1790 until his death in 1818, drawn to the square by memories of the days when he was here as the Great Commoner's secretary. By his widow the house was lent to Queen Caroline during her trial, and here the Queen would leave daily for Westminster amid the cheers of the mob that had first shouted itself hoarse with execrations of that

**Lord
Castlereagh.**

unpopular Minister Lord Castlereagh, who lived next door (No. 18), at the north-east corner of King Street. Illiberal and unsympathetic as was Castlereagh's type of mind, his personal courage was as conspicuous as his ability, and when his house was attacked by a mob he went to the windows and closed the shutters with the most perfect *sang-froid*, although missiles were crashing through into the rooms.

This house (No. 18) can boast two earlier residents of great distinction. The witty Lord Chesterfield was its owner from the year 1727 until 1733, and from 1794 until 1803 it was the residence of Lord Thurlow, twice Lord Chancellor, of whom it has been said that in Parliament he was "blunt, coarse,

and vigorous, hurled hard words and strong epithets at his opponents in a tremendous voice, with a look and tone of defiance." No one took a more violent part against the American colonies than he, and in his capacity of Lord Chancellor the best that Lord Campbell can say of him is that he was above all suspicion of corruption, and that "in his general rudeness he was very impartial."

Thurlow's successor in the Lord Chancellorship, Lord Loughborough, afterwards Earl of Rosslyn, was also a resident in the square, living at No. 12, on the north side, in the years 1803-4, but he reflects little moral lustre upon it if George III. was anywhere near the mark in saying at his death, "He has not left a greater knave behind him in my dominions." He was certainly one of the least scrupulous men who have ever risen to high places in the government of the country, though his manners, at any rate, were a considerable improvement upon those of his predecessor.

We must not omit to note that the first Lord Chancellor to settle in the square was the great Lord Somers, who lived at No. 21, on the west side, next door to the present Army and Navy Club, in 1701, the year in which his enemies unsuccessfully impeached him. It is refreshing to bring this true statesman into contrast with the men who long afterwards succeeded him on the woolsack. He, too, by nature was impetuous and irritable, but he had learnt to rule himself, and his great qualities of mind were not counterbalanced by faults of temper or by lack of principle.

The square also lays claim to a Lord Chief Justice in the person of Lord Ellenborough, who rented Lichfield House, near the north-west corner of the square, from 1809 to 1812, and then bought No. 13, next door, the corner house, and occupied it until his death in 1818. He is the only Lord Chief Justice who ever had a seat in the Cabinet, and Mr. Dasent says that he is believed to be the first common law judge who deserted the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn for the West End. His manners were little better than Lord Thurlow's, and he has an unenvi-

**Lord
Thurlow.**

**Lord Lough-
borough.**

**Lord
Somers.**

**Lord
Ellenborough.**

able eminence among those judges who have not scrupled to browbeat their juries. His conduct of the trial of the gallant Lord Cochrane was little to his credit, he was a bitter opponent of the legal reforms advocated by Romilly, and his retirement and even his

personal acquaintance," at the Right Hon. William Windham's house in Pall Mall.

Lord Chesterfield's connexion with St. James's Square, of which we have already spoken, began long before 1727 when he installed himself at No. 18, for he was born,



Photo Pictorial Agency.

A HOUSE OF PRIME MINISTERS : 10, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE (*p.* 642).

death are said to have been hastened by the acquittal of Hone on the charge of blasphemy. Since 1836, No. 13 has been the property of the Windham Club, which was founded in 1828 by Lord Nugent and others, "for gentlemen united to each other by a common bond of literary or

in 1694 (September 22nd), in the mansion which preceded the present London House, immediately north of Norfolk House. The original house was built for Anne, Countess of Warwick, who entered upon possession in 1676 and held it until 1685; a hundred years

**London
House.**

later, by a coincidence, the house, which had had quite a variety of owners, was in the possession of Francis Greville, Earl of Warwick. Then, much dilapidated, it was bought, in 1771, for the see of London, and ever since it and its successor—for it was rebuilt in 1820—have been the town houses of the Bishops of London. The first bishop to occupy the new London House was Dr. Blomfield, father of the late Sir Arthur Blomfield, the eminent architect. By Dr. Temple, who dwelt all the year round at Fulham Palace, London House was abandoned to the ghosts and the dust, except when its dreary drawing-room was placed at the service of some society, but when Dr. Creighton was preferred to the see, he and his family went into residence here, and London House once more became a centre of social activity. Next to London House on the north, and partly in Charles Street, is Derby House, acquired by the great Lord Derby in 1854, and for many years afterwards the town house of the Stanleys. Before living here "the Rupert of debate," as we have seen, had occupied No. 10.

The most northerly house on the west side, built in 1676 and acquired in 1845 by the London Library, has also been rebuilt and enlarged, and when the new building was opened, in December, 1898, by the late Sir Leslie Stephen, it was mentioned by the late Mr. Lecky that Carlyle, who was one of the founders of the Library, relied upon it almost entirely for his reading, and was guilty of the bad habit of marking his books. The marking was usually met with at the end of flights of eloquence, where Carlyle had neatly drawn a pair of asses' ears. Lord Wolseley recalled how another distinguished subscriber to the Library came to it while he was writing "The Virginians" to ascertain whether General Wolfe took snuff, and what kind of breeches he wore. This useful Library was started in 1840 to meet the needs of those who desire to borrow and not merely consult books, and was opened in the following year with a col-

lection of about 3,000 volumes, a number which has now swollen to about a quarter of a million.

Another of the original mansions in the square, Ossulston House, at the north-west corner of Charles Street, facing Derby House, and built in 1677 for Sir John Bennet, afterwards Lord Ossulston, was partly rebuilt so long ago as 1753; the part not rebuilt (No. 2) was then acquired by Hugh

Boscawen, second Viscount Fal-
Admiral mouth, whose younger brother
Boscawen.

Edward Boscawen, by his signal bravery and skill, won for himself the title of "Pitt's great admiral." In front of this house are four metal posts, two of them forming a support for gas standards, which were made from guns taken by him from the French in Admiral Anson's victory off Cape Finisterre and presented to his elder brother on his return home. For his gallant share in this action Boscawen, who was badly wounded in the shoulder by a musket-ball, was made admiral. By his sailors he was known as "Wrynecked Dick" from his trick of holding his head on one side, and "Old Dreadnought" from his ship.

Those who know their Boswell well will remember how Johnson told Sir Joshua Reynolds that about the year 1739, when money had run short, he and Savage the poet walked round and round this square waiting for the dawn. So far from being depressed, they were "in high spirits," and they relieved the tedium of their round by inveighing against the Government and resolving that "they would stand by their country." The bronze equestrian statue of William the Third which now occupies the centre of the square was not there then to turn their minds away from present discontents. The pedestal was reared in 1732, but it was not until the next century (1808) that it received the younger Bacon's statue, which, curiously enough, is the only statue in London of the hero of the glorious Revolution.

CHAPTER LXIII

PALL MALL

The Name—"Pretty Witty Nelly"—The Story of Thomas Thynne—The News of Lord Frederick Cavendish's Assassination—**Marlborough House**—The Duke and Duchess—**Schomberg House**—The Old War Office—George Bubb Dodington—Robert Dodsley—James Christie—The "Star and Garter"—Duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth—The Clubs—**Carlton House** and the Prince Regent—The York Column—Waterloo Place and its Monuments—**Carlton House Terrace** and **Carlton Gardens**—**Warwick House**—**Suffolk Street** and **Richard Cobden**

IF not absolutely the handsomest street in London, as one writer claims it to be, Pall Mall is certainly one of the two or three handsomest. It is the Paradise of the Clubman, and no lines of poetry which have any feature of London for their theme linger more sweetly in the memory than those in which the genial and witty Charles Morris sang its charms :

"In town let me live, then, in town let me die ;
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh ! give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

In Pepys's day Pall Mall enjoyed the shade of a row of elms, a hundred and fifty in number, that grew along "both sides of the walk," but these had vanished long before the laureate of the Beefsteak Club wrote his musical verse.

The origin of Pall Mall, as a long alley in which was played the game, resembling croquet, that was introduced into this country from France, carries us back to the early years of Pepys's century. By the time of Charles II. Pall Mall had taken on some of the character of a street, which at first was known as Catherine Street, in honour of the Queen, and now it was that the Mall was set apart for the game which it was no longer convenient to play in Pall Mall itself.

Many are the associations that cluster around Pall Mall, but the one that first springs to the mind is that which connects it with "pretty witty Nelly." For the sixteen years preceding her death she lived in a house on the south side of the street, on the site of the present No. 79, on the west side of the old War Office.

Behind the house was a garden which adjoined that of St. James's Palace, and just beneath the wall was a mound or terrace which enabled her to look over into the royal gardens. Evelyn tells us how, as he was walking with Charles II. in the gardens of the Palace, he "both saw and heard a very familiar discourse" between the King and the "impudent comedian" whom they called Mistress Nelly. "I was heartily sorry at this scene," he says in his grave way. It is said that the King gave the freehold of the house to the sauciest and most good-hearted of his mistresses on her returning to him the lease, accompanied by one of her piquancies. It is certain that one of his dying utterances was an injunction not to let "poor Nelly starve," and she lived in this house in comfort until her death in 1687. Before she came to the shady side of Pall Mall she had lived for a short time on the north side, at the corner leading into St. James's Square, in a house of which the site is covered by the Army and Navy Club.

It was in Pall Mall that, in 1682, Thomas Thynne of Longleat, "Tom of Ten Thousand," as he was called in allusion to his magnificent rent-roll, was assassinated. In 1681 he had married the heiress of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland, the Lady Elizabeth, who, though at this time a widow, was but a girl of fourteen. At the age of twelve she had gone through a ceremony of marriage with the Earl of Ogle, who less than a year afterwards (November, 1680) died, leaving his child-widow "a prize for new suitors." Her second espousal, like the first, appears to have been a marriage in nothing but form, for

Nell Gwynne.

Thomas Thynne.

immediately after the ceremony husband and wife went separate ways, the Countess going to The Hague to stay with Lady Temple. It is said that the severance took place at the wish of the Countess's mother, who desired that her daughter should spend a year on the Continent before taking her place as the mistress of Longleat.

A few months after his marriage, on Sunday, the 12th of February (1682), Mr. Thynne paid a visit to Northumberland House, the mansion of the Percies at Charing Cross, and between seven and eight in the evening stepped into his coach and, preceded by a servant carrying a torch, was driven into Pall Mall. When the coach had got to the spot afterwards marked by the Opera Arcade three men came up on the right-hand side, and one of them fired a blunderbuss into the coach. "I am murdered!" Mr. Thynne called out, and satisfied that he spoke no more than the truth, the assassins put spurs to their horses and galloped off up the Haymarket. When the surgeons came they saw at once that the case was beyond their skill. The musketoon had been well loaded: four balls had torn their way into the unfortunate man's right side, had wounded almost all the viscera of the abdomen, had smashed one of the ribs and fractured the pelvis. Sir John Reresby, the magistrate, at once issued a hue and cry, and information soon reached him which led him to arrest two soldiers of fortune and a common servant, all foreigners. The soldiers of fortune were Captain Vratz, a German, and Lieutenant Stern, a Swede; the servant was a "Polonian" or "Polander," to use the terms current in that age, of the name of Boroski. Stern and Boroski not only admitted their share in the murder—it was Boroski who fired the blunderbuss—but represented that Vratz was their leader, and declared that all three had acted as agents of Count Königsmarck, in whose service both Vratz and Boroski were.

The Count, the head of a noble Swedish family long settled in Brandenburg, was well known both in England and on the Continent as a handsome and accomplished courtier and a dashing soldier. He had wooed the Countess of Ogle shortly before her second marriage, and there can be little doubt that the motive of the murder was to get his

successful rival out of the way. On the morning after the murder Königsmarck had hurriedly left the obscure lodgings in which he had been hiding. Six days later he was run down at Gravesend, where he had taken passage in a boat that was to sail for Sweden the next morning. When told that Boroski had confessed he seemed, as one witness declared, "very much concerned," but presently he remarked, "'Tis a stain upon my blood; but one good action in the war or a lodging upon a counterscarp will wash away all that."

At the trial the Count was treated with the most disgraceful partiality by the judges, probably anxious to please the King (Charles II.) and the Court party, who, while duly shocked, of course, at a wicked murder, were at the same time not over-anxious to bring to book the real author of a crime which had rid them of an influential supporter of the Duke of Monmouth and the Protestant party. The three agents were found guilty, but the man who instigated them was acquitted—a result at which the King, in Reresby's words, "seemed to be not at all displeased." That the jury had been tampered with is more than probable. We know from Sir John Reresby that agents or friends of the Count sought with only the smallest amount of circumlocution to corrupt him; and those who were not afraid to attempt the virtue of a magistrate were little likely to leave the jury unassailed.

Ten days after the trial (March 10th) the three condemned men suffered for their crime here in Pall Mall. From the **Penalty.** accounts left by Bishop Burnet and

Dr. Horneck of their ministrations to the culprits, it is clear that both Boroski and Stern felt the most sincere contrition. The poor simple-minded Pole told the Bishop that when the Count first broached to him the murder "he was troubled at it, and went into another room and kneeled down and said the Lord's Prayer"! Finding that his mind was not fortified against the deed by this act of devotion, he concluded "that God had appointed that he should do it." Stern, who showed a considerable acquaintance with theology, was rapt into a state of ecstasy as the day of expiation approached, and on the morning of the day he "broke out in great transports of joy," says Burnet, "and

seemed as one ravished in joy." Vratz, who steadfastly refused to compromise the Count, proved a much less tractable subject to the divines. He refused to see that there was any obligation upon him to make a public confession—that was a matter, he held, between himself and the Almighty. "Never man died with more resolution and less signs

connects it with the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, on the 7th of May, 1882, the day after the former's appointment as Irish Secretary. The direful tidings reached the clubs about eleven o'clock the same night (Saturday), and as by a common

Lord Frederick Cavendish.



THE MURDER OF THOMAS THYNNE

From a Drawing by W. Hatherell, R.I.

of fear," says Burnet. "His carriage in the cart both as he was led along and at the place of execution was astonishing; he was not only undaunted, but looked cheerful, and smiled often." As for Königsmarck, he made haste to remove himself from the country whose hospitality he had so grossly abused, and perished at the siege of Argos, four years after cheating the hangman, being then but twenty-eight. He could, of course, make no further effort to win the hand of his victim's widow, who took for her third husband Charles Seymour, proudest and vainest of the Dukes of Somerset, to whom she bore thirteen children.

Among more recent memories of a tragic kind that belong to Pall Mall is that which

impulse they emptied themselves, the members with one accord flocking to the Reform for official news. "On the broad pavement in Pall Mall," we read in the Memoirs of Sir Wemyss Reid, who was an eye-witness of the scene, "some hundreds of men, nearly all in evening dress, were clustered together, discussing in low tones the horrible event, of which as yet the details were wholly unknown. On the roadway a hundred cabs were gathered, their drivers evidently bewildered by the unwonted spectacle, and wondering what had brought together in the stillness of the early morning this unwonted crowd. Suddenly . . . I saw the crowd fall back on either hand, opening a narrow lane through it. Along this lane, with bent head, came Lord

Hartington, brother of one of the murdered men, passing from the newly made house of mourning in Carlton House Terrace to his home at Devonshire House. No one ventured to speak to him, but every hat was lifted in token of silent sympathy."

Marlborough House, at the west end of Pall Mall, was reared in 1709-10 by Sir Christopher Wren for the great Duke of Marlborough, on land leased to the Duchess by Queen Anne through the good offices of Lord Godolphin. It is built of small red bricks of an unusually ruddy hue, relieved with stone, and, according to Mr. A. H. Beavan, the author of "Imperial London," the thrifty Duke had the bricks brought over from Holland during his campaign in the transports which plied between that country and Deptford. Some five hundred square yards of the wall surface of the interior were covered with pictures, by Laguerre and his pupils, of the Duke of Marlborough's battles. Here he spent the last unhappy years of his life, and though he died not here, but at Windsor (1722), he lay in state here before they interred him with great pomp in the Abbey. After his death the Duchess, who was accustomed to speak of the King, living in St. James's Palace, as "neighbour George," was anxious to make a direct approach from Marlborough

House to Pall Mall, but Sir Robert Walpole, with whom, as with most other people whom she had to do with, she was at enmity, rather meanly bought the leases of the houses that stood in the way. Of her acerbity Marlborough House has many memories. When her Tory rival, the Duchess of Buckingham, on the death of her son, sent to ask the loan of the funeral car which had borne the victor of Blenheim to his tomb, her wrath blazed out. "It carried my lord of Marlborough," was her reply, "and it shall never carry any other." The refusal was not probably a mere counsel of spite, for the Duchess's devotion to her husband's memory was one of the best traits in a character of singular unamiability. When Charles Seymour, the "proud" Duke of Somerset, whose first wife had been the heiress of the Percies, offered her his hand, her reply was instant and emphatic. "The widow of Marlborough," she declared, "shall

never be the wife of any other man." Her beauty was as remarkable as her termagancy, and her force of character remained with her to the last. When in her last years she had long lain ill, without speaking, and her physician told her that she must be blistered or she would die, she roused herself and snapped out, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die." And she kept her word for the time. She survived all her children but one, and her husband by twenty-two years, dying here at the age of eighty-four, on the 18th of October, 1744.

Marlborough House, to which the third duke added the upper storey, remained in the family until 1817, when it became the property of the Crown, and was allocated to the Princess Charlotte and her husband Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians. The Princess died before it was ready for her occupation, but her husband lived in it for some years. In 1857, by Act of Parliament, it was settled upon Queen Adelaide as a dowager house, and was occupied by her until her death in 1849. In 1850 it was settled upon the Prince of Wales, but for some years was utilised as a picture gallery. In 1861 it was remodelled for the Prince's occupation, and in 1863, the year of his marriage, he took possession, and it remained his town house until, after his accession to the throne, he assumed possession of Buckingham Palace, when it became the town house of the present Prince of Wales. It has at various times been enlarged and its interior remodelled, and its exterior now bears little resemblance to the aspect it originally presented.

Schomberg House derived its name from that favourite Dutch general of William III., who lost his life in the Battle of the Boyne. Afterwards (1760) it was occupied by the Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden fame, who later lived in a house named after him, and standing on the site of the present Carlton Gardens. From 1777 to 1788 Gainsborough dwelt in the western part of Schomberg House, and here in a room on the second floor, having sent for Sir Joshua and made peace with him, he died, remarking, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the company." Schomberg House presently formed part of the old War Office, which also annexed Buckingham House, on the

Marlborough House.

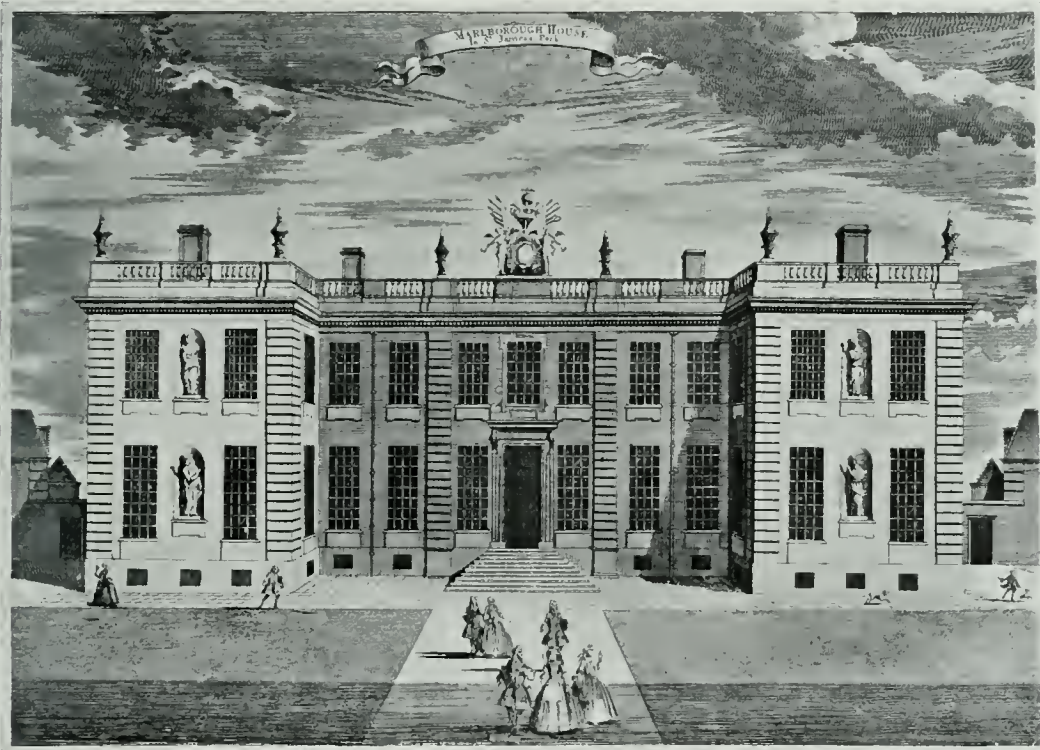
The First Duchess of Marlborough.

Schomberg House.

other or eastern side; but since the completion of the new War Office in Whitehall the whole structure has been demolished to make way for the club-house of the Royal Automobile Club.

In a house which overlooked the gardens of Carlton House lived George Bubb Dodington, once the boon companion of Frederick Prince of Wales (father of George III.), who allowed

Dodsley, the bookseller who in 1735, under the auspices of Pope, opened a shop at the sign of the "Tully's Head" (No. 51), which became the resort of the leading men of letters of the day, and was carried on by his brother James, after his retirement, until the latter's death in 1797. Next door to Schomberg House James Christie carried on his business with such address that



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE IN 1741 (*p.* 722).

From a Drawing by Sutton Nicholls.

him to make a door which led into the gardens, but built up against it as soon as

**George Bubb
Dodington.**

Dodington lost favour in his eyes, changing all the locks in Carlton

House because Dodington had keys of them. Dodington, who was raised to the peerage by Bute as Lord Melcombe in 1761, the year before his death, cuts no dignified figure in the pages of history, and was as little burdened with scruples of principle as any politician who ever lived; but he was not without wit or talent, and at his death he was lamented by Lady Hervey as "an old friend, and a most entertaining and agreeable companion," who had retained "his liveliness and his wit to the last."

Nor must we fail to speak of Robert

he came to be known as the Prince of Auctioneers. He started in Pall Mall in the year 1766, or perhaps a little earlier, in a house on the site of the present United Service Club. In 1770 he moved westwards to No. 125, adjoining Schomberg House, and here in 1803 he died. Under his son and successor, James Christie II., a move was made to King Street, where we have already encountered the historic firm of which his father was the founder (*p.* 713).

Before it became the chief centre of the sumptuous clubs of modern days, Pall Mall was famous for its coffee-houses and taverns. It was at "The Star and Garter" tavern that there occurred the strange duel between the fifth

**An Unorthodox
Duel.**

Lord Byron, grand-uncle and immediate predecessor of the poet, and his Nottinghamshire neighbour, Mr. Chaworth. It was fought without seconds or witnesses, in a room with closed if not locked doors, by the deceptive light of a smouldering fire and a guttering candle. One January afternoon, in the year 1765, a few members of the Nottinghamshire Club were assembled here for a weekly dinner when some difference of opinion arose between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth as to the best method of game preserving. After dinner they met on the landing. Which of them accosted the other was afterwards a point in dispute, but one or both of them called a waiter, who showed them into an empty room, placed "a little tallow candle" on the floor, and left them. When, two or three minutes later, an alarm having been given, the landlord rushed into the room he found his guests grasped in each other's arms, with drawn swords, Lord Byron's in his right hand, Mr. Chaworth's in his left. A surgeon who was summoned saw at once that Mr. Chaworth had sustained a mortal wound, his opponent's sword having passed through the abdomen. The dying man declared that ere he turned round from shutting the door he saw Lord Byron's sword half drawn, that he at once drew also and got the first pass, and that while he was endeavouring to close in so as to disarm his antagonist the latter gave the fatal thrust. Asked whether the fight had been a fair one, Mr. Chaworth evaded any direct reply, but said he drew as quickly as he could, on seeing Lord Byron's sword half drawn, "because he knew his man." Lord Byron, he added, had "done himself no good by it."

Lord Byron's story was that when they entered the room Mr. Chaworth said that there could be no better place for "deciding the affair," and bolted the door. As he turned round from doing so, "it was impossible for me," Lord Byron confessed, "to avoid putting my hand on my sword, and I believe I may at the same time have bidden him draw." Mr. Chaworth at once did so and made a couple of thrusts, which were parried. Then they both thrust together, and Mr. Chaworth received his fatal wound.

A dispassionate study of the circumstances suggests that there may have been no bad

faith on either side. Each antagonist averred that he had no intention of fighting when he entered the room, and both statements may have been true. As soon as they found themselves face to face in the room Mr. Chaworth may have said that no place was more suitable for threshing out the matter, and Lord Byron might well take this to be an invitation to fight on the spot. Then if Mr. Chaworth, not wishing to quarrel for the gratification of inquisitive servants, went to the door to close it, as he admitted he did, the other might well suppose that it was being bolted, would instinctively lay his hand upon his sword, might even half draw it, and so give Mr. Chaworth the impression that he was trying to "take him at an advantage." That the fatal affair happened in some such way as this best explains the dying man's curious evasion of the question whether there had been any unfair play. Pondering the circumstances, he would see that in attributing to his antagonist a desire to take a murderous advantage of the situation, he might have been mistaken. He would hesitate, therefore, directly to impugn his honour; yet, not being satisfied that he was in error, would feel himself justified in the innuendo that his antagonist "had done himself no good by it."

By his peers Lord Byron was acquitted of murder, but was almost unanimously adjudged guilty of manslaughter,

The Sequel. it being no doubt felt that he was gravely to blame for having allowed himself to engage in a duel marked by such excessive irregularity. He at once claimed the benefit of an old statute which conferred immunity upon peers for specified classes of felony, and was released on payment of certain fees. How the youthful poet wooed the charming and amiable Mary Chaworth, heiress and grand-niece of the man who had perished by the sword of his grand-uncle, all the world knows; but we may put aside the suggestion, made in one of his sentimentalising moods, that the "unlucky thrust" in Pall Mall more than a generation before had anything to do with his failure, for there was already a rival in the field, and, being two years the senior of her poetical adorer, the lady looked down upon him as a mere schoolboy.



THE CARLTON CLUB, WITH A BIT OF THE REFORM.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

All but three of the great clubs of Pall Mall are on the south side. Of those on the north side, the Marlborough, the most westerly of the three, occupies the site of the original Almack's. The least pretentious-looking club in London, it is in a social sense one of the most select, and there is significance in the fact that it bears the name of the house in which King Edward lived while Prince of Wales, for during the late reign there was an unostentatious but well-understood connexion between Marlborough House and the Marlborough Club. The other two clubs on the north side are the Army and Navy and the Junior Carlton, which stand next to each other, separated by a roadway, on the south side of St. James's Square, to which they both have fronts, as well as to

Pall Mall. The Army and Navy, which boasts a nickname, the "Rag," formerly "the Rag and Famish," suggested by a joke in *Punch*, went into its present handsome club-house, designed mainly by a young Oxford architect named Parnell, in 1851. The Junior Carlton Club-house was built in 1866-68, from the designs of Mr. Brandon, and has since been enlarged.

Of the clubs on the south side the most westerly is the New Oxford and Cambridge, which, originally built in 1875 for the Junior Naval and Military Club, and distinguished by a handsome porch of novel design, adjoins the grounds of Marlborough House. The older Oxford and Cambridge, designed by the Smirkes and finished in 1837, is a little further east, and between them comes the Guards' Club, established in 1813 in St. James's Street, and restricted to the officers of His Majesty's Household Troops. The chief

Conservative Club, the Carlton, and its rival, the Reform, stand side by side, separated only by the roadway leading to Carlton House Terrace. The Carlton dates from 1832; the present club-house was built in 1854-56 from a design by Sydney Smirke. The old rule that no visitors are permitted to take a meal within its sacred portals, or even to enter one of its rooms, is rigidly observed to this day. The Reform was founded in 1830; its present club-house was built in 1837-40 by Sir Charles Barry.

The next club, the Travellers', the earliest of Sir Charles Barry's more notable works in London, finished in 1832, was founded in 1819, to enable travellers to tell their tales to each other, and to offer accommodation to distinguished foreigners. Then, with its entrance in Waterloo Place, comes the chief club of the learned professions, the Athenæum, in which Cabinet ministers, judges, and bishops are able to claim membership as a matter of right. It was instituted in 1824, and its club-house was built in 1829-30 by Decimus Burton, and is ornamented with a sculptured frieze and with a statue of Minerva by Baily. It boasts the finest club library in London. For long, smoking was strictly forbidden, and when, about 1860, a smoke-room was added, a separate structure was provided in the garden. On the other side of Waterloo Place, but turning its face towards Pall Mall, is the leading warriors' club, the United Service, established in 1815, and installed in its present house in 1826.

At Waterloo Place we are reminded of the glories of Carlton House, which, built in 1709 for Henry Boyle, afterwards Baron Carleton, presently became a royal palace. Lord Carleton died without issue in 1725, and the house, with its extensive gardens, stretching as far westwards as the gardens of Marlborough House, descended to his nephew, the architect Earl of Burlington, for whom Kent, the artist and landscape gardener, laid out the gardens in the less artificial style which was then coming into vogue.

In 1732 Lord Burlington presented Carlton House to his mother. By her it was at once sold to Frederick Prince of Wales (father of George III.), who used it chiefly for ceremonial and festive occasions, and whose widow lived in it until her death in 1772. Originally a plain mansion of red brick, Carlton House was presently fronted with stone, but when in 1783 the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., had it assigned to him as his residence, it was transformed by Henry Holland into a sumptuous palace, with a portico of Corinthian columns, and an open screen dividing its forecourt from Pall Mall on the north.

Among the guests at Carlton House in the time of Frederick Prince of Wales was Pope, who was so complimentary to his host that

the Prince expressed his surprise that one who was so severe upon kings should be so amiable towards a prince. "That, sir," replied the poet, "is because I like the lion before his claws are full grown." But it was under George IV., who lived here as Prince of Wales, as Regent, and as King, that Carlton House attained its meridian splendour. Mr. Wheatley, in his volume "Round about Piccadilly and Pall Mall," quotes from *Notes and Queries* an account of how, in November, 1803, the Prince gave a grand entertainment to Elfi Bey, to whom he mentioned that he had in his stud a horse which would throw the most accomplished equestrian in his Excellency's retinue. The next day the company departed to the riding-house and the horse was brought in. "Its eyes

A Fiery Steed.

were fiery and enraged, and it was in a rampant and ungovernable state; but in an instant Mahomet Aga, Elfi Bey's principal officer, vaulted on the back of the animal, which plunged and exhibited its ferocity and passion to no purpose, for the Mameluke kept his seat through all, and in about twenty minutes, to the surprise of the company, the rider had subdued the horse completely."

It was at Carlton House that, with great pomp, the regency was conferred upon the Prince of Wales on the 5th of February, 1811; that hemorganatically married Mrs. Fitzherbert in 1785; that he held his first Council as king, and was proclaimed king. But its glories were destined soon to depart. In 1826 it was razed to the ground, and while the pillars of the screen and many of the ornamental features of the interior were transferred to Buckingham Palace, the columns of the portico were some years later embodied in the National Gallery.

The York Column, which stands on a part of the site, commemorates the Duke of York (brother of George IV.), who did little enough to earn for himself this huge memorial—a Tuscan pillar of Wyatt's designing, 123 feet in height, topped by a bronze statue by Westmacott, overlooking St. James's Park.

The York Column.

In Waterloo Place, which, like Regent Street, its continuation, was designed by Nash, is, among other memorials, Noble's

statue of Sir John Franklin, erected by Parliament not only to Franklin himself but also to his brave companions. The relief on the front of the pedestal represents the remains of the expedition; and there are few monuments in London which attract so much attention as this.

Waterloo Place.

Waterloo Place used to be a favourite centre for publishers, and here Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., who formerly carried on business in Cornhill, as we have more than once had occasion to mention, still have their offices. A memorable achievement of this eminent house in recent years has been the publication of the monumental Dictionary of National Biography, which the present writer has often consulted, and always with advantage, in his references to the men who figure prominently in the story of London.

Carlton House Terrace.

Carlton House Terrace, the row of large stuccoed houses at the south end of Waterloo Place, with terraces that overlook the Mall—now the processional road to Buckingham Palace—has long been favoured by statesmen. With the late Mr. Gladstone it is most intimately associated. First he lived in No. 13, towards the eastern end of the terrace, and from this house he dated his address inviting the burgesses of Newark to re-elect him after the dissolution of 1841. Presently his father made him a present of 6, Carlton Gardens—the westward continuation of Carlton House Terrace—but in 1856 he purchased No. 11 in the terrace, the house next but one eastwards of the York Column, and this remained his London home until 1875, when he sold it. We have already seen (p. 716) that in St. James's Square Mr. Gladstone lived in the house which was formerly the residence of an earlier Prime Minister, the fourteenth Earl of Derby, and that was but a repetition of a coincidence which had happened here. "I had grown to the house," he wrote of No. 11 at the time he sold it, "having lived more time in it than in any other since I was born." To Mrs. Gladstone he wrote: "I do not wonder that you feel parting from the house will be a blow and a pang. It is nothing less than this to me, but it must be faced, and you will face it gallantly. . . . The truth is that, innocently and from special causes,



CARLTON HOUSE IN 1811.

From a Drawing by W. Westall.

we have, on the whole, been housed better than according to our circumstances. All along Carlton House Terrace, I think, you would not find anyone with less than £20,000 a year, and most of them with much more." It was at this time that Mr. Gladstone sold his china and his Wedgwood ware.

No. 9, the first house westward of the York Column, is now the German Embassy. No. 5 was the residence of Lord Palmerston, who also, as a London County Council tablet records, lived at 4, Carlton Gardens,

**Carlton
Gardens.**

at the extreme western end of the terrace. Of this latter house the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour is the lessee, and into it he moved when he left Downing Street at the end of 1905. The house opposite (No. 1, Carlton Gardens) is another of those associated with Mr. Gladstone, who was here the guest of Lord Rendel at the time he was forming his fourth Government in 1902. Here, too, Louis Napoleon was living in 1840 when he planned his descent upon Boulogne, which ended in his incarceration in the fortress of Ham.

Between the Haymarket and Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall is styled Pall Mall East, and here are the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, which was founded in 1808. Warwick House Street, leading out of Cockspur Street on the south side, commemorates by its name a mansion which belonged, in the seventeenth century, to Sir Philip Warwick, and in the early years of the nineteenth century was chosen as the residence of the Princess Charlotte, since it adjoined the gardens of Carlton House.

**Warwick
House.**

In Suffolk Street is the gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists, a building with a heavy Doric portico designed by Elmes. No. 23, on the west side of this street, bears one of the London County Council's tablets, recording the fact that the great apostle of Free Trade died here on the 2nd of April, 1865. Cobden took temporary lodgings here to be near the Athenæum Club and the House of Commons, was prostrated by an attack of asthma immediately after his arrival, and died ten days later in the presence of his friend and fellow-worker John Bright.

CHAPTER LXIV

ST. JAMES'S PALACE AND PARK, THE GREEN PARK AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Origins—The Palace Built—The State Apartments—The Courts—Memories of Charles I., of Mary Tudor, of Prince Henry, of Queen Caroline—Royal Births—The Chapel Royal—Famous Marriages—Marlborough House Chapel—Clarence House—St. James's Park—Charles II.'s Alterations—Modern Improvements—Cromwell—George I.—The Green Park—The "Queen's Library"—Constitution Hill—Stafford House—Bridgewater House—Spencer House—The Mulberry Garden—Goring House—Buckingham House—Queen's House—Dr. Johnson and George III.—The Palace Enlarged—The National Memorial to Queen Victoria—The State and Coronation Coaches

THE irregular red-brick building which overlooks the Mall was the regular residence of our monarchs from the destruction of Whitehall in the reign of William III. until the reign of

The Palace. George III., and the British Court is still spoken of as the Court of St. James's. Here the Sovereign still holds his *levées*, and here, in the Friary Court, on the day after his accession, he is first solemnly proclaimed, the ceremony being repeated at Charing Cross, and finally at the Royal Exchange. The Palace occupies the site of a hospital for "maidens that were leprous,"

founded by citizens of London in very ancient times—perhaps before the Conquest, and dedicated to St. James the Less, Bishop of Jerusalem. Of this hospital Henry VIII. possessed himself, giving in exchange lands in Suffolk, remodelling or probably rebuilding it, and annexing to it the present St. James's Park. The alteration was made in the year of his marriage to Anne Boleyn, and the sculpture was plentifully sown with love-knots and with the initials H. A. Of quadrangular form and of red brick, which has not weathered well, it is glowingly described by the *Sieur de la Serre*, the historiographer of France, who came to it in the train of Marie de Medicis, the mother of Queen Henrietta Maria; but it appears never to have been a very magnificent structure, and by another Frenchman it was once said, in reference to the Mews at Charing Cross, that "the royal stables have the air of a palace, and the royal palace has the air of a stable." Its present aspect, however, can convey little notion of what it was in its best days, for the

whole of the eastern part of it was destroyed by fire in 1809, and of the palace in which Charles I. spent his last night on earth little remains except the Presence Chamber—which still bears the initials of Henry and his second wife—the turreted gate-house facing St. James's Street, often from an unauthenticated tradition called Holbein's Gateway, the Chapels Royal, the six turrets scattered about the buildings, some external carvings and internal decorative details.

The four State Apartments, which are in the south front, facing the gardens and the Park, can hardly be said to add much to the dignity of the Court of St. James's. In one of them—the Throne Room—the *levées* are held, and here also, until 1865, Queen Victoria held her Drawing-rooms. Beneath the State Apartments are the cellars in which the King's wines are kept, in butt and in bottle.

The buildings of the Palace are grouped around the Ambassadors' Court, the Colour Court, and the Stable Yard on the north, the Friary and Engine Court on the south, and they are separated from the Mall by the Palace Gardens. In the northern part of the Palace, looking out upon the Ambassadors' Court on the south and on Cleveland Row on the north, is a suite of apartments now known as York House, which was the residence of the present Prince of Wales when he was Duke of York. As Canon Sheppard points out in his exhaustive and lavishly illustrated work on the Palace,* these apartments, though continuously occupied, had only two tenants in a century—the Duke of

* "Memorials of St. James's Palace." By Edgar Sheppard, D.D. 1894. (Longmans & Co.)

Cumberland fifth son of George III.), afterwards King of Hanover, and the Duchess of Cambridge, who occupied them from 1851 until her death in 1889.

Though between Henry VIII. and William III. none of our sovereigns used

St. James's Palace as a regular residence, it is rife with memories. The most poignant of

them is that associated with Charles I., who here, in the Palace in which he had lived when Prince of Wales, spent his last days in harsh and galling captivity, secluded from his friends and denied all privacy. The day before his execution he took leave of his children. That night he slept four hours, the room dimly lighted by a great cake of wax set in a silver basin, and having roused his attendant, Sir Thomas Herbert, with the remark that "he had a great work to do that day," he engaged in prayer and presently took the Communion, and having fortified himself with a morsel of bread and a glass of claret lest he should show signs of faintness which his foes might misconstrue, he was ready for the walk through the Park to Whitehall. At St. James's Palace, too, Mary Tudor, deserted by her husband, spent her last days of wretchedness, dying

here in 1558 in her forty-second year. Between four and five o'clock in the morning (November 17th), feeling that her end was approaching, she asked that mass might be said, and as the benediction was spoken her head drooped and she expired. The viscera were separately coffined and buried in the chapel; the body was interred in Westminster Abbey. It was the custom, says Miss Strickland, "for the body of an English sovereign to be buried in royal array, but Mary had earnestly entreated that no semblance of the crown which had pressed so heavily on her brow in life might encumber her corpse in death. She requested that she might be interred in the habit of a poor *religieuse*."

Here Prince Henry, the elder brother of Charles I., died in his nineteenth year; here, too, died Anne Hyde, the first wife

of the Duke of York (James II.), with jesting Pilate's question "What is truth?" upon her lips. The story of the death of Queen Caroline, Consort of

George II., in which, though it was not without pathos, there was also an element of the grotesque, may once more be briefly

told. She was devoted to the King, and he in his strange way cherished affection for her, and when she advised him never to marry again, he sobbed out, "Non, j'aurai des maitresses!" "Ah! mon dieu!" was the Queen's response, "cela n'empêche pas."

In St. James's Palace were born Charles II., James II., and their sisters the Princesses

Mary and Elizabeth and Anne, the second of whom married the Prince of Orange and became 'mother of William III., while the third did not live to complete her fourth year. It was from here that the Duke of York, at the age of fifteen, escaped in the guise of a girl on the 20th of April, 1648, after having, with his brother the Duke of Gloucester and his sister the Princess Elizabeth, endured three years' detention. Years afterwards, when his elder brother had come by his own, he lived here with the Duchess, and during this period the Princesses Mary and Anne were born. Here fifteen years later the former was married at nine o'clock at night, in her bed chamber, to William of Orange. Here, too, James II.'s second wife, Mary of Modena, gave birth to Prince James Edward, the "Old Pretender," and though the event took place in the presence of the State officers of the palace, several royal physicians, and eighteen members of the Privy Council, besides many ladies, the populace firmly believed that the child had been introduced into the bed in a warming-pan. The Queen was attended by Mrs. Wilkins the midwife, whom the king, generous for once, rewarded with a fee of five hundred guineas.

When William of Orange reached London he installed himself at St. James's, and here the venerable Serjeant Maynard

uttered his happy *mot*. Alluding to his great age, the Prince said he must have outlived all the lawyers of his time. "And I had like to have outlived the law itself had not your Highness come," was the reply. Our two first Hanoverian kings dwelt at St. James's with their mistresses; here, too, lived George III. and Queen Charlotte, and here George IV. and most of their other children were born.

The Chapel Royal, entered from the Colour Court, to which the gate-house gives access, is nothing but a hall with a flat roof, handsomely fretted and painted after a design which has been attributed to Holbein, and with substantial fittings of the Georgian type. But here have been celebrated some notable royal marriages—among them those of

Chapel Royal.

membership of the choir, a sum of £20 from the Lord Chamberlain, and £10 with a Bible and Prayer-book from the Bishop of London. The adult members of the choir are known as “gentlemen of the Chapel Royal.”

The German Chapel Royal, on the east side of the Palace, nearly opposite the Friary Court, and sometimes styled the



THE NORTH FRONT OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE, 1766.

From a Drawing by P. Sandby.

George III. to the Princess Charlotte, of George IV. to Caroline of Brunswick, of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert, of their eldest daughter to the then Prince of Prussia, of King Edward to Queen Alexandra, and of the present Prince of Wales to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck. Here, too, Sir Christopher Wren married his second wife, Jane FitzWilliam, in 1676. The royal pew is in a gallery over the entrance. The boy choristers, whose services are requisitioned for State concerts at Buckingham Palace, are still known as “children of the Chapel Royal,” and still they wear scarlet frock-coats gorgeous with gold braiding. When their voices break they each receive, subject to a certificate of good behaviour during their

Friary Chapel, but now officially known as Marlborough House Chapel, was built by Charles I. for his Roman Catholic consort, from designs by Inigo Jones. At the Restoration it was

Marlborough House Chapel.

fitted up for Catherine of Braganza, who, as Pepys records, walked across the Park from Whitehall to its re-opening, resplendent in a gown of silver lace, and attended by the ladies of the Court. Until the fire of 1809 it adjoined the Palace, whereas now it seems to belong rather to Marlborough House, after which, as we have said, it is now named. When Pepys visited the chapel he went over the buildings which had been reared for the priests, on the site of the present Marlborough House. He describes one of the cells as “a



ST. JAMES'S PARK IN 1813.

From a Drawing by F. Mannskirsch.

very pretty little room, very clean, hung with pictures, and set with books," and thought the life of the occupant of the room a rather enviable one. In the kitchen he found "a good neck of mutton at the fire," and as the library also

Pepys as a Recluse.

met with his approval, he was quite inclined to wish himself "one of the Capuchins." Six months later, when he again attended the chapel during the celebration of mass, he was less happy, for one came up to him and bade him either kneel down or go out. "So," he says, "I went out." At the accession of William and Mary the Roman Catholic services were discontinued, and in 1700 the chapel was given over to French and German Protestants. The Sunday services now include one in Danish, according to the rites of the National Church of Denmark, in the afternoon.

Among the marriages celebrated in this chapel, according to Dr. Sheppard, was that of the Princess Anne, eldest daughter of George II., to the Prince of Nassau and Orange.

A Dauntless Bride.

The bridegroom was as ugly as an ogre, but the Princess was a lady who knew her own mind, for when her father, fearful lest she should find his society unendurable, warned her before the marriage that it was not too late to recede, she replied, "I would marry him even if he

were a baboon." She appears to have been attracted to the marriage by a love of power and rule, but as time went on she grew fond enough of her husband to be jealous of any attentions he paid to other women—though that is not saying much.

Clarence House, the large stuccoed mansion which adjoins the Palace on the west, was originally built for William IV. when Duke of Clarence. From about 1840 until her death, in 1861, it was the residence of the Duchess of Kent. In 1866 it was rebuilt for the late Duke of Edinburgh, afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and was remodelled by him in 1873-74 in prospect of his marriage with the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia. It is now the residence of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

Clarence House.

The most beautiful of our London parks was nothing but a marshy meadow belonging to the Hospital for Lepers until, having acquired the charity, Henry VIII. drained and enclosed it and formed it into "a nursery for deer." When Charles I. walked through it to the scaffold in Whitehall, pointing, it is said, to a tree near Spring Gardens as having been planted by his elder brother, Prince Henry, it had about it little of the character of a park. It was Charles II. who imparted to it that aspect by cutting through its entire length, roughly

St. James's Park.

from east to west, a canal and driving through it several broad and mostly straight walks, lined with trees. The result, prim and formal as it was, approved itself to the taste of that age, and the Park became a fashionable resort. In Birdcage Walk, the name of the road which borders the Park on the south, we have a reminiscence of the aviaries in which the King here kept his considerable collection of birds. Here too he kept a menagerie, as his father and grandfather had done before him. It was a favourite pastime of his to come here to play with his dogs and feed his ducks and bandy jests with his

**Charles II.
in the Park.**

familiars, and Colley Cibber tells us how pleased the common people were to see him so simply and pleasantly employed, so that they were ready to "overlook in him what in a prince of a different temper they might have been out of humour at." The broad avenue which bounded the Park on the north, now a processional road from Charing Cross to Buckingham Palace, with a magnificent triple arch at the eastern end designed

The Mall. by Sir Aston Webb, R.A., was formed in order that the game of pall-mall might be played here instead of on the other side of St. James's Palace

(p. 719). Near the west end of the canal, and on the south side of it, was a small sheet of water known as Rosamond's Pond, which became a favourite place of assignation for those who loved unwisely, so that it was "long consecrated," as Bishop Warburton said, "to disastrous love and elegiac poetry."

The pond was filled up in 1770, but it was not until the reign of George IV. that the Park began to assume its present aspect, the transformation being for the most part effected in 1827-29 by John Nash, who converted the canal into a winding lake, and laid out the ground with no lack of variety. It was then (1829) thrown open to the public by George IV. Before the canal was converted into a lake a flimsy Chinese bridge, with a pagoda, designed by Nash, was thrown across it for illumination during the Peace rejoicings of 1814. The suspension bridge across the lake at about its centre was built in 1857, and decorated by Sir Digby Wyatt, and at the same time the bed of the lake was cleared out and made of a virtually uniform level, the depth nowhere exceeding four feet. Wellington Barracks, on the south side of Birdcage Walk, where are accommodated two



THE "QUEEN'S LIBRARY," GREEN PARK.

From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

battalions of the Foot Guards, were originally built in 1834, but have since been enlarged. Here also is a large Renaissance building by Mr. Basil Slade, which is shared between His Majesty's Office of Works and Public Buildings and the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and a little to the east, in Great George Street, are the Surveyors' Institution and the Institution of Civil Engineers.

St. James's Park is attractive not only by reason of its rural and sylvan charms, but also because of the charming views to be had through the trees of the public buildings at Westminster and Whitehall, as well as of the palaces that surround it. And still, as in the days of Charles II., is it of special interest to the lover of birds, for the lake is the haunt of the Ornithological Society's varied collection of waterfowl, which have Duck Island, at the eastern end of the "canal," as the sheet of water is still sometimes called, for their breeding ground.

As the Park has associations with Charles I., so also has it memories of his arch-enemy.

It was while walking here with **Cromwell.** Bulstrode Whitelocke that Cromwell asked the latter, "What if a man should take upon him to be a king?" and was met with the unaccommodating answer, "I think that the remedy would be worse than the disease." By the great storm which raged while the Lord Protector lay dying in Whitehall Palace many of the largest trees in the Park were blown down. How fond the second Charles was of the Park we have seen; but we must recall the story of the reply he made to his brother when, a few days after the discovery of the Rye House Plot, the Duke found him walking here unattended and chid him for his imprudence. "Take care of yourself, brother James," was his reply, "for no man will kill me to make you king!" Even the first of our Hanoverian kings achieved a pleasantry when speaking of the Park. "The first morning after my arrival at St. James's," he remarked, according to Walpole's "Reminiscences," "I looked out of the window and saw a park with walls, canal, etc., which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal, and I was told that I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's

servant for bringing me my own carp out of my own canal in my own park."

Why the Green Park bears this very indistinctive appellation no one knows, nor can it be said why the road **Green Park.** which bounds it on the south, and separates it from the grounds of Buckingham Palace, is styled Constitution Hill. In the reign of James I. the area now covered by the grounds of the Palace and the Green Park was a farm, which appears in some old maps as Stonebridge Close, and it has also been known as Upper St. James's Park. The Park was much reduced in size by George III., who annexed a considerable part of it to the gardens of Buckingham House; it now measures fifty-four acres. Queen Caroline erected near the south-east angle of the Park, about the year 1730, a pavilion which was styled the "Queen's Library," and it was in visiting this place on a cold November morning, in 1737, that she took the chill that issued in her death. This building was destroyed by the Duke of York to make room for Stafford House; the Deputy-Ranger's Lodge, which was built by Robert Adam in 1768, on the north side of the Park, facing Down Street, has also disappeared, having been demolished in 1841.

Until George III. robbed the Green Park to add to the grounds of Buckingham House, Constitution Hill ran through the Park, instead of forming its southern boundary. Its western end is marked by the heavy structure known as the Green Park Arch, which had been erected at Hyde Park Corner, close by, in 1846, and was removed to this spot in 1883, an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington by Matthew Cotes Wyatt which it supported being, however, relegated to Aldershot. The privilege of driving along Constitution Hill was as jealously guarded in the eighteenth century as that of driving through the Horse Guards is in the twentieth, and it was in refusing to grant this privilege to a member of Parliament who deserved well of the Government of the day that George III. offered an Irish peerage as an alternative boon. Constitution Hill is associated with no less than three attacks upon the life of Queen Victoria, in the years 1840, 1842, and 1849.

On the east side of the Green Park are several mansions by whose gardens it is adjoined. The most southerly of these, between Clarence House and the Park, is Stafford House, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, to which Lord Morley, in his *Life of Gladstone*, does no more than justice when he styles it "the noblest of the private palaces of the capital."

Stafford House.

in 1827 York House, as it was called, was bought by the Government, who in 1841 sold it to the Duke of Sutherland for £72,000. The original architect was Benjamin Wyatt, but when the house was sold Sir Charles Barry was called in, and by him an upper storey was added, and also the hall and staircase. Though Stafford House has a gloomy exterior and suffers by comparison



Photo. Bedford Lemere & Co.

THE HALL AND STAIRCASE, STAFFORD HOUSE.

Queen Victoria paid it a yet higher compliment when she once came here from Buckingham Palace on a visit. "My dear," she said to Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, "I am come from my house to your palace." Built in the quadrangular form, with four fronts, all of them cased with stone, and with the principal entrance in the Stable Yard of St. James's Palace, it occupies the site of the Queen's Library and of Godolphin House, the last London residence of Charles James Fox, who here lay in state before being borne to Westminster Abbey. Stafford House was designed for the Duke of York, the second son of George III., who, however, did not live to inhabit it, and after his death

with its neighbour, Bridgewater House, which was wholly the work of Barry, its interior is universally admired. Its hospitable doors have often been thrown open to those interested in great causes, and it was here that Garibaldi and Gladstone met, when the Italian hero, in allusion to the English statesman's denunciations of the Neapolitan horrors, finely greeted him with the single word, "Précurseur!"

Bridgewater House, to the north of Stafford House, occupies the site of a mansion that was first known as Berkshire House, the town house of the first two Earls of Berkshire, and afterwards as Cleveland House, from Barbara

Bridgewater House.

Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, better known as Lady Castlemaine, into whose hands it came by royal gift. This beautiful and daring woman, whose intrigues almost outnumbered those of her royal lover, did not long inhabit it, for soon after she became Duchess of Cleveland (1670) she went to France and there spent the remainder of her days. The eldest of her sons was created Duke of Cleveland; the second, Duke of Grafton; the youngest, Duke of Northumberland. On the death of the Duke of Cleveland, in 1730, Cleveland House was acquired by the first Duke of Bridgewater and its name was gradually changed to Bridgewater House, but its former designation is still kept in memory by Cleveland Row, which continues Pall Mall westwards.

The present Bridgewater House, famous for its picture gallery even more than for its architectural glories, was built by Sir Charles Barry, in 1847-50, for Francis, Earl of Ellesmere, great-nephew of the last Duke of Bridgewater, who had died in 1803, leaving his pictures, valued even then at £150,000, to his nephew the Marquis of Stafford, with remainder to the Marquis's second son, Francis, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere. The picture gallery occupies the whole of the north side of the house, which in plan is almost a square, the south front being 140 feet in length, and the west front, overlooking the Green Park, 120 feet. Another notable house overlooking the Green Park, to the north of Bridgewater House, is Spencer

Spencer House.

House, the town residence of the Earls of Spencer, built for John, first Lord Spencer, who died in 1783. The rather sombre and heavy Park front, with a Doric colonnade supporting a pediment bearing statues, was the work of John Vardy.

The largest of the royal residences of England has associations that take us back to the reign of James I. Soon after his accession that sagacious monarch issued a circular recommending his lieges to plant mulberry trees upon which the silkworm might thrive, as had been done in France, and he set them an example by walling in four acres of what was then known as Upper St. James's Park, and there establishing a Mulberry Garden. It was not a success as a department of the

silk manufacture of this country, and in the reign of Charles I. it became a place of entertainment. But in its original form it survived long enough for the office of Keeper to be created, and this post, which soon became a sinecure, was bought for the sum of £406 by Lord Goring, one of King James's favourites, who built himself a house on land adjoining the Garden. Goring House stood on the site of Buckingham Palace, and it is not im-

possible indeed that some remains of it are incorporated in the present fabric. During the Common-

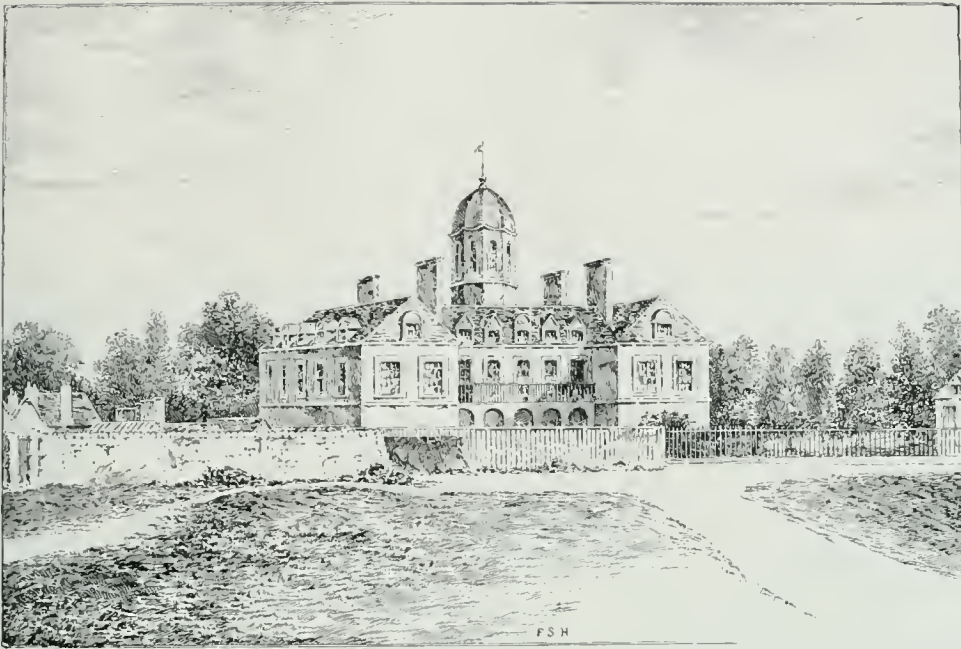
wealth Goring House was occupied by Speaker Lenthall, and after the Restoration it was bought by the same Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, who had a house on the other side of the Green Park, where it is still commemorated by Arlington and Bennet Streets. Arlington House, as it was sometimes called, perished by fire in 1674, but appears to have been rebuilt. Presently it passed into the hands of John Sheffield, Marquis of Normanby, and by him was once more rebuilt, from plans by a Dutchman of the name of Wynde, more generally known as Wynne. The Marquis of Normanby had been ambitious to marry the Princess Anne, and when he was refused had retired in dudgeon to the Continent, but he was not inconsolable, for he was thrice married, and curiously enough his third wife was Lady Catherine Darnley, half-sister of the Princess Anne—for she was one of the acknowledged natural children of James II. When the Princess ascended the throne she gave the Marquis a signal mark of her favour by creating him Duke of Normanby, and a few weeks afterwards Duke of the County of Buckingham, and making him Lord Privy Seal.

The Duke's mansion, now called Buckingham House, of red brick with stone dressings, and with two wings connected with the centre by colonnades, was left at his death in 1721 to the Duchess upon condition that she did not re-marry. Negotiations between her and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., for the sale of the house and grounds came to nothing, and it was reserved to George III. in 1761 to buy the property of Sir Charles Sheffield, the Duke's natural son and eventual heir, for £21,000. Fourteen years later,

Goring House.

Buckingham House.

Buckingham Palace.

GORING OR ARLINGTON HOUSE (*p.* 736).

in exchange for Somerset House in the Strand, it was settled by Act of Parliament upon Queen Charlotte, all of whose children, except the Prince of Wales, were born here. In the Queen's House, as it was called when it was settled upon Queen Charlotte, George III. stored his literary collections, now preserved in the British Museum, and it was in the library here that Dr. Johnson had his famous interview with the King. The doctor was

allowed the occasional use of the library by Barnard, its custodian, and once, quite unexpectedly, the King came in, simply announced by Barnard in the words, "Sir, here is the King." A free conversation between monarch and scholar followed, and during the whole of it, says Boswell, Johnson "talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the *levée*, and in the Drawing-room." At another visit of Johnson's to the Queen's House the young Prince of Wales came into the room and began to play, and Johnson questioned him as to the books he had read, and particularly as to his knowledge of the Scriptures, receiving answers "which gave him great satisfaction."

Under George IV. Buckingham Palace was greatly enlarged by Nash, who, however, was ill-advised enough to retain the height and proportions of Wynde's design. The alterations

The Palace Enlarged.

were not completed until after the accession of William IV., who, however, never lived in it. When Queen Victoria came to the throne the Palace was once more taken in hand, this time by Edward Blore, who removed the dome in the centre and made additions on the south side, and the young Queen entered into residence in July, 1837. Nine years later, further extensive works were undertaken by Blore, of which the chief were the erection of the incongruous east front, that which overlooks St. James's Park, and the addition of a storey to the rest of the building; and in 1850 the Marble Arch, which stood in front of the Palace, was removed to the north-east corner of Hyde Park. The part of the house which was built by Nash faces north, and overlooks the gardens. Architecturally the chief front is that which faces west, and overlooks the beautiful pleasure grounds; it has five Corinthian towers, the central one distinguished by a dome, and there is a balustraded terrace which is enriched with statuary by Flaxman and other artists. Considerable

alterations are now being made to the approach to the Palace on the east side, where a colonnade, designed by Sir Aston Webb, R.A., is to enclose a column eighty feet in height, supporting a winged figure of Victory, with a statue of Queen Victoria by Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A.,

grounds, beautifully laid out, though low in situation, contain a lake five acres in extent, as well as a pavilion embellished with frescoes illustrating Milton's *Comus*, from the pencils of Eastlake, Maclise, Landseer, Dyce, Stanfield, and other artists. At the south-east corner is the Royal Mews, with an extensive riding-



BUCKINGHAM HOUSE (*p.* 736).

embellished with allegorical figures of Truth and Justice and a group emblematic of Motherhood—the whole to form a National Memorial to Queen Victoria. When this great design is completed, Buckingham Palace, now visible from Charing Cross along the widened Mall, will be a less unworthy residence than it has hitherto been for the Sovereign of this realm. That the nation's memorial to Queen Victoria should take this form is appropriate enough, for here she lived during her long reign when in London, and here his present Majesty and his eldest sister, the late Empress Frederick, and most of the late Queen's other children were born. The

**National
Memorial
to Queen
Victoria.**

school, and here is preserved the gorgeous and elaborate State coach, constructed in 1761 at a cost of over £7,000, from designs by Sir William Chambers, and decorated by Cipriani. The carriage was not used by Queen Victoria after the year 1861, but since the accession of King Edward it has once more been on active service, and in it his Majesty and Queen Alexandra proceed to Westminster at the beginning of the Session to open Parliament. At the Royal Mews is also kept the Coronation carriage which was made for their Majesties, at a cost of over £7,500, of which much the greater part was expended upon the embellishments.

**The State
Coach.**

CHAPTER LXV

BELGRAVIA AND PIMLICO

Ebury Farm—The Grosvenors—Names in Belgravia—The Five Fields—Belgrave Square—Grosvenor Place—Grosvenor Gardens: the Scene of Pigott's Confession—St. George's Hospital—John Hunter's Death—Eaton Square—Sir Francis Chantrey—Pimlico—Thomas Cubitt—Millbank Penitentiary—The Tate Gallery—Zola in the Buckingham Palace Road—Victoria Station—Stafford Place—Tart Hall—Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral

WE have already seen how by the marriage of Mary Davies, at the age of eleven, the farm known by the name of Ebury—a part of the manor of Eia, which soon after the Norman Conquest was given to the Abbey of Westminster—passed into the hands of the Grosvenors and after many days made that ancient family one of the most opulent in the kingdom, and we have accompanied the reader over the northern part of the Grosvenor estate. In this chapter we have to do with the southern part of it, stretching from Hyde Park Corner to the Thames.

Belgravia, a name which at first denoted Belgrave Square and the streets immediately around, has gradually extended its scope until now it may be taken to include the district bordered by Buckingham Palace Road on the east, and the boundary of the City of Westminster—which follows the line of Lowndes Square, Lowndes Street, Chesham Place and Chesham Street—on the west, by Knightsbridge on the north and Pimlico Road on the south.

The names of the squares and streets are almost all borrowed from the titles and properties of the family to which the district belongs. Belgrave Square itself is named after a Leicestershire village where the Duke of Westminster has property and from which his viscounty is named; Eaton Square after Eaton Hall, in Cheshire, his principal seat; Chester Square after the ancient city which counts him as a near neighbour; Eccleston Street from Eccleston in Chester, where he possesses property; Halkin Street from a castle in Flintshire which is one of his seats; Wilton Crescent is a reminiscence of the marriage of

the first Marquis of Westminster to the daughter and heiress of Thomas Egerton, Earl of Wilton; while Grosvenor Place and Ebury Square speak for themselves. If we cross the Buckingham Palace Road into Pimlico we find Belgrave Road and Eccleston Square, with Hugh Street and Lupus Street, which have reference to that ancestor of the Duke's who came over at the Conquest and was the Conqueror's chief hunter (*gros veneur*).

Down to the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century Belgravia was known as the Five Fields, a desolate, swampy region which not long before had been a favourite haunt of footpads. Lying low, and with a clayey subsoil, it offered little inducement to its owner to seek to develop it into a building estate. But in 1826 Lord Grosvenor—the second Earl—obtained a special Act of Parliament authorising him to drain the site and raise the level, and Thomas Cubitt, the builder, set to work, removing the clay and making it into bricks, and building upon the gravel. The first part of the estate to be developed was Belgrave Square, which was built in 1825, the houses, except the detached ones at the angles, being designed by George Basevi, an architect who was born in London in 1794, and whose paternal aunt, Maria Basevi, married Isaac Disraeli, and was the mother of Lord Beaconsfield. The square has been from the beginning, and still is, much in favour with members of both Houses of Parliament, and it was at No. 29, on the south side, that the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, at the end of 1905, formed his Administration.

Chapel Street, which runs out of it on the

south-west, claims association with Mr. Swinburne, most distinguished of living poets, who was born here in 1837, his father being Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne and his mother Lady Jane Henrietta, daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. Chapel Street leads into Grosvenor Place, now lined on the west side with mansions in the French Renaissance style which overlook the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Between the south-east end of Grosvenor Place and Buckingham

Where Pigott Confessed.

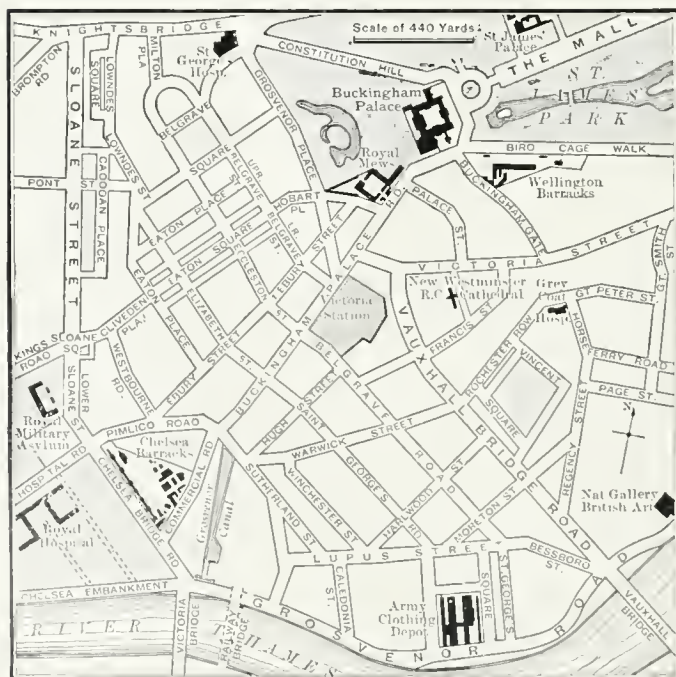
Palace Road is the street known as Grosvenor Gardens, where, at No. 24, Mr. Henry Labouchere was living in February, 1889, when Pigott, unable any longer to endure Sir Charles Russell's deadly cross-examination before the Parnell Commission, called to confess that he was the author of the famous letters condoning the Phoenix Park assassinations. Mr. Labouchere refused to hear anything except in the presence of a witness, and sent for his friend George Augustus Sala, who was then living in a flat in Victoria Street. When Sala arrived, the man appeared to be in no hurry to begin his confession, but at last, says Sala in his Autobiography, he took the plunge, speaking "in a low, half-musing tone, more at first as though he were talking

to himself than to any auditors." This was on a Saturday: when the Commission resumed on the Monday Pigott had fled, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension, but the wretched man did justice upon himself at the moment of his arrest, in a Spanish hotel, with a revolver.

At the north end of Grosvenor Place is St. George's Hospital, which was founded in 1733 as the result of a secession from Westminster Hospital, the house of Lord Lanesborough being acquired for the purpose. The present buildings, which occupy the same site, date from 1829, and were designed by William Wilkins, the architect of the National Gallery. The number of beds is 350, and the hospital is one of those to which a medical school is attached. Perhaps the most distinguished medical name associated with this institution is that of John Hunter, the great anatomist and physiologist, who died suddenly at the hospital. A sufferer from angina pectoris, he was very sensible of the risk in which a quick and hot temper, in conjunction with that terrible malady, involved him, and would often say that his life was in the hands of any rascal who chose to annoy him. On the 16th of October, 1793, he determined to attend a meeting of the governors of the hospital at which he apprehended that a personal dispute might arise, and he expressed to a friend a fear that such an encounter might be fatal to him. In the course of the meeting some statement that he made was met with a flat contradiction. He got up from his seat in speechless indignation, and as soon as he reached an adjacent room gave a deep groan and fell down dead.

St. George's Hospital.

John Hunter's Death.



MAP OF BELGRAVIA AND PIMLICO.

meeting of the governors of the hospital at which he apprehended that a personal dispute might arise, and he expressed to a friend a fear that such an encounter might be fatal to him. In the course of the meeting some statement that he made was met with a flat contradiction. He got up from his seat in speechless indignation, and as soon as he reached an adjacent room gave a deep groan and fell down dead.

Eaton Square, like Belgrave Square, has been a favourite haunt of legislators, both lords and commoners. The picture which W. Hilton, R.A., painted for the altar-piece of St. Peter's Church, in this square, "Christ Crowned with Thorns," was acquired in 1877 for the nation under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. Sir Francis Chantrey, by

the way, is associated with this immediate vicinity, for in Eccleston Street, in a house which has disappeared, he did much of his best work, including "The Sleeping Children," one of the treasures of Lichfield Cathedral. He left his fortune to the Royal Academy for the encouragement of English art, especially in sculpture, and the bequest, which yields up-

Eccleston Street runs across Chester Square, where, at No. 24, died Mrs. Shelley (Mary Godwin), the widow of the poet, on the 1st of February, 1851, in her fifty-fourth year. Thence Eccleston Street passes on to Ebury Street and Buckingham Palace Road, and so conducts us to Pimlico. This strange name, the origin of which has never been



THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

wards of £2,000 a year, became available at the death of Lady Chantrey in 1875, the first purchases being made in 1877. The policy of the Chantrey Trustees in limiting their purchases to works of art exhibited at the Royal Academy was often sharply criticised, and in 1904 a Committee of the House of Lords reported against this "unduly narrow construction" of the terms of the will and suggested that "a greater flexibility of method, by selection from studios, by purchase from private owners, and even occasionally at auction or from dealers, would largely increase the field of choice, and so tend to raise the standard of merit." The effect of this Report has been evident in a more catholic selection of pictures,

satisfactorily explained, may now be regarded as covering the region between the Vauxhall Bridge Road on the east, and the Pimlico. Buckingham Palace Road on the west, but formerly it included also the whole of what is now Belgravia, which no doubt felt bound to invent for itself a more genteel denominative.

The Thames in this region was embanked about the year 1854 by the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings, and is bordered along its whole length by Grosvenor Road. Here were the works of Thomas Cubitt, the builder of Belgravia and Pimlico. Quitting the firm which, in conjunction with William and Lewis Cubitt, he had founded in

A Master Builder.

the Gray's Inn Road in 1815, this great captain of industry commenced his operations in this part of the Metropolis in 1825, and died in 1855, leaving behind him an honourable reputation for philanthropy as well as for commercial enterprise and sagacity. In the year before his death, during his absence in the country, his works here were burnt down, involving him in a loss of some £30,000. His first words when he arrived at the scene of the disaster were, "Tell the men they shall be at work within a week, and I will subscribe £600 towards buying them new tools." His premises were eventually taken over by the Army Clothing Depôt, where many hundreds of women and men are employed in making clothing for our soldiers.

Near the eastern end of the Grosvenor Road, beyond Vauxhall Bridge, is the site of

Millbank Prison.

the Tate Gallery, Queen Alexandra's Military Hospital, with the central Military Nurses' Home, the Royal Army Medical College, Millbank Barracks, and a large group of model dwellings. The prison, first known as the Millbank Penitentiary, was built in 1813-16, to embody the views as to prison construction of Jeremy Bentham, at a cost of about half-a-million. It was a hexagonal building resembling a star fort, the six "bastions," each of them with five sides, radiating from a central circular chapel, and the whole being surrounded by an octagonal boundary wall. In his "Fifty Years of Public Service," Major Griffiths, who was once Deputy-Governor of the prison, records that at least a week's patient study of the building, with the help of a plan, was necessary to the mastery of its intricacies, and that one of his warders, whose sense of locality was weak, was in the habit, to the last, of "blazing" his track with a piece of chalk so that he might not get lost. The jail survived until 1903.

The National Gallery of British Art had its origin in the offer to the nation, in 1890, by the late Sir Henry Tate,

The Tate Gallery.

Bart., at that time plain Mr. Tate, the head of a firm of sugar-refiners, and well-known in art circles as a purchaser of modern pictures, of a series of fifty-seven paintings, subject to the proviso that they should not be under the control either of the National Gallery or of the South Ken-

sington Museum authorities. This stipulation led to delay in the acceptance of the offer, and the difficulty was only solved when Mr. Tate anonymously offered the sum of £80,000 for the erection of a Gallery on a site to be provided by the Government. Even then the donor and the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not agree upon a site, and it was not until there had been a change of Government that, three years after the first offer had been made, it was arranged that a part of the Millbank site should be appropriated to the purpose, Mr. Tate consenting that the Gallery should be administered by the Trustees of the National Gallery. The architect chosen was Mr. Sidney R. J. Smith, F.R.I.B.A., the work was begun in 1893, and the Gallery was opened by the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) in 1897. The generous donor, who had already expended over a hundred thousand pounds upon the building, at once set about its enlargement, and in 1899 extensive new galleries were ready for occupation. Nine years later a further enlargement, which the nation owes to Sir Joseph Duveen, a member of the eminent firm of Bond Street art dealers, was undertaken, to provide accommodation for the larger part of the great Turner collection of oil-paintings, water-colours, and drawings, for which there is not sufficient room at the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

The Gallery is marked, as to its exterior, by a Corinthian portico supporting a figure of Britannia. The galleries, built around a central hall that rises into a dome, are capitably lighted and ventilated, and, there being abundant space, the pictures are all admirably hung. The collection, in addition to Sir Henry Tate's pictures—which, by the way, are no longer kept together as he desired and, indeed, at first stipulated that they should be—includes a splendid series of paintings by George Frederick Watts, presented to the nation by the artist, the Vernon collection from Trafalgar Square, the Turner canvases and drawings, the works that have accumulated under the Chantrey bequest, and a number of sculptures. Fairly representative of *modern* British Art, it has no proper right to its official title of the National Gallery of British Art, and the simpler designation by which

the institution is generally known is on the whole to be preferred.

We have strayed just over the border of Pimlico to visit the Tate Gallery, and, having noted that the riverside at Millbank is now undergoing improvement, we must make our way to Buckingham Palace Road and so to Victoria.

As we follow its course we may remind ourselves that it was the scene of a curious incident in connexion with the late Émile Zola's flight to England in July, 1898, to escape the sentence of twelve months' imprisonment which had been pronounced against him as the author of the famous letter "J'accuse." The champion of Dreyfus, who had put up at the Grosvenor Hotel, and was anxious on various grounds to avoid recognition, was strolling along this road with M. Desmoulin and Mr. Ernest Vizetelly, the latter of whom

tells the story in "With Zola in England," when a lady whom they met was heard to remark to her companion, "There's M. Zola!" The exclamation alarmed them, and a change of quarters was decided upon. A day or two later Mr. Vizetelly called at his publisher's and was amazed when one of the partners greeted him with the remark, "So our friend Zola is in London!" "How do you know that?" he asked. "Why, my wife saw him yesterday in Buckingham Palace Road," was the reply. When Zola

was told the news he was much struck by the coincidence. "Mathematically," he remarked, "there were untold chances that this lady who recognised me might be some stranger's wife and that we might never more hear anything more of her. Yet you discover her identity at once. This is the kind of thing," he added, "which

occasionally occurs in novels, but which critics say never happens in real life."

At the western end of Victoria Street is the West End terminus of the London, Brighton and South Coast and of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railways, with the Grosvenor Hotel. In 1904 the enlargement of station and hotel was begun, the works including the widening of the Victoria Bridge, which, completed in 1857 from designs by Page, carries the lines across the Thames. The great undertaking, which involved an expenditure of over a

million sterling, was completed in 1908, and now, with its nine platforms, that together measure nearly two-and-a-quarter miles in length, Victoria Station is one of the largest in London. When M. Zola, who had no English, arrived alone at Victoria, he got into a cab and said, "Grosvenor Hotel." The honest cabman tried hard to explain to him that he was already there, but Zola suspected that he was trying to avoid a long journey and got into another cab, and was astonished to find that the



NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART: THE CENTRAL HALL.

journey had no sooner begun than it was ended.

Near the northern end of Buckingham Palace Road, on the west side, is Victoria Square, where (No. 8) is one of the dwelling places of Thomas Campbell, the poet, bearing a tablet affixed by the Duke of Westminster. On the east side of the road, in Palace Street, is St. Peter's Chapel, the scene of the ministrations of Dr. Dodd, hanged for forgery in 1777. Palace Street leads to Stafford Place, which bears a name that reminds us that, just outside the gate of St. James's Park, and close to Buckingham House, which it rivalled in size and splendour, stood Tart Hall, built, or enlarged,

Tart Hall. in the reign of Charles I. for the Countess of Arundel, from whom it passed to her second son, William Lord Stafford, one of the victims of Titus Oates's inventions, who suffered on Tower Hill in 1680. It is said that, though the house survived until 1720, the gateway was never opened after its hapless owner passed through it for the last time. The origin of the curious name is unknown.

A little to the east of the station, in Ashley Place, off Victoria Street, is the most important addition that has been

The Roman Catholic Cathedral. made since the building of St. Paul's to the ecclesiastical architecture of London, the magnificent cathedral church of the Roman Catholic diocese of Westminster. A site in Carlisle Place, close by, was bought for a cathedral so long ago as 1867, and the late Mr. Henry Clutton prepared plans for a church in the Gothic, having a general resemblance to Cologne Cathedral. But Cardinal Manning considered the time had not yet come to build, and it was left to his successor in the Archbishopric, Cardinal Vaughan, to carry out the scheme. In the meantime the present site had been secured by exchange and purchase, at a cost of £55,000, and now Mr. John F. Bentley prepared a design for a building in the Early Christian Byzantine style. His own preference was for the Gothic, but he was sensible of the force of the reasons urged against a church in that style—the much greater cost, and the desirability of not provoking comparisons with Westminster Abbey—and acquiesced. The foundation-stone was laid on the 29th of June, 1895,

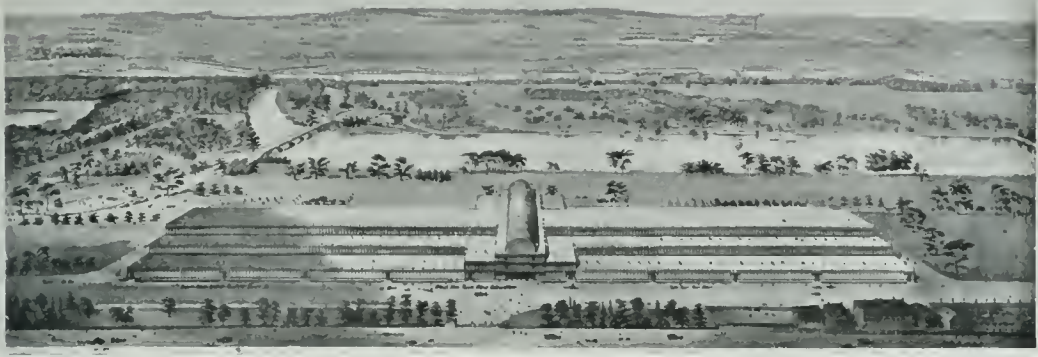
by Cardinal Vaughan, and on Ascension Day, 1902, Divine Office was for the first time chanted within the walls of the church; but it was not until 1903 that, with the completion of the beautiful campanile (St. Edward's Tower), the building was in a structural sense finished. As an architectural achievement the cathedral is all the more remarkable from the fact that Mr. Bentley was a Gothicism, just as the creator of the Gothic Houses of Parliament, not far away, was a Classicist. As is usually the fate of architects of great buildings, Mr. Bentley did not live to see the creation of his genius attain even structural completion, for he died in 1902.

The church, built of red brick banded with Portland stone, has for its chief exterior features the elaborate "west" front, with an entrance arch 40 feet in span, and St. Edward's Tower which, 284 feet in height, is only 31 feet less lofty than the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament; but every one of the façades has charm and dignity. Internally the church, though in wall and column and roof there are huge surfaces of bare brick which have not yet received their destined encrustation of marble and mosaic, conveys a sense of massiveness, of vastness, of harmonious proportions. Entering the porch, one sees beyond the narthex, or vestibule, a nave said to be wider and loftier than that of any other church in this country, flanked by aisles and side chapels, and with a roof rising into three low domes. Beyond the transept is the raised sanctuary, with a Lady Chapel on one side and the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament on the other, and at a still higher elevation is the apsidal choir, built over a semi-circular crypt where now rests all that is mortal of Cardinals Wiseman and Manning. Suspended from the chancel arch is an enormous crucifix made in Bruges from Mr. Bentley's design, and bearing on the reverse side a figure of the Mater Dolorosa. The high altar of grey granite, with its baldachino, the archiepiscopal throne, the marble pulpit, the porphyry font, all claim attention, as also do the chapels, among them that of St. Gregory and St. Augustine, founded by the late Lord and Lady Brampton, and the Vaughan Chantry, enshrining a recumbent marble statue of the Cardinal with whose memory this church will always be associated.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

WESTMINSTER ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

CHAPTER LXVI

HYDE PARK, KENSINGTON GARDENS, KNIGHTSBRIDGE

The Manors of Hyde and Neyte—Royal Manors—Hyde Park Sold—The “Ring”—Conflicts Gay and Grave—Hyde Park Corner—Cumberland Gate—The Story of the Marble Arch—The Achilles Monument—Rotten Row—The Dogs’ Cemetery—The Hyde Park Railings—The Great Exhibition—The Albert Memorial—The Serpentine—Kensington Gardens—Knightsbridge—Marriages at Holy Trinity and St. Paul’s—The “Railway King”—Kent House—Kingston House—The Barracks—Tattersall’s

Manors of Hyde and Neyte. IN the preceding chapter on Belgravia and Pimlico we were concerned with a manor, that of Ebury, which was anciently one of the appanages of the Abbot of Westminster; in the present chapter we have to deal with the two neighbouring manors of Hyde and Neyte, which also, for hundreds of years, formed part of the Abbot’s possessions. In early times these three manors were one, and were known as the manor of Ey or Eia, and the tract of land so appears in Domesday, but about the time that that work was compiled it was divided, all three divisions however coming into the hands of the Abbot of Westminster. The manor of Ebury, as we have seen, corresponds roughly with the Grosvenor estate, and comprises the regions now known as Pimlico, Belgravia, and Mayfair; the manor of Hyde is represented by Hyde Park, and the manor of Neyte by Kensington Gardens, and together these two pleasantries form much the largest of what Lord Chatham called the “lungs of London.”

Royal Manors. The manor of Ebury appears to have been leased away by the Abbots of Westminster, but those of Hyde and Neyte remained in their hands until the dissolution of the monasteries, when, together with the advowson of Chelsea, they were seized by Henry VIII., who gave the Berkshire Priory of Hurley in very inadequate exchange for them. Already possessed of the land now known as St. James’s and Regent’s Parks, the King by the acquisition of the manor of Hyde found himself the lord of a hunting demesne extending from his palace at Westminster to the heights of Hampstead. Larwood, in his “History of the London Parks,” conjectures that it was now that the manor of Hyde became a park, that is, was enclosed with a paling, for the better preservation of game. So things remained until war broke out between Charles I. and Parliament. Hyde Park had already been an occasion of difference between him and some of his London lieges, for in it were a number of large ponds fed by



SCENE IN HYDE PARK IN 1793.

From a Drawing by Edward Dayes.

the West Bourne on its way from Hampstead through Kilburn and Bayswater to the Thames at Pimlico, and from these ponds the western parts of London drew their supplies of water until they were debarred from doing so on the ground that there was not enough water left for the King's deer. Now, when hostilities broke out, the trained bands of the City were drilled in Hyde Park, and after the execution of the King the Park, by order of Parliament, was sold "for ready money" in three lots, realising

Hyde Park Sold.

£17,068 2s. 8d. A few months afterwards Evelyn indignantly records (April 11th, 1653) how when he went to take the air in the Park "every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State, as they were called." The alienation was of short duration, for at the Restoration the sale was treated as null and void and the unfortunate purchasers found that they had made a very bad bargain.

By the reign of Charles I. a circle in about the centre of the northern half of the Park, known as the "Ring," had become famous as the scene of both foot and horse races. Now, under Charles II., the Ring became a fashionable drive and promenade, a rather

monotonous one, it would seem, for it is described by a French traveller (Misson) early in the eighteenth century as only two or three hundred paces in diameter, and its total length was about three hundred yards. At one time it was the fashion for ladies who frequented the Ring to wear masks, but the practice was not found to be conducive to good manners and in the reign of William III. it became necessary to close the Ring to those who were so disguised. The Ring retained its popularity until in the reign of George II. it was partly destroyed in the formation of the Serpentine. It was still traceable on the high ground near the barracks towards the middle of the last century, and upon a part of the site there now stands the tea-house which was opened in 1909.

It was in the Ring that, according to a story told by Pope to Spence, the Duchess of Cleveland flung her cap at

Flirtation. Wycherley, the dramatist. One day as he passed her coach she leaned out of the window and exclaimed, with assumed indignation, "Sir, you're a rascal; you're a villain." From that moment, the story goes on, Wycherley entertained hopes. The next morning he waited upon the lady and in melancholy tones begged to

know what offence he had given her. It is not difficult to imagine the kind of dialogue that followed, or to believe that from that time the handsome dramatist was one of the Duchess's special favourites.

The Ring, too, was the scene of conflicts of a more deadly kind than that between people who were anxious to flirt or enter
Duels. into intrigues with each other.

Here in the early morning of the 15th of November, 1712, took place the savage duel between Lord Mohun, the notorious swashbuckler, and the Duke of Hamilton, in which both combatants fought with the fury of wild beasts. Soon after swords were crossed the duke was wounded in both legs, while his antagonist was pierced in the groin, through the arm, and elsewhere. The blood flowed freely on both sides, says Sir Bernard Burke in his "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," and "rage lent them that almost supernatural strength which is so often seen in madmen. If they had thought little enough before of attending to their self-defence, they now seemed to have abandoned the idea altogether. Each at the same time made a desperate lunge at the other; the duke's weapon passed right

through his adversary, up to the very hilt; and the latter, shortening his sword, plunged it into the upper part of the duke's left breast, the wound running downwards into his body, when his grace fell upon him." The seconds also, Colonel Hamilton for the duke and Major Macartney for Lord Mohun, had fallen to, and presently Macartney was disarmed; but it was just at this moment that the principals fell, and, flinging away both swords, Colonel Hamilton rushed to the duke and raised him in his arms. As he did so, Macartney picked up one of the swords and stabbed the duke to the heart over Colonel Hamilton's shoulder. This at any rate was the story told by the duke's friends, but it was indignantly denied, and one would fain hope that it was not true. Macartney fled to Holland, and proclamations were issued against him, but he did not surrender himself for trial until some years afterwards, and he was then found guilty of manslaughter. Both the duke and Lord Mohun died on the spot. "I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was an honest, good-natured man," wrote Dean Swift to one of his correspondents; of his antagonist he curtly says: "The dog Mohun was killed on the spot."



HYDE PARK IN 1745

From a Drawing by Anthony Highmore, jun.

In the reign of Charles II, Hyde Park was re-stocked with deer and enclosed with a brick wall, for which, under George II., was substituted a loftier and stronger one from six to eight feet high, which a horse belonging to a Mr. Bingham is recorded to have leaped in the year 1792. When George IV. was king the wall was replaced by railings. As late as the year 1826 the south side of the Park was disfigured by the Duke of Gloucester's Riding School, built in 1768, and by an engine-house belonging to the Chelsea Water Company.

The chief entrances to the Park are that at Hyde Park Corner, its south-eastern termination—a handsome gateway with three arches connected by an Ionic screen, erected in 1828 by Decimus Burton, and embellished with friezes imitated from the Elgin marbles in the British Museum—and that at the north-eastern corner, the Cumberland Gate, known as the Tyburn Gate until its name was changed out of compliment to the “hero of Culloden.” Here stands the Marble Arch,

Marble Arch.

one of the works of George Nash, who is said to have modelled it upon the Arch of Constantine, at Rome. Its original cost was not less than £75,000, although it was never finished, for the façades were to have been much more elaborately enriched, and the attic was to have been carried much higher and to have supported an equestrian statue of George IV. flanked with military trophies. The structure has no beauty, either of proportion or of ornamentation, and since it supports nothing it serves no purpose but that of a frame for the iron gates which occupy its three archways. For these defects Nash is hardly to be held responsible, but he ought to have known that white marble was no suitable stone for exposure to the atmosphere of London. Intended for the especial entrance of the Sovereign and the royal family to Buckingham Palace, the arch was to have been connected with the Palace by a colonnade; but this, again, was never done, and when the Palace was enlarged this meaningless erection was removed to its present site, where it stands a monument of extravagant folly. The statue which it was to have supported is that which is to be seen at the north-east corner of Trafalgar

Square. The reliefs on the north side are by Westmacott, those on the south side by Baily.

The story of the Marble Arch is in fact a story of blunders and frustrated intentions from beginning to end. The central archway, as at first built, was found to be too narrow to admit the royal State coach. The beautiful central gates, designed and cast by Samuel Parker of a bronzed alloy, terminate at the springing of the arch, but originally there was a frieze for the semi-circular heading, with the royal arms in the centre and State crowns at the sides. This frieze was irreparably damaged owing to the almost incredible negligence of Government officials in removing the gates from the foundry in a common waggon without any packing!

The Marble Arch has now become more meaningless than ever, for it is no longer an entrance to the Park, but is quite isolated, a portion of the Park having been appropriated for the extension of the roadway, in the middle of which the arch now stands, and a new and handsome entrance to the Park having been formed, with gates of beautiful hammered ironwork, designed by Mr. W. E. Riley, F.R.I.B.A., the superintending architect of the London County Council. The scheme, which has given welcome relief to the congested traffic at this spot, where Park Lane and the Edgware Road join Oxford Street and the Bayswater Road, was suggested by Mr. F. W. Speaight, and was carried out in 1908, the London County Council bearing the lion's share of the cost.

Whatever the defects of the Marble Arch, there is no compensation for them to be found in the statuary of the Park. On a mound facing the entrance at Hyde Park Corner and Apsley House is Westmacott's Achilles statue, which, cast from cannon captured in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, represents the gratitude of the ladies of England to the Duke of Wellington “and his brave companions in arms.” As Leigh Hunt remarks in “A Saunter through the West End,” the figure “seems to be manifesting the most furious intentions of self-defence against the hero towards whose abode it is looking, and in whose honour it was set up.” The monument, copied in part from one of the Dioscuri on the Monte Cavallo at Rome, was set up in 1822.

Just as no one knows why Constitution Hill, in the Green Park, bears that designation, so we are driven to guesswork to account for Rotten Row, the track reserved for equestrians between the Serpentine and The Drive, the avenue which skirts the Park on the south side. Between the two favourite theories, that which finds the derivation in the soft soil of which the track is composed, and that which treats the name as a corruption of *Route du Roi*, the route kept sacred to royalty, there is not much to choose. Though about the latter derivation there is a simple and easy look which at once excites distrust, it is the fact that the only subject who has the right to drive in the Row is the Duke of St. Albans, as Hereditary Grand Falconer, and that he still asserts his privilege once a year. This etymology, therefore, is not absolutely *in vacuo*. On the north side of the Serpentine is another drive, known as the Ladies' Mile;

Ladies' Mile.

and there is another track for equestrians on the north side of the Park, between the Marble Arch and the Victoria Gate, continued on the west side. Close to the Victoria Gate is the Dogs' Cemetery, where some three hundred canine pets sleep in graves bedecked with flowers and distinguished by inscribed headstones, one of which takes the form of a broken column.

Dogs' Cemetery.

It is not necessary to be in any special sense a dog-lover to see something honourable in the sentiment which leads women—and men—to care for the resting-places of faithful four-footed friends, even when there are no special circumstances such as are suggested by the laconic inscription, "Fritz, a Martyr." For some years the cemetery has been "closed," all the available space having been used.

Though the democratic cab is limited to a single roadway, Hyde Park, with its flower-beds that in due season blaze with colour, is pre-eminently the people's pleasure-ground. Its popularity may be gauged by the fact, mentioned by Mrs. Tweedie in her volume "Hyde Park, its History and Romance" (1908), that besides the hundreds of free benches, there are as many as five-and-thirty thousand chairs in the Park. Near the Marble Arch an almost perpetual stream of political oratory flows, and from time to time vast demonstrations take place here in

the interests of various political causes. No Government is likely to repeat the blunder made by Lord Derby's Administration in 1866 in prohibiting a demonstration which had been organised in favour of Household Suffrage for the towns. The Reform League, holding that the Government had no right to proclaim the demonstration, persisted in it, and a number of processions marched to the Park on the 23rd of July, to find the gates closed and guarded by policemen. The leaders, having made their claim, retired with the more law-abiding of the demonstrators, intending to dispute the action of the Government by legal methods, but a large crowd was left behind, and presently down went the Park Lane railings and in rushed the crowd. The police used their staves freely, and there was a good deal of stone throwing, but though there were many complaints against the officers of the law of needless violence, no great harm was done. But the Home Secretary, Mr. Spencer Walpole, too gentle a man for his post, lost his head, and the next day, when Mr. Edmond Beales and other members of the Reform League went to him in deputation to advise him to withdraw the police and military from the Park and leave the Reformers to preserve order, assuring him that all the way through no disturbance had been intended, he broke down and wept. He was ill-advised enough, however, to proclaim another Reform demonstration in the Park in the following year (May 6th); but the Government found out that while the Crown had the control of the Park and the right of prosecuting trespassers, it had no power to prohibit a meeting in advance, and they had, therefore, to give way and allow the meeting to be held, with the result that Mr. Walpole resigned his post, without, however, leaving the Government.

In the modern history of Hyde Park much the most salient event is the Great Exhibition, for which Sir Joseph Paxton built his huge palace of glass on the south side of the Park, in the neighbourhood of the Prince of Wales Gate. The idea originated with the Prince Consort, who expounded it to the Society of Arts, of which he was President, at a meeting at Buckingham

Politics in the Park.

The Great Exhibition.

Palace on the 30th of June, 1849, and early in 1850 a Royal Commission was appointed "for the promotion of the Exhibition of the Works of All Nations," with the Prince at its head. But for his skilful advocacy and tireless energy and persistency the scheme would probably have come to nought, for if on the one hand it raised the most extravagant hopes that it would usher in an era of universal and enduring peace, on the other hand it encountered a hostility which was as silly as it was rabid. No sooner had the Commission determined upon Hyde Park as the most suitable site for the Exhibition than there was a fierce outcry against the "profanation" which the Park would suffer. The shrillest voice raised in protest was that of Lord Brougham, who rather churlishly denounced "that absolute prostration of the understanding which takes place even in the minds of the bravest when the word 'prince' is mentioned in this country." It took the building committee a long time to regard with favour Paxton's scheme for a palace of glass and iron, obvious as seems the suitability of such materials for a structure that was intended to stand for a few months only; but at last Paxton's plan was accepted, the building was begun on the 26th of September, 1850, and by the end of the following January little remained to be done but to decorate it.

With the construction of the building, the Prince Consort, ably seconded by Sir Henry Cole, the most active member of the executive committee, representing the Society of Arts, and by Dr. Lyon (afterwards Lord) Playfair, who was appointed to form a link between the executive committee and the Royal Commission, had brought the great enterprise within a measurable distance of completion. But even now the croakers

**Prophets
of Evil.**

still indulged their dismal forebodings. The public would be inoculated with a taste for foreign goods, the influx of visitors would lead to desolating epidemics, the foreigners who would swarm to the capital would seize and sack it! Within a few days of the opening a new scare arose. In the Palace were three fine trees which the Commissioners of Woods and Forests had very properly refused to allow to be cut down, and Paxton had therefore included in his design a dome lofty

enough to span them. It was now seriously urged that these trees harboured so many sparrows that all the rich goods displayed in the Exhibition would be spoiled. This silly figment received its quietus from a provincial journal which published a delicious skit that covered it with ridicule.

The writer gravely recounted how the plague of sparrows disconcerted the Prince, how Lord John Russell suggested that the Guards should be sent into the building to shoot them, how when this plan had been put aside Lord Palmerston was called in, and with a smile proposed that birdlime should be put upon the branches, and how at last the Duke of Wellington was sent for, and after a consultation with Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, oracularly uttered the word "Sparrow-hawks." Meanwhile "the sparrows had sent out scouts. When they heard that Lord John Russell had been summoned they twittered and seemed to be amused. When Lord Palmerston went they showed signs of anxiety, but ultimately flew about as usual. When their scouts informed them that the Duke of Wellington had gone to the Palace all the sparrows congregated in the tree nearest to the door, and as soon as the advice of sparrow-hawks was communicated they flew in a body out of the door, and the Exhibition was never again troubled with their presence." At last the croakers felt that they had been made to look silly, and they ceased to croak.

With great state the Exhibition was opened on the 1st of May (1851) by Queen Victoria, who was accompanied by the Prince Consort and by other members of the Royal Family. In his "Memoirs" Lord Playfair records a curious incident that happened while the Hallelujah Chorus was being sung. "A Chinaman, dressed in magnificent robes, suddenly emerged from the crowd and prostrated himself before the throne. Who he was nobody knew. He might possibly be the Emperor of China himself who had come secretly to the ceremony, but it was certain that he was not in the programme of the procession, and we who were in charge of the ceremony did not know where to place his Celestial Highness. The Lord Chamberlain was equally perplexed, and asked the Queen and the Prince Consort for instructions.

We were then told that there must be no mistake as to his rank, and that it would be best to place him between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Wellington. In this dignified position he marched through the building, to the delight and amazement of all beholders." The next day it was ascertained that this illustrious Chinaman was the keeper of a Chinese junk which was lying in the Thames for exhibition at a shilling a head.

effort the Queen and the Prince preserved their gravity until they had left the stall.

The Exhibition which had prompted such black forebodings was in every sense a brilliant success. It was open for **Triumph.** 114 days, and when it was closed, on the 11th of October, the number of visitors had reached the enormous total of nearly six and a quarter millions, averaging 43,536 a day, and their admission



Photo Victoria Agency.

THE NEW ENTRANCE TO HYDE PARK, WITH THE MARBLE ARCH BEHIND (p. 748).

On the occasion of one of their frequent visits the Queen and the Prince Consort had their attention called by Playfair to the stall of an engraver on glass who had spent two or three years of diligent labour upon an enormous jar. The exhibitor had frequently begged Playfair to do him this service, but now that the great moment had come he completely lost his head, and when the Queen asked him to explain the meaning of a compartment of his masterpiece which represented a boy jumping out of a boat to the land he blurted out, "The boy, madam, is the Prince of Wales, and the eye is the Eye of God looking out with pleasure for the moment when his Royal Highness will land on his kingdom and become the reigning sovereign." By a great

fees amounted to £506,100, which left a surplus of about £180,000. Sir Henry Cole's advice that the building should be preserved in Hyde Park as a palace for the people failed to find general favour, and it was taken down during the year 1852 and re-erected at Sydenham, where it was opened by Queen Victoria in 1854.

When, after the death of the Prince Consort (December 14th, 1861), a movement was set on foot to provide a national memorial of him, it was suggested that the monument should be reared on the site of the Exhibition which he had originated and had so zealously promoted, but the spot finally chosen was a little distance further westward, in Kensington Gardens, where it faces the Royal Albert

The Albert Memorial.

Hall and those national institutions which, as we shall see in a later chapter, were the fruit of the Exhibition. Upon the memorial the enormous sum of more than £130,000, provided partly by subscriptions and partly by a parliamentary grant of £50,000, was lavished. The design was furnished by Gilbert Scott, and it was for this piece of work and not for his far greater achievements as an ecclesiastical architect that he was knighted; the gilded statue of the Prince, seated, with a copy of the catalogue of the Exhibition in his hand, beneath a Gothic canopy glittering with gilt and mosaics, and rising into a spire of tabernacle work that carries a cross, was the work of Foley; for the statuary at the angles of the flights of steps, illustrating, in Scott's intention, the arts and sciences which the Prince fostered and the undertakings which he originated, the services of all the leading sculptors of the day were requisitioned. A structure of dazzling splendour it certainly is, the most sumptuous and most gorgeous memorial in the kingdom; but who can say that it sorts with the qualities and virtues of the Prince whom it commemorates?

The Serpentine, partly in the Park and partly in the Gardens, owes its existence to Queen Caroline, the consort of George II., who conceived the idea of forming the West Bourne, and the ponds and pools of which we have already spoken, into one large sheet of water. The work was begun in 1730, and occupied three years, the King supposing that the cost was defrayed out of the Queen's own purse, whereas, as was discovered after her death, Sir Robert Walpole provided £20,000 of the King's money for the carrying out of the scheme. The West Bourne, which, having become the Bayswater sewer, polluted the stream, was cut off in 1834, and some years afterwards the bed of the Serpentine was thoroughly cleaned out, and arrangements were made with the Chelsea Waterworks Company to supply a constant stream of pure water. The Serpentine leaves Hyde Park by a subterranean channel beneath the Albert Gate, at Knightsbridge, and is thence conducted into the main drainage system. At the point where it bends westwards it is spanned by a graceful stone bridge, built by the Rennies in 1826.

**The
Serpentine.**

The area of Hyde Park is 361 acres, and that of Kensington Gardens 275 acres, so that together they make a magnificent pleasure ground of considerably over 700 acres. The Gardens are noticed in this chapter, for the larger part of the area is in the city of Westminster. Of the remainder, the greater portion is in the borough of Paddington, and only the strip west of the Broad Walk is in the royal borough whose name the Gardens bear. Though they are continuous with Hyde Park, there is a well-marked difference between the two demesnes, the Gardens being much more umbrageous and rural than the Park. They are under different regulations also, the Gardens being strictly reserved for pedestrians, and whereas in the reigns of the two first Georges they were affected by the fashionable, they are now much more the resort of children and nursemaids. Many fine old trees have had from time to time to be cut down, but there is still an abundance of shade here, and though in "Henrietta Temple" Disraeli falls into absurd exaggeration when he speaks of the Gardens as "a sublime sylvan solitude, superior to the cedars of Lebanon, and inferior only in extent to the chestnut forest of Anatolia," there are still many cool and sequestered spots where one may feel the mood which inspired Matthew Arnold to write his well-known verses:

"In this lone, open glade I lie,
Screen'd by deep boughs on either hand;
And at its end, to stay the eye,
Those black-crowned, red-boled pine trees stand!

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar."

Kensington Gardens were a favourite strolling-place of the late Sir John Millais, as we learn from the "Life and Letters," by his son, Mr. J. G. Millais. In them he found compensation for the absence of a garden to his house in Palace Gate. "After all, I am but a few steps from the country," he would say. And his niece, Miss Jamieson, has recorded that the last walk she had with him, about a fortnight before he was

**Kensington
Gardens.**

**Millais
and the
Gardens.**



IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

confined to his house, was in these Gardens. "It was late in the afternoon of a spring day, the sun shining brightly, and a cold east wind. He told me he would take and show me something beautiful. We went into the Gardens to a spot where there was a magnificent magnolia in full blossom. . . He could not speak above a whisper, but pointed constantly with his stick to these flowers and the different spring blossoms that he loved so well, making his usual remark of the delight it was to have such Gardens so near at hand to walk in."

When William III. acquired Kensington Palace, the Gardens, which did not exceed twenty-six acres, were laid out with the formality then in vogue. They were extended by Queen Anne, and afterwards by the Queen (Caroline) who had the Serpentine made, and it has often been said that she enlarged them by cutting off a large slice from Hyde Park; and Mr. Ernest Law, in his *Historical Guide to the Palace*, quotes from documents at the Record Office in support of this view. But Mr. Loftie, in his "*Kensington, Picturesque and Historical*," maintains that what Queen Caroline did was to enlarge the Gardens by taking land from Nottingham Park, that is the park attached to Nottingham House, and his suggestion is that one writer after another has confused between Nottingham Park and Hyde Park. The Queen also

planted avenues of trees, including the Broad Walk, and made the Round Pond; and since her day much has been done to improve the pleasance by successive landscape gardeners. At first the private preserve of the Royal Family, the Gardens, in the reign of George II., were thrown open on Saturdays, when the Court was at Richmond, to such of the public as could appear in full dress. In the early years of the nineteenth century they were accessible to the general public from spring to autumn, and thirty years later they are described as being open "all the year round, to all respectably dressed persons, from sunrise till sunset." Once there were found affixed to one of the seats the following lines, which claimed to have been pencilled by "a young lady of nineteen":—

"Poor Adam and Eve were from Eden turned out
As a punishment due to their sin;
But here after eight, if you loiter about,
As a punishment you'll be locked in."

We may add that the division between Park and Gardens is marked not by the Serpentine but by the road running north-eastwards from the Alexandra Gate to the bridge over the stream, and thence by a sunk fence which runs northward to within a few feet of the Bayswater Road, where are the works which pump the water into the Serpentine. At this the north-eastern angle of the Gardens are a statue of Edward Jenner, of vaccination fame, and the Alcove, of which we shall speak presently (p. 760). A recent

addition to the statuary of the Gardens is a bronze cast of George Frederick Watts's mighty equestrian group, "Physical Energy," which is to be seen between the Round Pond and the Serpentine, facing the Palace.

The name of the region on the south side of Hyde Park is derived from a bridge which crossed the West Bourne; but **Knights-bridge.** why the bridge bore this name no one knows, and it were a waste of space to discuss the various theories. The district to which in recent times the name has been applied is not much more determinate than is the derivation, but roughly we may take it as the strip of ground which borders the Park on the south from Hyde Park Corner on the east to Exhibition Road on the west. In the reign of Edward III. (1361), Knightsbridge is spoken of as a town; in the year 1780 it is defined in Thornton's "Survey of London" "as a village a little to the east of Kensington," and it was not until the early years of the nineteenth century that it became an integral part of London.

Knightsbridge has no very notable ancient memories; but the church of the Holy Trinity, which until a few years ago was to be seen close to the Albert Gate, occupied the site of a chapel which, as far back as the end of the sixteenth century, was attached to a lazar-hospital "for sick, lame or impotent people." It was rebuilt when

Laud was Bishop of London, and again, in its present form, in 1861. It was one of the places of worship where, **Marriages at Holy Trinity.** before the passing of Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act in 1753, irregular marriages were celebrated, and here it was that Sir Samuel Morland, the seventeenth century lawyer and inventor, was entrapped into a marriage with Mistress Mary Ayliss, who became his fourth wife. Eighteen days later he records, almost with tears, how, expecting to marry an heiress, he was "led as a fool to the stocks and married a coachman's daughter not worth a shilling." As the poor man was sixty-two he could have had small hope of leading a fifth bride to the altar. The most famous of the marriages recorded in the register of Holy Trinity is that of Sir Robert Walpole to the granddaughter of Lord Mayor Sir John Shorter in 1700, a union of which the fruit was Horace Walpole, whose lively writings have scattered gleams of brightness over so many books from his day to our own.

A much better known church than Holy Trinity is St. Paul's, Wilton Place, a little to the south-west. It has no **St. Paul's.** more ancient memories than those of ritual controversies, for it dates only from 1843, when it was built from designs by Thomas Cundy, but of late years it has rivalled and even surpassed St. George's, Hanover Square, as a church of fashionable marriages.

Lying on the main road from London to Kensington and Brentford, Knightsbridge had, of course, its inns in by-gone days, such as the "Swan," **Knightsbridge Inns.** the "World's End," and the "Old Fox," afterwards the "Fox and Bull," which survived until a few years ago. To the last of these inns, which stood close to the Albert Gate, the body of poor Harriet Shelley, the poet's first wife, was brought when it had been recovered from the Serpentine, in November, 1816. At the first of them was hatched the plot for assassinating King William III. in 1694, a plot in which the ringleaders were two Jacobites whose names, by an anticipatory coincidence, were Barclay and Perkins. The scheme was disclosed by one of the accomplices, and Barclay and Perkins were duly hanged at Tyburn.



GEORGE HUDSON, THE "RAILWAY KING."

After the Portrait by Francis Grant, A.R.A.

Of the more notable houses of Knightsbridge, the one to which we first come as we make our way towards Kensington is the French Embassy, the large house on the east side of Albert Gate—one of the most palatial residences in the West End, to which, a few years ago, a splendid ballroom was added. Built by Thomas Cubitt, it was sold by him for £15,000 to George Hudson, the speculator on whom Sydney Smith bestowed the title of the "Railway King," while

**The
"Railway
King."**

Carlyle fiercely denounced him as "a big, swollen gambler." A native of York, he had served his apprenticeship to a linen-draper in that city, of which he was afterwards thrice Lord Mayor. After a while, from a hero whom all sections of the community delighted to honour, Hudson became an object of suspicion and detraction, and a mark for the shafts of the caricaturists. In 1853, in an action brought by the York and Midland Railway, the Rolls Court adjudged him to account for all the shares which he had appropriated, as well as for those alleged to have been presented to persons of influence in Parliament to facilitate the passing of the Company's Bill, and he shared the ruin which he had brought upon multitudes of the victims of the railway mania, and at last was only spared the pangs of dire poverty by the charity of former friends. He died in London in 1871. It is a curious circumstance that the Stock Exchange expression "stags" originated in the fact that on the pedestals of the Albert Gate, hard by Hudson's house, are the stags of Bartolozzi, which adorned the Deputy-Ranger's Lodge in the Green Park.

Kent House, opposite the Riding School of the Barracks, the residence of Louisa Lady Ashburton, occupies the site of a house which, pulled down in 1870, was named after the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, and was afterwards divided and occupied by the Earl of Derby and Sir George Cornwall Lewis. At Stratheden House, next door to it on the west side, Lord Campbell wrote his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," and here,

in 1861, he died. A little further west is the stuccoed building designated Kingston House, the residence of the Elizabeth Chudleigh who was convicted of bigamously marrying the aged Duke of Kingston. She was probably the

**Kingston
House.**



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

STAG ON ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK.

only woman who ever tried to prove in a court of law that she was not entitled to wear a countess's coronet, for the case against her was that years before her marriage to the Duke she had secretly married the Earl of Bristol, at that time a young naval officer with small prospects of succeeding to the title. A later owner of Kingston House was the Marquis of Wellesley, the able statesman and administrator whose fame has been overshadowed by the renown of his younger

brother, the "great Duke." It was said that when the Duke visited the head of the family here in Kingston House he was sometimes kept waiting, and that on one occasion he remarked, "I believe my brother thinks he is still Governor-General of India and that I am only Colonel Wellesley." A little further along the main road—at No. 49, Prince's Gate—is the famous "Peacock room" which Whistler decorated in 1876-77.

The red-brick barracks on the north side of Knightsbridge, overlooking Hyde Park,

The Barracks. date from 1879, when they were built from designs by T. H. Wyatt to replace a range of dull, heavy brick buildings reared in 1794-95; the riding school had been built by Philip Hardwick in 1857. A little further east, at the junction of Brompton Road with the main road, is Mr. Onslow Ford's equestrian statue of Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn of Jhansi, cast from guns taken by that warrior in 1858, and erected by his "friends and comrades" in 1895, ten years after his death at the ripe age of eighty-two. Close by is Tattersall's, the famous auctioneering mart for horses, and a gathering-

place for those connected with the turf—the institution which Baedeker defines as "the

Tattersall's. Englishman's substitute for the Continental lotteries." The business of the firm itself, however, is confined to the selling of horses and carriages. It was founded in 1773 by Richard Tattersall, stud-groom to the last Duke of Kingston, and was removed to Knightsbridge Green, as this spot is called, in 1865, from the site now occupied by Grosvenor Crescent, behind St. George's Hospital.

We have now finished our perambulation of the City of Westminster. The Albert Hall and the building which is divided between the Imperial Institute and the University of London are, it is true, within its borders, but it will be more convenient to give some account of them in the Kensington chapter in which we tell the story of the institutions that have sprung up on the land acquired for the nation with the surplus proceeds of the Great Exhibition. So we turn from the second of the cities which are included in the Administrative County of London to the royal borough of Kensington



KNIGHTSBRIDGE TURNPIKE ABOUT THE YEAR 1850.

From a Water-colour Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.



Photo Pictorial Agency.

KENSINGTON PALACE: THE SOUTH FRONT.

CHAPTER LXVII

THE ROYAL BOROUGH: KENSINGTON PALACE TO HOLLAND PARK

The Name—The Manor—Sub-division and Re-union—Kensington Palace—Death of Queen Mary II.—Queen Victoria's Birth and Early Years—Kensington Palace Gardens and Thackeray—St. Mary Abbot's—The Town Hall—Church Street—Campden House—Bullingham House—Holly Lodge—Argyll Lodge—Holland Walk—Artists at Campden Hill

THE "old Court suburb," as Leigh Hunt and others have styled Kensington, had no very intimate association with royalty until William III. acquired Nottingham House and converted it into a royal residence. Some writers, indeed, have seen in the name a form of King's Town, while others have gravely taken the Queen Kenna who figures in Tickell's poem on Kensington Gardens as a real personage instead of a mere poetic myth. In his fascinating work on Kensington,* Mr. Loftie, himself a resident of the royal borough, has patiently elucidated the origins of the parish and its manors, and we cannot do better than follow his erudite guidance.

Until it was erected into a borough by the Local Government Act of 1899 Kensington was definable as a parish in the hundred of Ossulston, a name not improbably derived from a Dane of the name of Oswulf, who acquired a large tract of land in this neighbourhood. In one part of this hundred,

forming an enclosure from the great forest of Middlesex, and lying somewhere between the two great western roads which lead respectively to Reading and to Oxford, there probably settled a Saxon family known as the Kemsings or Kensing, and so we may account for the name borne by the borough. At the time

The Name.

of the Domesday Survey the manor of Kensington was held by the Bishop of Coutances, to whom it was granted by King William. Twenty years after the Conquest it was held under the Bishop by that Albericus de Ver (Aubrey de Vere), Grand Justiciary of England, whose name has come to be accepted as a synonym for Norman blood, and whose descendants gave twenty Earls of Oxford to the English peerage. It was not long before he held the manor directly of the Crown, as tenant-in-chief. But it was soon to

The Manor.

lose its integrity, for at the request of Geoffrey, his dying son, he bestowed a part of it, consisting of some 270 acres, together with the advowson of the church, upon Faricius, Abbot of Abingdon, as a thank-offering for a recovery from illness

* "Kensington, Picturesque and Historical." By W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A. 1888. (Field & Tuer.)

In Kensington is now included a part of Chelsea detached, which lay upon its northern border, and is now known as Kensal New Town, the other part of this detached bit of Chelsea being annexed to Paddington. The borough is divided into eight wards—Holland Ward in the centre occupying all the space between the road to Reading on the south and the road to Oxford on the north; the Pemble, Norland, St. Charles, and Colborne wards on the north, the Queen's Gate, Earl's

air than he could find at Whitehall. Sir Christopher Wren at once set about the work of enlargement and improvement, but in November, 1691, before it was finished, though not until some £60,000 had been spent, Kensington Palace, as now we may style it, was ravaged by fire. The King and Queen had a narrow escape of being burnt in their sleep, and had to make a hasty flight into the gardens, whence they witnessed the extinction of the flames by their Foot Guards.



KENSINGTON PALACE IN 1746.

From a Drawing by Maurer.

Court, Redcliffe, and Brompton wards on the south.

Kensington, as we have seen, is proud to style itself the "royal borough," and in deference to this sentiment, without considering what claims Hol-

land House may have to priority of notice, we will deal first with its Palace. This occupies the site of a house which was acquired in the reign of Charles I. by Sir Heneage Finch, Recorder of London. His son, the second Sir Heneage, the Lord Chancellor, was created Earl of Nottingham in 1681, and after him the mansion, which he is believed to have largely if not wholly rebuilt, was styled Nottingham House. By his son, the second Earl, Nottingham House was sold in 1689 for £18,000 to William III., whose asthmatic trouble had impelled him to seek a residence in a more salubrious

As we now see the Palace it may be regarded as mainly the work of Wren.

Sir Christopher's Work.

The parts of Nottingham House which he incorporated with the structure are to be found chiefly in the north and south fronts.

The documentary history of the Palace seems to be very imperfect, but there can be little doubt that Mr. Ernest Law, in his "Historical Guide" to the Palace, is correct when he says of the south front that there is "every reason to believe" that the long low building in two main storeys to the left is a part of Nottingham House, and that the loftier building on the right, of a redder brick, is Wren's own work. So much of the east front as does not consist of the "return" of Wren's addition to the south front was added to the Palace by Kent for George I., and includes the spacious and richly decorated

Cupola or Cube Room. To Sir Christopher, again, is to be ascribed the garden-house, known as the Orangery, which he reared for Queen Anne at the most northerly angle of the Palace in 1705. Of red brick, standing upon a platform of stone, with a pavilion at each end, and with a panelled interior embellished with Corinthian pilasters, it is one of the choicest examples of genuine Queen Anne architecture to be seen in London. With a blindness to its charms which seems almost wilful, Leigh Hunt dubs it "a long kind of outhouse," and in the same spirit at some time or other a large part of the oak panelling of the interior was torn down, and it was gradually allowed to fall into a decay of which the traces have now been removed by careful renovation. Another beautiful feature which the Palace owes to the same fertile genius is the Alcove, which, intended, like the Orangery, for the beautification of the gardens of the Palace, was originally the termination of a vista through an avenue on the south side of the Palace. It is now to be seen near the Waterworks in Kensington Gardens (p. 753).

In the improvement of the Palace both King William and Queen Mary never wearied, and after the Queen's death William seemed to take a melancholy satisfaction in carrying on the work in which she had so deeply interested herself. When in December, 1694, she had felt herself attacked by small-pox she spent nearly the whole of a long winter's night burning personal papers. How bitterly the King grieved at her illness, how on the day of her death in his passionate grief he three times fainted, and how he shut himself up to mourn her, has often been told. After his riding accident at Hampton Court eight years later he came here to die, and when he had breathed his last they found that he wore a bracelet containing hair of the wife of whose devotion he felt himself to have evinced proper appreciation all too tardily.

The Palace has been the scene also of other royal deaths, but to the present generation its most salient association is that which connects it with the birth of Queen Victoria. In its south-eastern apartments the Duke and Duchess of Kent were living in

1819, and so it fell out that the palace became the birthplace of Queen Victoria.

The babe is described by Baron Stockmar, in his "Memoirs," as "a pretty little Princess, plump as a partridge," and he adds that the Duke of Kent was never tired of showing the infant to his friends with the remark, "Take care of her, for she will be Queen of England." When his chaplain wrote congratulations, mixed with condolences that a daughter rather than a son had been born to him, the Duke would have none of the condolences, and declared himself of the opinion that "the decrees of Providence are at all times wisest and best." In the Cube or Cupola Room the child was christened; in the little bedroom near the nursery it was that in the early hours of the morning of the 20th of June, 1837, she was awakened by her mother to go through the Long Gallery, wearing only a shawl, her hair falling over her shoulders, to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, who had brought her the news of her accession to the throne; in the room below the Cube Room a few hours later she held her first Council. The room in which she was born, exactly under the King's Privy Chamber, was marked with a brass plate on the occasion of her first Jubilee, and in celebration of her eightieth birthday it was decided to restore the State Apartments, as well as the Orangery, and to throw them open for the free enjoyment of the public. This has been done, and on the walls of the State Apartments now hang pictures which have been brought from Hampton Court and other royal palaces.

Of Queen Victoria's early life in the Palace, the State Apartments contain many memorials of curious interest.

In the "King's" Drawing Room is the grand piano which she used, presented to the Palace by

King Edward in 1903. "The Nursery" is associated not only with the childish hours of Queen Victoria but also with those of the Princess May, now Princess of Wales, who was born in it in 1867. The room in which the Princess Victoria was sleeping when she was awakened to be told that she was Queen now contains her dolls' house and her toys. In the King's Gallery are to be seen books from her private library, many of them inscribed

**The
Orangery.**

**Birth of
Queen
Victoria.**

**Queen
Mary's
Death.**

**Queen
Victoria's
Girlhood.**

with the autographs of their authors, and among them her first account book, given to her by her mother on the occasion of her eighth birthday. "On this day, dearest Victoria," her mother wrote in it, "you begin to receive a regular allowance. Resolve, my dear child, how it is in our power by order and regularity to assist others." On another may be read the child's entries. The allow-

the north, is a broad road occupied by mansions, and styled Kensington Palace Gardens. The second house on the west side as one enters the road from the south, numbered 2, Palace Green, is Thackeray's House. memorable as that which Thackeray built for himself and in which he died. He had taken on lease a dilapidated house which he intended to



Photo Pictorial Agency.

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF WREN'S WORK : THE ORANGERY, KENSINGTON PALACE.

ance was £7 a month, and out of the first instalment she spared £1 for "a poor lady at Dover."

The private apartments of Kensington Palace are occupied by members of the Royal Family and by various beneficiaries of the Crown, and it may be noted that the rooms of the Princess Sophia and the Duke of Sussex, in the south-west angle of the Palace, are still occupied by a descendant of the Duke's father, George III., in the person of the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, whose statue of her venerated mother is to be seen on the eastern side of the Palace, overlooking the Broad Walk.

Behind the Palace and its gardens, stretching from Kensington High Street on the south to Notting Hill Gate on

repair, but in the end had it demolished and replaced, from designs of his own, by a new house of red brick with stone facings, in harmony, as he intended it should be, with the Palace. The northern wing is no part of the original structure, but was added in 1885. Thackeray was not destined to occupy his new house long. He moved into it from Onslow Square in 1862, and he died suddenly on Christmas Eve in the following year. He was suffering considerably when he went to bed the night before, but no alarm was felt, for he had often before had similar accessions of pain. When his servant entered the room in the morning he found his master dead; he had passed away during the night from the bursting of a blood-vessel on the brain. The last



KENSINGTON CHURCH IN 1750, SHOWING CHURCH LANE (ON THE RIGHT)
AND THE STOCKS.

From a Drawing by Chatelain.

words he corrected in print were, "And my heart throbbed with exquisite bliss." "He was only in his fifty-third year," wrote Charles Dickens in the next number of *Cornhill*; "so young a man that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep blessed him in his last."

How Kensington Church, situated at the beginning of Kensington High Street, on the north side, comes to be styled St. Mary Abbot's, is explained by the gift of part of the manor by Geoffrey de Vere to the Abbot of Abingdon. This site has been occupied by a church since the early years of the twelfth century; but the present building, opened on the 14th of May, 1872, although the spire was not completed till seven years later, is the work of Sir Gilbert Scott, who endowed it with a spire which rises, with the cross upon its apex, to a height of 300 feet. It is not only the highest spire in London, but is said by Mr. Loftie to be excelled in this country only by the spires of Salisbury and Norwich Cathedrals, and those of the parish churches of Coventry, Grantham, and St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol. Of corresponding spaciousness, St. Mary Abbot's is a rather formal specimen of Decorated work, which conveys no hint of inspiration. The church which was pulled down in 1869 to make way for it

was denounced by Bishop Blomfield as the ugliest in his diocese, and as it was not really ancient, not having completed its second century, it was hardly to be expected that so aristocratic a suburb would be permanently content with such a parish church. One of its features, a quaint oak pulpit bearing the initials of William and Mary, has been transferred to the new church, where it looks sufficiently incongruous. Among the many memorials that were also transferred to the present church are the tomb and statue of that youthful Edward Earl of Warwick, who had Addison for stepfather, and who did not long survive him, for he died in his twenty-fifth year, in 1721.

Just outside the church, at the east end of Kensington High Street, is a pillar of polished granite, erected by the inhabitants of Kensington, in 1904, to commemorate Queen Victoria — a not very impressive tribute, it must be confessed, from the royal borough to the great Queen who is so intimately associated with its Palace. Close by, on the north side of the street, is the Town Hall, a building of Mr.

Robert Walker's designing, which was opened in 1880. To make way for it the quaint old Charity School designed by Sir John Vanbrugh was quite inexcusably destroyed. In 1897

**St. Mary
Abbot's.**

**The Town
Hall.**

additional land was purchased in order that the Town Hall might be extended and a Coroner's Court erected. Almost adjoining the Town Hall is the Central Library, a rather quaint-looking building which before being turned to its present use, in 1889, served as the vestry hall of the parish.

Further along the High Street—No. 144, formerly 24, Phillimore Place—is a house bearing a London County Council tablet recording that it was one of the residences of Sir David Wilkie. Here he lived from 1813 to 1824, years during which some of his best pictures were painted, including the "Chelsea Pensioners." Wilkie lived in two other houses in Kensington, one just opposite 144, the other in Vicarage Place, but both of these have disappeared.

On the eastern side of St. Mary Abbot's is the irregular, winding thoroughfare which bears the name of Church Street.

Church Street. Here, on the west side, is a Carmelite church dedicated to St. Simon Stock—a thirteenth century hermit whose abode was the trunk or "stock" of a tree—and notable as one of the works of Augustus Welby Pugin, and as showing how little the strength of that learned and enthusiastic Gothicist lay in architectural conception. The east front—the altar is at the west

end—presents to the street a circular window surmounting very narrow lancets. The arches of the nave, supported by circular pillars of stone, the capitals alternately carved and plain, are narrow and acutely pointed. The altar-piece is of stone enriched with tabernacle work, and the pulpit has an elaborately carved canopy. The painted glass in the east and west windows is poor; the clerestory windows are filled with glass which is stained an unpleasing red. In one of the side chapels is a tablet commemorating the escape from an assassin's bomb, on the occasion of her marriage, in 1906, of Queen Victoria of Spain, who attended mass here on the morning of her departure for Madrid to become the consort of King Alfonso.

A little to the west of Church Street there formerly stood Campden House. The

Campden House.

The original mansion of this name was built about the year 1612 by the Sir Baptist Hickes who founded Hickes's Hall, in Clerkenwell, and was created Viscount Campden. After passing into various hands, and once serving the uses of a ladies' school, it perished by fire in 1862, but was immediately rebuilt, though not in quite the same style, but it only survived until the beginning of the present century, when it was replaced by the row of houses that faces Sheffield Terrace. The



CAMPDEN HOUSE ABOUT 1750.

most interesting association of old Campden House is that which links it with the memory of the little Duke of Gloucester, the son of the Princess Anne, and heir to the throne, for whom it was taken in order that he might be near his aunt, Queen Mary. The story of the poor little prince, whose frail body

eleventh birthday the Prince died at Windsor in the arms of his mother. With the house which is so intimately associated with his memory has disappeared Little Campden House, which adjoined it on the western side, and was built to accommodate the suite of the Princess Anne.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

HOLLY LODGE, KENSINGTON: MACAULAY'S HOUSE (*p.* 765).

was tenanted by a morbidly active and singularly precocious mind, has been told by his faithful servant Lewis Jenkins—how he had a regiment of little boys, his “horse guards,” as he called them, whose services he proudly placed at his uncle’s disposition in the Flemish war; how, at the age of six, when promised the Order of the Garter by his uncle, and asked by the Bishop of Salisbury whether the thought of it did not make him glad, he answered, “I am gladder of the King’s favour to me”; how he had a true presentiment of the day of his nurse’s death; and how, when he was ten, he was able to pass an examination four times a year in such subjects as jurisprudence and the feudal system. Such forcing of the mind of a rickety child could have but one result, and five days after his

Until the year 1895 there was standing, between the site of Campden House and

Kensington High Street, Bullingham House, formerly known as Orbell’s Buildings, and memorable from the fact that in it died Sir Isaac Newton, on the 20th of March, 1727. The site is now covered by Bullingham Mansions. We have already noticed Sir Isaac’s house in St. Martin’s Street, Leicester Square, and Miss Mitton, in her volume on Kensington in the “Fascination of London” series, conjectures that when he found his health affected by the air of London he was attracted to the neighbourhood of Kensington Palace by the presence of Queen Caroline, whom he knew to regard him with favour as the greatest philosopher of the age.

Bullingham House.

Campden Hill Road is a narrow, rural lane that winds westwards to Holland Walk, the eastern boundary of Holland Park. In his biography of his uncle, Sir George Trevelyan describes it as "a long and winding lane which, with its high, black paling concealing from the passer-by everything except a mass of dense and varied foliage, presents an appearance as rural as Roehampton and East Sheen present still"; and though these words were written more than thirty years ago they are still substantially true. For this delightful retreat Macaulay left his comfortable rooms in the Albany, where he had lived for fifteen years, in 1856, the year before he was raised to the peerage. But, as was the case with

**Macaulay
and
Thackeray.**

Thackeray a few years later, Destiny had decreed that he should not long enjoy the amenities of his new house. There are,

indeed, curious parallelisms and associations between the deaths of the two great writers. They both died unattended by any relative, Macaulay three days after Christmas, Thackeray on a Christmas Eve; at the time of his seizure Macaulay had in his hand the new *Cornhill*, which Thackeray had founded, and the book he had in reading was Thackeray's "Adventures of Philip." Holly Lodge now bears one of the London County Council's tablets, which was unveiled by Lord Rosebery.

Next to Holly Lodge, on the west, is Cam House, formerly Argyll Lodge, from 1852

**Argyll
Lodge.**

until his death in 1900 the town house of the eighth Duke of Argyll, who, besides being one of the most

powerful orators of his generation, was of some note as naturalist and philosopher. In a charming passage in his autobiography he describes his first impressions of the villa and its four acres of land, beautifully planted, and dignified with two very old oaks "which would have done no discredit to any ancient chase in England." The fine lawn was covered with starlings hunting for grubs and insects, and he was amazed to see nut-hatches and fly-catchers and warblers. The birds appealed to the naturalist in him so strongly that he at once instructed his agent to purchase Bedford Lodge, as the villa was then called. Writing in the last years of his life, he

records that while the reed-wren had ceased to hang its beautiful nest in the lilac-bushes, and the blackcap and the willow-wren and the nut-hatches had grown intolerant of the somewhat more smoky atmosphere, the starlings were as lively and busy as ever, and the delicious notes of the cushat were to be heard at almost all hours.

Holland Walk, into which, as we have said, Campden Hill Road leads, is a foot-path that runs beside Holland Park, while on its eastern side

**Holland
Walk.**

it skirts the wall of Aubrey House,

a picturesque building that was formerly the manor-house of Notting Hill, and is still delightfully secluded. Separated from its charming little garden by Aubrey Road is a residence built in the form of a Gothic tower, and named Tower Cressy, said by Edward Walford, in "Old and New London," to have been the whim of Mr. Page, the designer of Westminster Bridge, who took this means of honouring the Black Prince. It is almost as conspicuous an object from the northern parts of the borough as the lofty tower of the Campden Hill Water Works close by, in Aubrey Walk; and from distant points of view it is easy to mistake the two structures for a huge castellated mansion.

We must not leave Campden Hill without noting that, like other parts of Kensington, it has associations with distinguished artists of recent days. In Tor Villas Mr. Holman Hunt came to live about the year 1855, succeeding J. C. Hook, who was then turning from Venetian subjects to landscape, for which it was necessary that he should live in the country. To The Terrace (No. 6) John Leech came to escape the noises which had at last made life impossible to him at Bloomsbury, and here, in 1864, he died of the same affection—angina pectoris—which was to prove fatal to several other eminent Victorian artists. One evening when Millais was at work in his house at 7, Cromwell Place, Leech's domestic came running in with the news that her master had had a bad attack of his complaint and was crying out "Millais! Millais!" Rushing through the streets, Millais entered his friend's room at the moment that he expired.

CHAPTER LXVIII

THE ROYAL BOROUGH (*continued*): HOLLAND HOUSE AND NORTH KENSINGTON

Holland House—Addison's Marriage to Lady Holland—Henry Fox, Earl of Holland—The Third Earl and the Countess—Little Holland House and the Princess—Melbury Road—George Frederick Watts—Leighton House—North Kensington—The Gravel Pits—Notting Hill Gate—St. John's—The Hippodrome—Portobello Farm—Kensal Green Cemeteries

Holland House. IN Holland House, standing amid grounds that stretch for a distance of about a mile from the Kensington Road on the south to within a few yards of the road to Uxbridge on the north, with a breadth that is nowhere less than a quarter of a mile and in the widest part is more than half-a-mile, we have the stateliest piece of Jacobean architecture within the County of London, though Sir Walter Scott, apart from the air of "deep seclusion which is spread around the domain," could find nothing better to say of it than that "it resembles many respectable matrons, who, having been absolutely ugly during youth, acquire by age an air of dignity." It dates from the year 1607, when it was built by John Thorpe, the creator of not a few mansions that have survived to these days in various parts of the country, for that Sir Walter Cope who, as we have seen, became the purchaser of the manors into which the original manor of Kensington had been sub-divided; but the wings and arcades were added and the interior decorations completed later, for the husband of his daughter and heiress, Sir Henry Rich, who was presently raised to the peerage as Lord Kensington, was employed by James I. to negotiate a marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain, and, though the match miscarried, was rewarded for his pains with an earl's coronet and the Garter. So he became Earl of Holland, and to him the mansion owes the name which it has ever since borne as well as much of the stateliness which is its chief characteristic. The first Lord Holland, though something of a waverer, was enough of a Royalist to give the Parliament ground for sending him to the scaffold (1649), and after this General Fairfax entered upon the

occupation of Holland House. At the Restoration, however, it was given back to the Countess of Holland and her children, one of whom, the second Earl of Holland, succeeded his cousin as fifth Earl of Warwick, in default of heirs in the elder branch of the family, and so the two coronets were united.

The son of this second Earl of Warwick and Holland left a widow, Charlotte, the daughter of a Welsh baronet, who in 1716 married Joseph Addison. The union was not a happy one, and Thomas Moore records it as a tradition of Holland House that when the domestic atmosphere was not serene Addison would resort to a little ale-house near the turnpike for peace and consolation. The house so described was the "White Horse" inn, at the corner of Holland Lane, on the west side of the park, and though the house has disappeared it was succeeded in 1866 by another licensed house styled the "Holland Arms" inn, to which were transferred the mahogany fittings of the earlier tavern.

Addison's troubles were soon over, for three years after his marriage with the Countess he died. Whether he sent for his stepson, the fourth Earl, as the end was coming, in order that the young man might see "in what peace a Christian could die," is not certain. The whole question is discussed at some length, and in no edifying spirit, in "The Old Court Suburb," by Leigh Hunt, who has a good deal to say about Addison's alleged addiction to brandy in his later years, and even suggests, without showing the faintest justification, that the dying man may also have been under the influence of other drugs. On the whole we cannot do better



HOLLAND HOUSE: THE SOUTH FRONT.

than follow the guidance of Dr. Johnson, who, accepting the incident as true, sets it, one ventures to think, in its true light in the few dignified sentences which he devotes to it.

At his death, two years after his step-father's, the fourth Earl was succeeded by

his kinsman, Edward Rich,

Henry Fox.

with whom the title expired.

But in that Henry Fox, Paymaster of the Forces, who bought Holland House in 1767, and was created an Earl, it was revived, and to his descendants, direct and collateral, the property has ever since belonged. This first Lord Holland of the new creation was suspected of having enriched himself at the cost of the nation while holding the office of Paymaster, but he little recked what people thought. He had eloped with Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, was a devoted husband, and a fond father of the three children of the union. Even the

A Dying Jest.

imminency of the end of his prosperous life could not prevent him from having his jest. While he lay dangerously ill he was told that George Selwyn, who was notorious for being "in at the death of his acquaintances," and for the assiduity of his attendance upon executions, had called to make enquiries. "Be so good," he said, "if Mr. Selwyn should call again to show him up without fail, for if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead I am sure he will be very pleased to see me."

At Holland House Charles James Fox, third son of this first Lord Holland, spent his boyhood and was very thoroughly spoilt by his careless-minded father, who imbued him with principles which, had his nature been of baser temper, might have wrecked, as they certainly did something to impede, a great career. The eldest brother, the second Lord Holland, died six months after their father, leaving a son less than a year old, whose guardianship devolved upon his famous uncle. It was under the rule of this third Lord

The Great Days of Holland House.

Holland that Holland House, which he thoroughly renovated, became the chief *salon* of London. He had entered into an intrigue with the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, whom he married when her husband had divorced her; and seldom have marriages

which had antecedents so discreditable turned out so happily. The social and intellectual gifts of the pair, and their boundless hospitality, made Holland House the chief rallying-place not only of the political party with which they were allied but of all the talent of London, nay, of Europe. Lady Holland, while lovely and brilliant, was capricious and imperious, but her husband was the essence of geniality and kindness, and Macaulay was never more eloquent than when in his essay on this nobleman he descants upon his admirable qualities of mind and heart.

Lord Holland died in the year 1840, and was succeeded by his only son, Henry Edward, at whose death, in 1859, the barony became extinct. Two years before this a strip of the grounds of Holland House on the north side had been cut off and surrendered to the builder, and now it was feared that Macaulay's melancholy forebodings of the disappearance of Holland House would be fulfilled. "The time is coming," he had written in his Essay, "when perhaps a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amid new streets and squares and railway stations, for the sight of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will then remember with strange tenderness many objects once familiar to them, the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages, and those portraits in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations." In 1874, to the relief of all who love London, it was announced that the widow of the last Lord Holland had sold the reversion of the property to the Earl of Ilchester, the descendant of the elder brother of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland. In his hands it remained until his death in 1905, and it has now

passed to his son, the sixth Earl; and though the temptation to sell the estate for building purposes will not lessen with the lapse of years, one may hope that it will still be resisted.

The treasures of this fine mansion cannot be enumerated here, but it is pleasant to record that since Macaulay wrote of them they have been augmented by portraits and frescoes from the brush of George Frederick Watts, whose genius Holland House was quick to recognise and encourage. A seated statue of the third Lord Holland, the work of this great artist, is to be seen on the south side of the grounds, facing the Kensington Road, within elegant iron gates which bear the date 1871, and of which the pedestals support the fox that forms the family crest. The luxuriant gardens and finely-timbered grounds are full of charm. In a cosy arbour is the seat used by Rogers in the days when he was one of the most constant of the third Lord Holland's guests, with the inscription—from the pen of his accomplished host—

“Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
With me those pleasures that he sang so well.”

Not far away there used to stand an altar which marked the spot where, in 1804, the hot-headed and pugnacious Lord Camelford received his fatal wound from the pistol of Colonel Best, but this memorial of a dismal tragedy is now no longer to be seen. When Lord

Camelford fell he was taken to Little Holland House, which stood at the south-west extremity of Holland Park. In the middle of the nineteenth century Little Holland House was the residence of Mr. Prinsep, a Director of the East India Company, and father of Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A. To this hospitable abode Watts had been brought when ill, and here he was nursed into health, and became so great a favourite with all the family that they induced him to build a studio and remain. At Little Holland House, as Mr. Holman Hunt says in his “Pre-Raphaelitism,” this great artist had “dream-like opportunities and powers of exercising his genius. It was more than a happy combination, for one may safely assert that nowhere else in England would it have been

possible to enter a house with such a singular variety of beautiful persons inhabiting it. The sisters of the lady [Mrs. Prinsep] were seen in all their dignified beauty in Watts's fine portraits, and other beautiful sitters had been attracted to his studio, as was witnessed by their delightful portraits upon his walls.” The house was pulled down in the seventies and its lawns divided among the houses which were built in what is now, from its artistic associations, so famous as Melbury Road. Here, on the south side, Watts built for himself from designs by Cockerell, a charmingly irregular gabled and turreted habitation which he named after the house that had for him memories so delightful, and afterwards he commissioned Mr. George Aitchison, R.A., to add a gallery in which his pictures might be hung. As his friend Leighton had done in building his house in Holland Park Road, close by, Watts provided only one bedroom, besides those for the servants, so that he might not be distracted from his work by the entertainment of company. For the same reason there was but one sitting-room, all the rest of the ground floor being occupied by three painting studios with a fourth for his sculptural work.

Next to Little Holland House on the west side, the elder Thornycroft, the sculptor, built two semi-detached houses, one for his own use, which his son, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., now occupies, while the other was let to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Barrington, the latter of whom has written singularly illuminating reminiscences of Watts. Near the east end of the road is the house of Mr. Holman Hunt, who, as was Watts, is a member of the Order of Merit, and is, also like Watts, a native of London.

A little to the south of Melbury Road is Holland Park Road, where stands Leighton House, the beautiful home of the most accomplished of recent Presidents of the Royal Academy, built for him by Mr. George Aitchison, and by his sisters handed over, together with a large number of his drawings, to a committee presided over by Sir William Richmond, R.A., for the enjoyment of the public. Leighton moved into it from 2, Orme Square, Bayswater, in 1866, and here, on the 25th of

**G. F. Watts
and Holland
House.**

**Melbury
Road.**

**Little Holland
House.**

**Leighton
House.**

January, 1896, the day after the issue of the patent of the first peerage ever conferred upon an English artist, he died. The house, as we have seen, was intended first of all as a workshop. It is quite plain as to its exterior, and in order that the lovely, old-world garden on the north with its ancient trees might not be encroached upon, its south front comes so close to the road that there is barely room for the close-trimmed limes which form a screen for it. But the interior is of a rich and singular beauty. Its finest

feature, the Arab Hall, was a later addition, completed in 1879. It has been described by a distinguished artist of another land, M. Choisy, the sculptor, as "a jewel of Oriental art, where the most brilliant productions of the Persian potter are set in an architectural frame inspired by Arab art but treated freely; the harmony is so perfect that one asks oneself if the architecture had been conceived for the enamels or the enamels for the hall." In the centre of the hall,

cool and restful on the hottest and brightest day, is a tiny fountain; above is a dome which, set with fragments of brilliant glass from the Orient that scintillate with red and blue and orange, seems to melt upwards into vague distance; the walls are lined with ancient Persian tiles; in arched recesses is exquisite old lattice wood from Cairo. But the mystic beauty of this wonderful hall is no theme for a prosaic pen.

In the centre of the *patio* which leads to the hall is a gift of Mr. Brock's to Leighton House, a reproduction of the portrait bust of Leighton which formed his diploma work for the Royal Academy, and here and in the studio and elsewhere are to be seen studies by Lord Leighton, with

reproductions of many of his pictures, and the original painting of his "Clytemnestra."

Holland Park, as we have seen, stretches from the southern to the northern of the main roads by which the royal borough is traversed from east to west. Of that part of

North Kensington.

Kensington which lies to the north of the road to Uxbridge there is little that is interesting to say, for it has no ancient memories and it largely consists either of monotonous roads and squares and

crescents of commonplace stuccoed houses, the creation of the second half of the nineteenth century, or of streets which are still mean, if they are no longer slums. The district formerly known as the Gravel Pits may be regarded as forming a connecting link between central and northern Kensington, for while it lay mostly to the south of Notting Hill Gate, in the neighbourhood of Campden Hill, it extended north of what we may call the Uxbridge Road. From the time of King William to the end of the



LADY HOLLAND OF THE SALON (p. 768).
From the Creevey Papers, by permission of Mr. John Murray.

eighteenth century this part of Kensington, thanks to its gravelly soil and its salubrious air, was a fashionable resort for invalids, and Garth, in his "Dispensary," makes an apothecary declare that it was as unlikely that the Alps would sink to vales as that the rich would "change the Gravel Pits for Kentish air." The Alps have not yet sunk to vales, but the Gravel Pits of Kensington, like the invalids who flocked to them in search of health, are but a dim memory.

Notting Hill Gate, now a station on the Underground Railway, was, until about the year 1860, a rather picturesque turnpike-gate. Here is the first of the suburban theatres we have yet had occasion to

mention in these pages, the Coronet, built in 1898. A little further along the main road westwards is Ladbroke Grove, which runs in a straight line to the extreme northern limit of the borough, and is named after its builder. On the summit of a steep hill some three hundred yards from the southern end of the Grove, occupying one of the most conspicuous situations in the borough, is the church of St. John, dating from the year 1845. When **St. John's.** Faulkner wrote his "History of Kensington," in 1820, this hill was a farm, known as Notting Hill Farm. A few years later it was the centre of an immense racecourse, some two miles and a half in circuit, known as the Hippodrome, opened under the auspices of Count d'Orsay and Lord Chesterfield in 1837. But the soil of this part of the parish was a strong clay, and on that account it was soon found that the Hippodrome was unsuitable as a training-ground for horses. The last race meeting was held here in 1841, and soon afterwards the builders were busy covering the site of the racecourse with streets and squares. It is still kept in mind by Hippodrome Place, to the west of Clarendon Road.

In Ladbroke Grove, at the corner of Lancaster Road, is the North Kensington branch of the Public Library, opened in 1891. In Lancaster Road, at its junction with the Silchester Road, is another of the municipal institutions of Kensington, the Public Baths, one of the most extensive establishments of the kind in the County of London—a handsome series of buildings of red brick, reared at a cost, including the site, of £60,000. The Lancaster Road, running across the northern limb of the borough, from Hammersmith to Paddington, traverses the district known as Notting Dale, one of the poorest regions of the royal borough, formerly a congeries of slums, but of late years greatly improved by the vigorous efforts of the Borough Council.

The Portobello Road, about as long as Ladbroke Grove, and running in the same general direction, is named after a farm which appears under that name in local maps as lately as 1830. It was so called, of course, in honour of Admiral Vernon, who in 1739 failed to

capture Portobello, and whose popularity in the country survived even the disastrous expedition against Carthage two years later. Norland Square, on the north side of Holland Park Avenue, near the western boundary of the borough, occupies the site of old Norland House, which, with the well-timbered grounds in which it stood, belonged in the reign of William IV. to one of the Drummonds, the Charing Cross bankers. A little to the north-west is the narrow thoroughfare known as Pottery Lane, reminiscent of one of Kensington's lost industries. It leads northwards to Avondale Park, a little pleasure ground some four acres in extent, opened in 1892, and now under the control of the Borough Council.

At the extreme northern limit of the borough, extending westwards into Hammersmith, is the Kensal Green Cemetery, formed by a private company in 1832, and opened six years later. At first it consisted of fifty acres, but it has since been extended, until now it measures seventy acres. A Doric gateway in the Harrow Road forms the chief entrance, and the walks are lined with avenues of trees. Here lie four royal personages, the Duke of Sussex, sixth son of George III., who is buried in a massive granite tomb opposite the chapel; his sister the Princess Sophia; the late Duke of Cambridge, who died in 1904, and his mother. Among authors buried here are Thomas Hood, Sydney Smith, Leigh Hunt, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, and Wilkie Collins; among artists, John Leech, Sir Charles Eastlake, John Gibson the sculptor, Clarkson Stanfield; among actors, John Liston, Charles Kemble, the younger Charles Mathews, and John Laurence Toole. Here, too, lie Sir Marc Isambard Brunel, and his son Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the engineers; Sir William Molesworth, the Benthamite statesman; Joseph Hume, the economist; Robert Owen, the founder of Socialism in England; Lord Rowton, the private secretary and friend of Lord Beaconsfield; and Lord Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Balfour's Administration. It was here, too, that was buried the fifth Duke of Portland, who was alleged to have masqueraded as a Mr. Druce, and to have

**Ladbroke
Grove.**

**Kensal Green
Cemetery.**

**Portobello
Road.**

disposed of his "secondary personality" by a mock funeral at Highgate Cemetery.

No funeral at Kensal Green was ever the occasion of a more remarkable demonstration of feeling than that of John

John Leech. Leech, the *Punch* artist, who was laid to rest near Thackeray. "When the coffin was lowered into the grave," wrote Du Maurier long afterwards in *Harper's Magazine*, "John Millais burst into tears and loud sobs, setting an example that was followed all round. We all forgot our manhood and cried like women!" Leech was a man of remarkable charm, the keynote of his character, as Du Maurier testifies, being "self-effacement, high-bred courtesy, never failing consideration for others. . . . He was tall, thin, and graceful, extremely handsome, of the higher Irish type, with dark hair and whiskers and complexion, and very light, greyish-blue eyes; but the expression of his face was habitually sad, even when he smiled."

On the west side of the cemetery, but across the border, in the adjoining borough of Hammersmith, is St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cemetery formed about the year 1860. Hither, in 1904, were transferred from the Protestant burial ground which it adjoins the remains of Dr. St. George Mivart, the anatomist, who had died out of communion with his Church on account of writings which were held by the late Cardinal Vaughan to be heretical. Soon after his accession to the see of Westminster, Archbishop Bourne authorised the transfer, which was celebrated with a solemn requiem mass. In this cemetery is to be seen the grave of Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, who had lived for some years at Westbourne Grove, in the neighbouring borough of Paddington, and whose attainments as a philologist were recognised by a pension from the English Civil List.



NOTTING HILL TURNPIKE GATE IN 1837.



KENSINGTON HOUSE IN 1770 (*p.* 774).

CHAPTER LXIX

THE ROYAL BOROUGH (*concluded*): QUEEN'S GATE, EARL'S COURT, BROMPTON, SOUTH KENSINGTON

Palace Gate—Millais' "Last Trek"—Kensington House—Young Street and Thackeray—Kensington Square and its Associations—Scarsdale House—Our Lady of Victories—Edwardes Square and Leigh Hunt—Earl's Court and John Hunter—A Cromwell Tradition—Orford Lodge—Brompton—The Oratory—Onslow Square—Brompton Cemetery—Gore House—William Wilberforce—Lady Blessington—Soyer's Restaurant—John Wilkes in Kensington Gore—Museum-Land—Victoria and Albert Museum—Natural History Museum—Imperial Institute and University of London—Imperial College of Science—The Albert Hall—Royal College of Music

HAVING dealt with the central and northern parts of Kensington, we now notice those which lie to the south of the road to Reading, beginning with the district which is known as Queen's Gate. A little to the west of the thoroughfare of this name, running southwards from the Kensington Road, is Palace Gate, where is the house (No. 2) which the late Sir John Millais commissioned Mr. Philip Hardwick

Millais at
Palace Gate.

to build for him, on a plan roughly sketched by himself.

He moved into it in 1878, having for the preceding twelve years lived in Cromwell Place, at No. 7, which he had bought and had had remodelled by Mr. Freaque. In the fine house in Palace Gate, marked by a double porch, many of the pictures of his later years were painted, and here, in 1896 (August 13th), he died, in circumstances

that were almost tragic. But a few months before, in January, he had laid upon the coffin of Lord Leighton, in the crypt of St. Paul's, the wreath which was the tribute of the Royal Academy to its brilliant President, and in the following month had been unanimously called by his colleagues to the vacant office. But already Sir Felix Semon had declared him to be suffering from a malignant tumour in the throat, and by the time the next Academy opened his malady had made such rapid progress that he was unable to accompany his present Majesty round the rooms, and after vainly attempting to do so left the building, never to return to it.

The last time he entered his studio it was to try to paint "The

Last Trek," a subject which he had already treated as an illustration for a book. Canvas and palette were ready, but as he

His "Last
Trek."

discussed such points as the atmosphere of the southern plains with the son who was to be his biographer, he suddenly put his hand to his forehead and said, solemnly and slowly, "This is going to kill me! I feel it, I feel it!" Then he became calm again, but in an hour he felt so unwell that he had to go to his own room, and his studio knew him no more. As his son says, "he had commenced, though he knew it not, 'the last trek!'"

Parallel with Palace Gate on the west is De Vere Gardens, where at No. 29, now a private hotel, as indeed most of the houses in this street have become, Robert Browning settled in June, 1887, coming to it from Warwick Crescent, in the borough of Paddington. Two years later he died in the house of his son at Venice.

Opposite the chief entrance to the Palace from Kensington High Street, on the site now occupied by the extensive group of mansions styled Kensington Court, stood, until the seventies, Colby House and Kensington House, the former named after the Sir Thomas Colby who built it in 1720, and who caught his death through leaving his bed on a cold night because he had forgotten the key of his wine cellar. An early inhabitant of Kensington House, which was

Kensington House.

built for a member of the Noel family, was the Duchess of Portsmouth, and it is said that her royal protector supped with her here the night before he was seized with his fatal illness. Afterwards Kensington House became a school kept by Elphinstone, the translator of Martial and a friend of Dr. Johnson; then at the outbreak of the French Revolution it was acquired by Jesuit priests driven from their own country. Next it became a boarding-house, and here in 1821 died Mrs. Inchbald, the novelist and dramatist, from the effects of tight-lacing, it is said, although she was within two years of seventy. At last, with Colby House, Kensington House was swept away to make room for the pretentious mansion of the late Mr. Albert Grant, which is said to have cost more than a quarter of a million. A few years after indulging in this senseless ostentation its owner got into difficulties, and his grand mansion was sold by auction for a trifle over £10,000 and pulled down in 1883.

Thackeray's first residence in Kensington was in Young Street, on the south side of Kensington High Street, named after the Thomas Young by whom it was built in the reign

Thackeray in Young Street.

of James II., and who also began the building of Kensington Square. The street has of late years been largely rebuilt, but among the two or three old houses that have happily been spared is that which the great novelist occupied, a homely, substantially-built house of red brick, on the west side of the street, with a large semi-circular bay to each of the two storeys on both sides of the front door. Here he settled in 1847, ten years after the marriage whose happiness had already been wrecked by the melancholy breakdown of his young wife's health. In this house he wrote "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "Esmond," and began "The Newcomes," and here he dwelt until, in 1853, he removed to Onslow Square, Brompton. When Mr. Fields, the American publisher, paid one of his visits to this country he prevailed upon Thackeray to take him to the various houses in which his books had been written, and he records that when they came to Young Street his guide said to him with mock gravity, "Down on your knees, you rogue, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned: and I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." Young Street is also associated with a daughter of Thackeray's, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, the author of "Old Kensington" and other charming stories, whose introductions to her father's books throw light both upon them and upon him; for at one time she lived on the other side of the street, in a comely house which may be identified by its adjoining the "Greyhound" inn on the north. Next to the inn on the other side is an even more attractive old house which has so far escaped the house-breaker.

Young Street leads to Kensington Square, dear to lovers of "Esmond," for here was the "little house" which was the residence of Lady Castlewood and of her bewitching daughter.

Kensington Square.

It is not easy to realise that this quiet square, begun in the reign of James II. and finished in that of William III., was the most fashionable spot in all London in

the days when the Court was at Kensington. Here, in 1692, was living the Duchess of Mazarin, niece of the great Cardinal, whose death left her "the richest heiress" as she was "the unhappiest woman in Christendom." An inveterate gambler, she obtained from Charles II. a pension of £4,000 a year, half of which was continued to her by William III., but she is said to have died so poor, at a mean house in Chelsea, that her body was detained by her creditors until it was redeemed by her husband. The square has had at least three episcopal residents—Hough, Bishop of Winchester; Mawson, Bishop of Ely; and Herring, Bishop of Bangor and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. The house in which Bishop Herring lived, at the north-west corner of the square, is now numbered 36 and 37, for it has been divided into two. Half a century after his death the house was inhabited by one who had been a bishop, but was one no longer, the Prince de Talleyrand, who from 1830 to 1835 was French Minister in London. Though he probably never uttered half the *bons mots* of which he has got the credit, he was undoubtedly one of the best *raconteurs* and conversationalists that ever lived. Macaulay draws a vivid picture of him as he was at the time he lived in Kensington Square and was one of the guests at Holland House. "His head is sunk down between two high shoulders. One of his feet is hideously distorted. His face is as pale as that of a corpse, and wrinkled to a frightful degree. His eyes have an odd glassy stare, quite peculiar to them. His hair, thickly powdered and pomatumed, hangs down his shoulders on each side as straight as a pound of tallow candles." No. 37, which, as we have said, forms part of Bishop Hough's house, has a secret chamber in the drawing-room, and there is also, according to Mr. Loftie's "Kensington, Picturesque and Historical," a hiding-place

in No. 11, which with No. 12 formed a single house—the only one in the square that still wears its original aspect; for though most of the old houses here have survived, they have at some time been altered. Nos. 11 and 12 are in the south-east corner of the square, and next to them (No. 13) is the



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THACKERAY'S HOUSE IN YOUNG STREET, KENSINGTON (p. 774).

Women's Department of King's College, one of the "schools" of the University of London. At No. 14 John Richard Green, the historian, spent the last summers of his life—he died at Mentone in 1882—and at No. 18, now bearing one of the London County Council's memorial tablets, John Stuart Mill lived, with his mother and sisters, from 1837 to 1851, during which period he wrote two of his most important works, the "Logic" and the "Political Economy." No. 41, on the north side, was the residence of Burne-Jones in the years 1865-67.

He and his accomplished wife came here from Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and they left the square for an old-fashioned house at Fulham, which was their London residence for the rest of Burne-Jones's life.

Wright's Lane, just beyond Kensington High Street Station, has ceased to deserve its name, for it has been widened and converted into an orthodox street. Until the first year of this century there stood

here a comely old residence of red brick, bearing the name of Scarsdale House, which it no

doubt owed to one of the Earls of Scarsdale. There was a tradition that in its early days it was a shooting-box of James I., and though there appears to be no evidence of this it was evidently of considerable antiquity, dating, as Mr. Loftie conjectures, from about the end of the seventeenth century. It was not wholly destroyed in 1901, for parts of it are incorporated in the stores of Messrs. Ponting Brothers, and the place where it stood is indicated by a break in the elevation of the new buildings.

A little way back from the Kensington Road, on the south side, nearly opposite

Holland Park, is the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady of Victories, a lofty structure

which, opened in 1869, served as the pro-Cathedral of the see of Westminster until the cathedral at Westminster was built. It was designed by Mr. Goldie, and is of the Early English type of Gothic, though the nave arcade rests upon circular columns of polished Aberdeen granite.

Edwardes Square, a little to the south of the Kensington Road, owes its designation to the family name of that

Lord Kensington to whom went the estate of the last Lord Holland

of the first creation. On the north and south sides it is bordered by lawns; the houses on the east and west sides are old-fashioned rather than ancient or quaint; but they look out upon a spacious garden, pleasantly timbered and embellished with some well-kept flower beds. In one of these dull and monotonous houses, No. 32, on the west side, lived for eleven

years Leigh Hunt, coming here from Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and removing hence to Hammer-

smith in 1853. It was here that he wrote his "Old Court Suburb," to which there have been several occasions to refer in these Kensington chapters. It was at this time, too, that he became friendly with Samuel Carter Hall, who has given us a graphic picture of him as he was in those days, when he had passed his prime. "Tall and upright still; his hair white and straggling, scattered over a brow of manly intelligence; his eyes retaining much of their old brilliancy combined with gentleness; his conversation still sparkling, though by fits and starts,—he gave me the idea of a sturdy ruin that in donning the vest of time has been recompensed for gradual decay of strength by gaining ever more and more of the picturesque." At No. 4, Earl's Terrace, the row of larger but not more attractive houses which

comes between the square and the Kensington Road, Mrs. Inchbald lived as a boarder about the year 1818, three years before her death at Kensington House (p. 774). The terrace, too, claims Walter Pater, whom it is not easy to associate with houses so devoid of exterior attractiveness.

To the south of Edwardes Square is the region styled Earl's Court, after either the Earls of Oxford or the Earls

of Warwick and Holland. The old manor-house of this part of the parish of Kensington stood close to the present station of the Underground Railway in the Earl's Court Road, and not far away there was standing, until 1886, the house

which the great John Hunter built for himself in 1764, and

in which he lived until his death in 1793. It was here that, in a capacious copper, he boiled down the Irish giant, Byrne O'Brien, whose skeleton is preserved in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the grounds, which measured two acres, he formed his menagerie, and here, as Mr. Loftie notes, he was assailed by a bull which the Queen had presented to him. The beast had got him down, and but for the accidental arrival of a servant, who scared it away, his life would have come to an abrupt end. A little to the west of the station, on the very borders of the borough and partly, indeed, in the borough of Fulham, are the ugly

building and the grounds of the Earl's Court Exhibition, famous for its Great Wheel until the year 1906, when this feature of it was taken down.

From Earl's Court the broad but monotonous thoroughfare which bears the name of Cromwell Road runs eastwards to Brompton.

in the occupation of Francis, Lord Howard of Effingham. In 1794 Edmund Burke took the mansion for his only son, Richard, who died here of consumption a few months later, to the profound grief of his father, who never recovered from the blow. In the eighteenth century the extensive grounds



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

NOS. 36 AND 37, KENSINGTON SQUARE (*p.* 775).

Why Cromwell Road? Well, Kensington claims to have association with the Great Protector as well as to be the "old Court suburb." The tradition is that he once occupied Hale House, an ancient mansion which with its thirty acres of ground was reserved by the owner of Earl's Court Manor when Sir Walter Cope purchased it; but neither Lysons, nor Faulkner, nor any later authority has been able to find evidence for the belief. Hale House, or Cromwell House as it has also been styled, appears to have been built some time before 1596, and in 1682 it was

of Hale House were converted into public gardens, known as the Cromwell Gardens, but such popularity as they enjoyed was not of long duration. They were in existence as tea gardens at least as early as 1762, and about twenty years later their name was changed to the Florida Gardens. It has usually been supposed that the Florida Gardens were separate from the Cromwell Gardens, but Mr. Warwick Wroth, in "The London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century," adduces contemporary evidence which points to their being the same under different names. They reached the

A Cromwell Tradition.

Tea Gardens.

end of their career just before the close of the century.

Cromwell Road is crossed by Gloucester Road, running from Palace Gate to Old Brompton Road. Formerly known as Hogmire Lane, it owes its present more euphonious name to Maria, Duchess of Gloucester, widow of one of the younger brothers of George III., who, acquiring a lease of the Florida, otherwise the Cromwell Gardens, built upon the site, near the point at which Cromwell and Gloucester Roads intersect, a villa which, at first called Maria Lodge, was afterwards styled Orford Lodge,

Orford Lodge.

after the Duchess's own family, the Walpoles. She died here in 1807, and shortly afterwards her daughter, the Princess Sophia, sold the house to George Canning, who re-named it Gloucester Lodge, and occupied it till his death in 1827. Gloucester Lodge survived until about the middle of the nineteenth century.

The ill-defined region known as Brompton, in former times a hamlet of Kensington, occupies nearly the whole of that **Brompton.** part of the borough which lies south of the Cromwell and Brompton Roads. The name has been not improbably interpreted to mean the town of the Broom, and in olden days there was common and swampy land in this part of the parish, which in times nearer our own was in part converted into nurseries and tea-gardens. A little west of Brompton Square, facing the Brompton Road on the north, is the magnificent

The Oratory.

Oratory of St. Philip Neri, the finest modern specimen of Italian Renaissance to be seen in London. The order, composed of secular priests living voluntarily in a community but not bound by religious vows, was introduced into this country in 1847 by Father Newman, and its first oratory in London was opened by Father Faber shortly afterwards in the Strand. The Oratorians soon migrated to Brompton, and their temporary church here gave place in 1884 to the present structure, designed by Mr. Herbert A. K. Gribble, except the outer dome and the façade, which were not completed until 1897, the dome from the designs of Mr. G. Sherrin. Imposing as to its exterior, it is by its interior that the church makes its greatest claims to admiration, by reason of its har-

monious proportions, its beauty of line, and its rich but chaste embellishment. Over the transepts, at the point of junction, rises the inner dome, vaulted, like the roof of the nave, with concrete. Very beautiful are the twin Corinthian pilasters of Devonshire marble which carry the entablature. The spaces between the pilasters are occupied by statues of the twelve apostles of heroic size from the cathedral of Siena, where they had stood for some two hundred years. The choir stalls are of Italian walnut, exquisitely carved and inlaid with ivory, and, like the floor of the sanctuary, of inlaid wood, were the gift of Anne, Dowager Duchess of Argyll; the high altar is of statuary marble, enriched with gilt ornamentation; the baldachino is copied from that in the shrine of St. Antony at Padua; the picture behind it is by Father Philipin de Rivière, of the London Oratory; the two seven-branched lamps are an imitation of those on the Arch of Titus, which were copied from the lamps in the Temple at Jerusalem. The side chapels, too, are beautiful with mosaic and carving. Facing the Brompton Road, on the west side of the church, is a statue by Chevalliaud of Cardinal Newman, who, besides being one of the founders of this Oratory, was head of the Oratory of the same order which was established at Birmingham. As the chief Roman Catholic church in London until the cathedral at Westminster was built, the Oratory at Brompton has been the scene of many stately ceremonies. Here was held the service of thanksgiving for the completion of the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign, on the day that she went in procession to the open-air service at St. Paul's, and here also was celebrated the solemn requiem, attended by the judges, for the repose of the soul of the late Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen.

A little to the south-west of South Kensington Station is Onslow Square, named after the family to whom much of the land in this part of Kensington belongs, and consisting of porticoed houses of almost uniform pattern. Here, at No. 36, on the south side, Thackeray lived from 1853, when he left Young Street (p. 774), to 1862, when he moved to Palace Green (p. 761), and among the works he wrote during this period were

Onslow Square.

JOHN HUNTER'S HOUSE AT EARL'S COURT (*p.* 776).*From a Drawing by A. Roberts.*

"The Virginians" and his lectures on the "Four Georges."

To the west of Pelham Crescent is the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, a handsome structure in the Elizabethan style, of which the foundation-stone of the west wing was laid by the Prince Consort in 1844. The east wing was added in 1854, and on the other side of the Fulham Road, and, therefore, in the borough of Chelsea, is a southern wing which was built between the years 1879 and 1882. A Nurses' Home was added in 1900, and in 1904 a spacious sanatorium near Frimley, Surrey, was completed. The hospital itself numbers over three hundred beds.

The only other feature of Brompton which we can notice is the Brompton, or West London and Westminster Cemetery,

at the south-west extremity of the borough, originally formed by a private company, but taken over by the Crown in 1852, and now administered by His Majesty's Office of Works. Here lie many eminent soldiers, such as Sir Donald Stewart and Sir Henry Wylie Norman; while among well-known civilians may be named Sir W. H. Russell the war correspondent, Sir Augustus Harris the entrepreneur, and William Terris the actor.

Gore House is believed to have been the estate called the Gara, or the Gare, which

Herbert, Abbot of Westminster, gave to the nuns of Kilburn. At the end of the eighteenth century Gore House, which stood about a hundred and fifty yards to the east of the chief entrance to the Albert Hall, was little more than a cottage, with a pleasant garden in the rear. Its fame begins in 1808, when it was

acquired by William Wilberforce, who the year before, after a fifteen years' agitation, had carried his Bill for the abolition of slavery. But there was still much to be done before the great cause of negro emancipation was brought to its final triumph, and he came here from Clapham in order to be the better able to attend to his duties at Westminster. By him Gore House was enlarged, and here he dwelt until 1821. In 1836 the brilliant Countess of Blessington

came to spend at Gore House a second widowhood which was mitigated by the companionship of the Count d'Orsay, who had married her step-daughter, but had parted from her. A novelist of no mean talent herself, she had already at Seamore Place formed her "circle," consisting of the most brilliant men of the day; and it was here that Louis Napoleon

**Brompton
Hospital.**

**Gore
House.**

**William
Wilberforce.**

**Brompton
Cemetery.**

**Lady
Blessington.**

dined with a select party of friends the evening before he left London to make his descent upon Boulogne. For thirteen years Lady Blessington ruled her salon at Gore House and dispensed her bounty, and then, in 1849, under the pressure of creditors, the Count fled to France and she followed him. Her expectations of help from Napoleon, now Prince President of the French Republic, were disappointed, and she died the same year, her end no doubt hastened by the humiliating situation in which she found herself. The Count did not long survive her, dying in 1852 at the age of fifty-one.

In 1851, in view of the Great Exhibition, Gore House was converted into a sumptuous restaurant by Alexis Soyer, the famous *chef* of the Reform Club. For about a fortnight there was a succession of private views, attended by many of the celebrities of the day, among them Thackeray. Of him the late George Augustus Sala, who had painted a panorama on the wall of the grand staircase, tells a not uncharacteristic story. There was present on the occasion of Thackeray's visit a certain Professor —, who was piling up a princely fortune out of his widely advertised patent medicines, and who begged Sala to introduce him to the great novelist. Sala did not relish the office, for he knew that Thackeray had his moods and was able to make people whom he did not appreciate feel particularly uncomfortable. However, he felt unable to refuse the request, so the introduction was made. Thackeray graciously shook hands with the "Professor," and with a low bow, said gravely, "I hope, sir, that you will live longer than your patients!" The sarcasm, it is to be feared, was wasted. When the pill-vendor bade Sala good-bye and thanked him for his kindness, he added, "As for that Mr. Thackeray, sir, I suppose that he is a very clever man; but I think that I could buy him up three times over."

When M. Soyer's tenancy of Gore House ceased it was near the end of its career, as we shall see directly. But before passing

on to sketch the history of Museum-land, we must note that in that part of the southern main road which is known as Kensington Gore, John Wilkes in his later years had one of

his two London establishments. Here his second daughter Harriet lived with her mother, a Mrs. Arnold, while his eldest daughter, Mary, kept house for him in Grosvenor Square. Leigh Hunt records that to the last Wilkes was in the habit of walking to the City from Kensington. Upon the strength of his having been a militia colonel, he "daily attired his person in a suit of scarlet and buff, with a rosette in his cocked hat, and a pair of military boots, and the reader may fancy him coming towards Knightsbridge, ready to take off the hat in the highest style of good breeding to anybody that courted it." The same writer happily defines Wilkes as "an odd kind of English-Frenchman that had strayed into Farringdon Ward Without."

Museum-land, and the residential district known as South Kensington, are the creation of the second half of the nineteenth century, and the outcome of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

From that Exhibition there was a surplus of nearly £200,000—to be exact, £186,436—which the Prince Consort was bent upon applying to educational work for the benefit of the public in general. But to the Prince and the far-seeing men who had acted as his advisers in organising the Exhibition, among them Sir Henry Cole and Lyon Playfair, it was obvious that this purpose could be most effectually served indirectly by investing the money in undeveloped land in the locality where the Exhibition had been held. The surplus was augmented by a grant of £150,000 from Parliament, and with the funds thus available the Royal Commissioners who had carried out the Exhibition bought two estates and a part of a third. The two which were acquired in their entirety were the Gore House estate, consisting of twenty-one acres, and extending from the Kensington Road about a quarter of the way down the present Exhibition Road, and the Villiers estate of forty-eight acres, comprising the land upon which has been built the greater part of Queen's Gate, as well as Cromwell Road. The third, the Harrington or Hale House estate, of which seventeen acres were purchased, included the site of the Victoria and Albert Museum.



THE ORATORY, BROMPTON.

In the middle of the century these properties, apart from two or three mansions, consisted of little but grounds and fields intersected by lanes, and it is significant of the rural character of the neighbourhood that in 1851 partridges were shot on the ground where now stands the Natural History Museum in the Cromwell Road. The original proposal of the Prince and the

**Scheme of
the Royal
Commissioners.**

Commissioners was that the National Gallery and the Royal Academy and similar institutions should be transplanted to the region now for the first time designated South Kensington, and that to them should be added a great Museum of Art and another of Science. As all the world knows, the scheme has not been carried out in its integrity. The Royal Academy and the National Gallery have not travelled so far westwards, but the expectations formed of the yield which the acquired land would make have been amply realised, and the Royal Commissioners in whom the estates are still vested have been able to provide sites for the many national institutions that have sprung up in Museum-land.

The central part of the land acquired by the Royal Commissioners, on which stand the Albert Hall, the Imperial Institute buildings, and several other public institutions, stretching from the Kensington Road to the Imperial Institute Road, is in the City of Westminster, but it is so essentially a part of Kensington that it has been reserved for notice in this place. In 1859 the Royal Commissioners granted some twenty acres of this part of their property to the Royal Horticultural Society, who laid out the land as gardens which were opened in the summer of 1862. Here in the 'eighties was held a series of exhibitions, beginning with the "Fisheries" in 1883, and ending with the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in 1886. The Great Exhibition of 1862, which failed to repeat the brilliant success of the Exhibition of 1851, had been held a little further south, on the site of the Natural History Museum. The gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society have long since disappeared, and now the whole of the land from Kensington and Cromwell Road between Queen's Gate and Exhibition Road is occupied by public institutions and the grounds in

which they stand, while to the east of Exhibition Road are the buildings of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

In the carrying out of the Exhibition of 1851, and in the conception and execution of the vast scheme which was its sequel, the late Lord Playfair, as we have seen, took a leading part, and to him belongs the credit of initiating the movement for the completion of the Victoria and Albert Museum buildings. They date from 1857, when a temporary structure, mainly of iron, occupying the site of the Architectural Court, was opened.

**Victoria
and Albert
Museum.**

Permanent buildings were soon afterwards begun, and in 1868 the greater part of the temporary structure was taken down. Some extensions were from time to time made, as the collection grew in volume, but from 1884 onwards nothing effectual was done, and in a letter to the *Times* in the year of the Diamond Jubilee Lord Playfair declared the position to be that while the collections were splendid, the accommodation was inadequate and the Museum had no proper setting. "In front of it there are bare brick walls, the 'Brompton boilers,' shabby railway vans and sheds, and altogether a general squalor which humiliates the nation in the eyes of foreigners who come in large numbers to visit the Museum." And he suggested that the Government should ask Queen Victoria's permission to change its name from the South Kensington to the Victoria Museum and should take a small supplementary vote towards the commencement of the façade which it so sorely lacked. This suggestion chimed in with the nation's mood. In a violent spasm of generosity Parliament, usually so little regardful of the nation's higher needs, granted not a mere vote on account but a round sum of £800,000, and on the 17th of May, 1899, Queen Victoria laid the foundation-stone of the new buildings and officially declared that for ever afterwards the institution should bear the name of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The new façade, of which Sir Aston Webb, R.A., is the designer, overlooks Cromwell Road, along which it extends for seven hundred feet, and Exhibition Road as far northwards as the Royal College of Science, and it fully doubles the area of the main building. With the re-arrange-

**The New
Buildings.**

ment of the contents of the Museum which this extension permits the Museum will cease to be the derision of the stranger within our gates. Ruskin has related how, when he once went to the Museum, he lost himself in a labyrinth and had to put himself in charge of a policeman to get out again, and it is on record that when a visitor enquired for a view of the Museum he found none on

work, glass and pottery, gold, silver, bronze and ivory, and, indeed, specimens of almost every branch of domestic decoration that can be thought of. There are also extensive groups of machinery and implements, models of light-houses and lightships, warships and liners, a museum of economic fish culture, and a collection of scientific apparatus used in education and research. The Exhibition



GORE HOUSE, KENSINGTON (*p.* 779).

From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

sale. "You see, sir," explained the attendant, "the Museum doesn't stand still long enough to be photographed."

The Museum is a sub-division of the Board of Education, and is one of the means by which that authority seeks the promotion of Science and Art. It contains much that is notable in the way of pure as distinct from applied art, including the famous Raphael cartoons, bought by Cromwell for £300, and hung at Hampton Court from the time of William III. until they were transferred here. But the leading *motif* of the Museum is to exemplify the application of art to industry in all countries and in all ages, and so we find collections of furniture, tapestry and textile fabrics, lace and needle-

**Applied
Art.**

contains, too, some relics of the ancient domestic architecture in London, of special interest to students of the history of the capital, such as the carved oak front of Sir Paul Pindar's house in Bishopsgate Without, and a room, with beautiful oak panelling, a ceiling of strapwork ornament, and a fine stone fireplace, from Bromley Palace at Bromley-by-Bow, demolished in 1894.

The Museum, so marvellously varied in its contents, represents not only the expenditure of much public money but the munificence of many private donors, chief among whom was Mr. John Jones, of Piccadilly, who at his death in 1882 bequeathed a collection of furniture, porcelain, enamelled miniatures, paintings, sculptures, bronzes, and other objects of which the value equalled the cost



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

THE NEW VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM BUILDINGS.

of all the art purchases made between the foundation of the Museum in 1837 and the date of the bequest. Many of the rooms, besides containing things of beauty, are charmingly decorated. Thus some of the arcades of the South Court were embellished by the late Owen Jones; the Grill Room was beautified by Sir Edward Poynter, Bart., now President of the Royal Academy; the decoration of the Green Dining Room was the first important non-ecclesiastical commission received by the company founded by the late William Morris.

From the Victoria and Albert Museum we pass to the Natural History Museum, between the Cromwell Road and the Imperial College of Science. Designed by the late Alfred Waterhouse in the Romanesque style that prevailed in Lombardy from the tenth to the twelfth century, and reared between the years 1873 and 1880, it is largely built of yellow terra-cotta, which is employed with admirable effect not only for the external façades but also for the interior wall surfaces. The Museum, a branch of the British Museum, removed to South Kensington in pursuance of a resolution passed by the Trustees of that institution in

**Natural
History
Museum.**

1860, in order to relieve the congested state of the great storehouse at Bloomsbury, is divided into four departments, the Mineralogical, the Botanical, the Zoological, and the Palæontological. There is no lack of space, and in arrangement, thanks mainly to the thought and skill of the late Sir William Flower, who succeeded Sir Richard Owen as Director, the Museum is perfect. Specially interesting, even to those who are not systematic students of natural history, are the object lessons which illustrate the natural laws—such as those of protective resemblance and mimicry, albinism, and variation under domestication—expounded by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace. Here, as in the collection generally, animals and plants are shown in natural conditions, and not as mere museum specimens. Among the domesticated animals will be found the skulls of celebrated race-horses, such as Stockwell, Ormonde, Bend Or, and Donovan, and here, too, is a statuette of King Edward's Persimmon, with which his Majesty won the Derby in 1896. This feature of the Museum, as well as a collection of natural freaks of various kinds, was added by Sir E. Ray Lankester, who held the Directorship from 1898 to 1907.

On the south side of the Imperial Institute Road is the plain but symmetrical and dignified structure—of stone and small red bricks, like the new buildings of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and, like them, designed by Sir Aston Webb—which forms the headquarters of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, founded by charter in 1907 to carry on the work of the Royal College of Science, the Royal School of Mines, and the Central Technical College of the City and Guilds of London Institute, with large additional resources supplied by the Government, the Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, the London County Council, and various private donors. The work of these three institutions is at present mainly carried on in buildings in the Exhibition Road, but a new habitation is to be provided for the Royal School of Mines. The origin of this great scheme of technical education which has thus developed into an Imperial College of Science and Technology was the Government School of Mines and of Science applied to the Arts, formed in 1851 in connexion with the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street, and the successive stages of its evolution are traced in the Calendar of

**Imperial
College of
Science.**

the College for the Session 1908-9. The City and Guilds of London Institute, it should be added, is still associated with the Imperial College in the conduct of the college which bears its name.

The Imperial Institute buildings, facing the Imperial College, are a free rendering by Mr. T. E. Collcutt of the Early Italian Renaissance, with a graceful façade of stone 600 feet in length, relieved by three towers—the bold and lofty Queen's Tower in the centre, of stone, terminating in a cupola 280 feet from the ground, and a less lofty tower of brick at each end. The Imperial Institute of the United Kingdom, the Colonies and India grew out of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886, and was intended at once to form a national memorial of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, who laid the foundation-stone in 1887 and opened the building in 1893, and to display the natural resources and industries of the Colonies and India, to advertise their raw materials, and to disseminate information concerning them. The institution never succeeded in "finding itself," and in 1899 the buildings were transferred to the Government, who in 1900 granted the central block and the eastern wing to the

**Imperial
Institute
Buildings.**



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

re-organised University of London, leaving the west wing for the Library and the Life Fellows' rooms. In 1902 the management of the Institute was taken over by the Board of Trade. The Exhibition Galleries, containing the Indian and Colonial collections, are still open to the public, and some day, it may be, the Institute will realise the expectations with which it entered upon its career.

The University of London, now not merely an examining but also, through the numerous "schools" associated with it, a teaching body, was formerly housed in Burlington Gardens (p. 678). Its library, of which the nucleus was the classical collection bequeathed by George Grote, was opened by the Earl of Rosebery as Chancellor of the University in 1906.

The Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, with the Albert Memorial on the north, on the other side of Kensington Gore,

The Albert Hall.

and on the south another statue of the Prince Consort, by Joseph Durham, showing him in his robes of Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, is the embodiment of one of the ideas of Prince Albert, who had been deeply sensible of the importance of providing for the capital a large oratorio- and concert-hall. The foundation-stone was laid on the 20th of May, 1867, by Queen Victoria, who opened the building on the 29th of March, 1871. Designed by Captain Fowke and Colonel Scott, it takes the form of a vast ellipse of beautiful red brick and light terra-cotta covered by a dome of coloured glass, the chief features of the exterior being the bold, two-storied porches which preserve it from monotony, a terra-cotta frieze which runs round it above the gallery, and an effective balustrade of the same material. The huge building has charm of colour, and is more pleasing in a near than in a distant view, in which too much is seen of the flattish dome. The organ, by Willis, is one of the most powerful in the world, with nearly nine thousand pipes. The hall is used not only

for musical performances, but occasionally for political demonstrations, and it was here that, on the eve of the General Election of January, 1906, the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman expounded the policy of the Ministry which he had just formed.

On the west side of the Albert Hall is the building which, once the Royal College of Music, is now the Royal College of Organists, formerly established at Bloomsbury. It was the gift of Sir Charles Freaque, and was opened in 1883. The new habitation of the Royal College of Music, in the Prince Consort Road, is also a fruit of private munificence, the generous donor in this instance being Mr. Samson Fox,

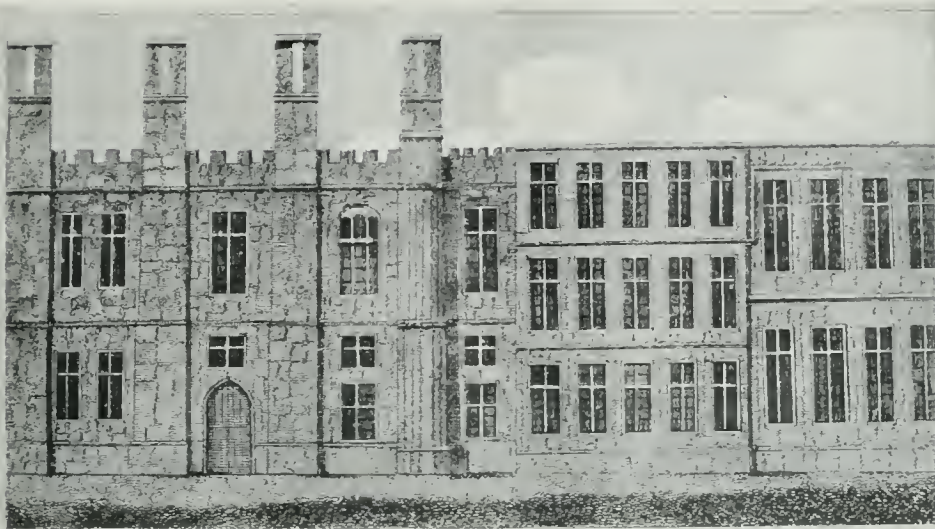
Royal College of Music.

who expended upon it a sum of nearly £50,000. Designed by the late Sir Arthur Blomfield, with a bold tower at each end, and opened by the then Prince of Wales, on the 2nd of May, 1894, it is built of a red brick which suffers by contrast with that of the Albert Hall. The chief room on the ground floor is the Donaldson Museum, an interesting collection of old musical instruments and musical MSS., presented to the College by Sir George Donaldson. The College was incorporated by royal charter in 1883 to provide a musical education in the style of the Conservatoires of the Continent.

In Exhibition Road, on the east side of this centre of Museum-land, is the rather sombre-looking Central Technical College of the City and Guilds of London Institute, referred to in an earlier paragraph (p. 785). The building, one of Alfred Waterhouse's, was erected by the Corporation and Livery Companies of London at a cost of about £100,000, and was opened in 1884 by the present King. Adjoining it on the south, with its façade turning the corner into the Imperial Institute Road, is a Late Renaissance structure built in 1903 to furnish a home for the Royal School of Art Needlework, an institution founded in 1872 by the Princess Christian. It was here that the dalmatic worn by King Edward at his coronation was embroidered.



COUNTRESS BLESSINGTON (p. 779).



NORTH FRONT OF THE MANOR-HOUSE OF HENRY VIII. (*p.* 789).

From a Print in the Chelsea Library.

CHAPTER LXX

CHELSEA

Attractions of Chelsea—Derivation of the Name—The Manor—The Manor-houses—The Old Church and its Monuments—The Rectory and the Kingsleys—Sir Thomas More's House—Lindsay House—Turner's Death-place—Cheyne Walk and its Residents—Don Saltero's—Shrewsbury House—Cheyne Row and the Carlyles—Upper Cheyne Row and Leigh Hunt—Chelsea China

OF all the boroughs that make up the County of London, scarce one more abounds in charm than that which bears the pleasant sounding name of Chelsea. Though

The Charm of Chelsea.

it has had to part with one after another of its historic houses, it still retains many admirable examples of Queen Anne and Georgian architecture, and in the Royal Hospital it possesses one of the most stately of Wren's buildings. If some of its older streets have degenerated into squalor, as old streets in London are so apt to do, it can point, in Cheyne Walk and in and around Cadogan Square, to some of the best modern domestic architecture in London. And if Chelsea Reach has lost the picturesque irregularity which made it beloved of Turner and Whistler, the Embankment, with its avenue of well-grown plane-trees, forms a frame to the river which is not wanting in dignity, while across the stream is the refreshing greenery of Battersea Park. But it is in its memories, even more perhaps than

in its delightful situation and its architectural amenities, old and new, that its charm chiefly consists. In these it is peculiarly fortunate. In far-off days it was for many years the home of Sir Thomas More, and in our own time it has been not less intimately associated with Thomas Carlyle; and though the residents of Chelsea in past days may not have been so immaculate as Jim Burton, in Henry Kingsley's novel, thought they must have been when, in the innocence of childhood, he interpreted literally their epitaphs in the old church, there is in the memories of the place an unusual predominance of dignity and seemliness.

Over the etymology of the name one need not waste space, nor need one recall the uncouth-looking phases through which the name passed before it reached its final form. Enough to say that the most probable etymology, though one not free from difficulty, is that which Norden suggested and Lysons favoured—

that the first syllable denotes the sand and pebbles—the *chesel*—cast up by the tide, just as the beach of pebbles outside Weymouth harbour is known as the Chesil Bank. The other part of the word is no doubt a form of “ey,” or “ea,” an island, or haven, or more generally land situated near water. In Norman times the manor was one of those belonging to the Abbey of St.

The Manor.

Peter at Westminster, but it is not until the beginning of the Tudor period that we come to authentic details of its history. In the reign of Henry VII. we find it held by Sir Reginald Bray, from whom it passed to his niece Margaret, and so by marriage to William, Lord Sandys. By this nobleman it was transferred, by way of exchange, to Henry VIII., who assigned it to Katharine Parr as part of her marriage jointure. Next it was held by John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, then by the widow of the Protector Somerset, and after undergoing several other changes of ownership it came into possession of the Cheyne family, being purchased by Charles Viscount Cheyne with part of the dower brought to him by his wife, the Lady Jane, eldest daughter of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. From them it was acquired in 1712 by Sir Hans Sloane, the eminent Irish physician who became the posthumous founder of the British Museum, and in the next generation it passed by the marriage of his daughter into the hands of Charles, second Lord Cadogan of Oakley, to whose descendants it still belongs.

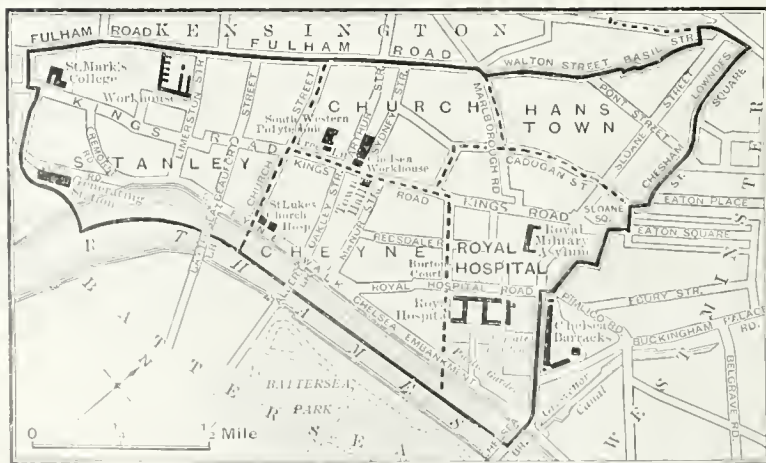
It is to these families, the Cheynes, the

Sloanes, and the Cadogans, that Chelsea owes the most familiar of its names. Rather curiously, the venerated name of More is not prominent among them, though it is now borne by the comely blocks of industrial dwellings which the Borough Council reared in Beaufort Street in 1903-4, near Battersea Bridge. The borough is divided into five wards, the Hans Town and Royal Hospital Wards on the east, Stanley Ward on the west, and the Church and Cheyne Wards in the centre. It is one of the smallest of the metropolitan boroughs, measuring only 660

acres, or just over one square mile, and being therefore a trifle smaller than the City of London, which covers 673 acres. Of the ancient parish of Chelsea, which extended a little further eastwards than the present municipal borough, being bounded on the east by the West Bourne, there was a detached portion to the north of Kensington, known as Kensal Town, but under the powers of the London Government Act of 1899, which abolished the vestries and district boards and erected in their places the metropolitan boroughs, this has now been divided between the boroughs of Kensington and Paddington, though rather curiously it still forms part of Parliamentary Chelsea.

When Henry VIII. acquired the manor the manor-house was in the possession of the Lawrences, and having no love of old houses, it would seem, he built a new manor-house further to the east, on a spot to which we shall come presently. The more ancient

manor-house, surrounded by spacious grounds, stood a little to the north-east of the old parish church, between Cheyne Row on the east and Lawrence Street on the west. Early in the eighteenth century it came to be known as Monmouth House, from the widow of the hapless Duke of Monmouth, who bought it and lived in it for many years, with John Gay as her domestic steward or secretary. It was to this lady, the



PLAN OF CHELSEA, SHOWING THE WARDS.

Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch, that the "last minstrel" sang his "lay," and when his trembling hand tried in vain to tune his harp—

"The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony."

The Duchess came to the old manor-house in 1714, twenty-nine years after her husband's execution, and here she lived until her death

gate that gave entrance to the grounds from the river. It was a quadrangular building, enclosing a spacious court, and was partly embattled. The King settled it upon Katharine Parr when she became his consort, and here she had the oversight of the Princess Elizabeth, at this time a girl of ten. After his death, four years after the marriage, she continued to live here, being secretly married a few months after she thus entered upon her second widowhood to Seymour, brother of



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

CHELSEA OLD CHURCH.

at the age of ninety. From 1750 to 1769 it was the residence of Tobias Smollett, who was attracted to its seclusion partly by a regard for his own health and that of his daughter, and partly that he might not be distracted from his work by the diversions of the town. He appears to have been the last tenant of distinction that Monmouth House had. In 1829 Faulkner, the historian of Chelsea, described it as "a melancholy scene of desolation and ruin," and it was made away with in 1833.

The new manor-house which Henry VIII. built stood in Cheyne Walk, a little to the east of the Pier Hotel, which is to be found at the foot of Oakley

**New Man-
or-house.**

Street, and close to the "Queen's House" (p. 793), in the front courtyard of which have been unearthed Tudor bricks which, says Mr. B. E. Martin, in his "Old Chelsea," were the wreckage of the water-

the Protector Somerset, and Lord High Admiral of England. In 1712 the manor-house was sold by William Lord Cheyne to Sir Hans Sloane, who lived here for the rest of his life, acquiring Sir Thomas More's house and a great deal of land elsewhere in Chelsea, and dying here in 1753. The new manor-house did not long survive him.

After the manor-houses, the church. The old church, a building of red brick and stone, picturesque if not beautiful, stands on the river side, at the foot of Church Street, which has numbered Swift and Atterbury among its residents, but has now lost its look of antiquity and has little to dignify it except the rectory and its old-world grounds. Originally built in the reign of Edward II., the church consisted at first of a rude chancel and nave, to which a north aisle was added at some time in the fourteenth century as a chapel for the

**The Old
Church.**



HENRY KINGSLEY.

Lawrences, and a south aisle in the sixteenth century—about the year 1520—by Sir Thomas More as his family chapel. In the seventeenth century the church was extended westwards, and the north and south aisles were then rebuilt and the tower was added, but the aisles continued to be private property, and remained so until they were purchased with funds raised by the late incumbent, the Rev. H. R. Davis. Consisting of chancel, nave with north and south aisles, and western tower, which early in the last century was deprived of the cupola that relieved its uncompromising bareness,* the church has no claim to architectural merit; but it is so rich

in monuments that Dean Stanley **Memorials.** was wont to speak of it as "one of the chapters of my abbey." Its walls witnessed the wedding of Henry VIII. to Jane Seymour the day after the Calais headsman had struck off Anne Boleyn's lovely head in the Tower. But to many, even of those who have never seen it, it is more interesting from the glamour cast around it by Henry Kingsley in that delightful story "The Hillyars and the Burtons," which Mr. Clement Shorter, in his note on the church in a special edition of the

novel, has happily termed the "prose epic" of this fascinating suburb. The Hillyars are the Lawrences, who, as we have seen, owned the old manor-house; the Burtons are identified by Mr. Martin with the Wyatts, a family living at Wargrave, Henley-on-Thames. "Four hundred years of memory," says Joe Burton, "are crowded into that dark old church, and the great flood of change beats round the walls, and shakes the door in vain, but never enters. The dead stand thick together there, as if to make a brave resistance to the moving world outside, which jars upon their slumber. It is a church of the dead. I cannot fancy anyone being married in that church—its air would chill the boldest bride that ever walked to the altar." The monument which Jim Burton, the blacksmith, Joe's brother, thought most of was one at the east end of the north aisle, representing husband and wife kneeling under an arch face to face, with their nine children, three boys kneeling behind the father, six daughters kneeling behind the mother. The Lawrence who with his family is thus quaintly commemorated is Thomas, who died in 1593.

Against the wall of the south aisle is a magnificent monument of Lord and Lady Dacre, the latter of whom, at the end of the sixteenth century, founded the almshouses at Westminster which bear her name; and not far away is one of Jane Dudley, Duchess of Northumberland, widow of the John Dudley who lost his head in 1553 for proclaiming Lady Jane Grey. In the north aisle is a memorial by Bernini of Jane, Lady Cheyne, eldest daughter of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and heroine of the gallant defence of Basing House when attacked by the Parliamentarians. But the most interesting of all the memorials is the tablet of black marble on the south wall of the chancel, under a flat Gothic arch, which was reared by Sir Thomas More, three years before his death in 1535, to commemorate himself. Whether the body of More was buried in the church—the head is deposited in the church of St. Dunstan at Canterbury—is not certain; but in this church lie his two wives, and it was in this chancel that he frequently assisted at the celebration of mass. "What! a parish clerk!" exclaimed the Duke of Norfolk, when he found the Chan-

* In Faulkner's "Description of Chelsea," published in 1810, it is figured with the cupola.

cellor singing in the choir, surprised. "You dishonour the King and his office!" "Nay," quoth Sir Thomas, "you may not think your master and mine will be offended with me for serving God, *his* master, or thereby count his office dishonoured."

At the south-east corner of the churchyard is a monument to Sir Hans Sloane, consisting of an urn of white marble

The Churchyard.

entwined with Æsculapian serpents, surmounted by a marble canopy and supported by an inscribed pedestal. Here, also, are the graves of Shadwell, the poet laureate, and of Sir John Fielding the magistrate. In the porch is a bell, once hung in the tower, which was presented to the church in 1679 by the Hon. William Ashburnham, of Ashburnham House, to commemorate his escape from death when one foggy night he strayed into the river and would have been drowned had not the church clock, as it struck the hour of nine, guided him to the bank. With the bell he gave money that it might be rung for five minutes at nine o'clock every night, and the custom only ceased some three-quarters of a century ago.

Old St. Luke's was supplanted as the parish church in 1824 by an uninteresting church of the same dedication in about the centre of the parish, between the King's Road and the Fulham Road. The rectory, in Church Street, not far from the old church, has of late years been partly rebuilt, and is hardly the picturesque building that it used to be, but it still stands in ample old-world grounds which are screened from observation by a high wall. It is interesting as the home of the Kingsley brothers, Charles,

The Kingsleys.

George, and Henry, whose father was presented to the living by Lord Cadogan in 1836, when the eldest of his sons, Charles, was seventeen, and the youngest, Henry, was six. It is curious how differently Charles and Henry seem to have been affected by their new surroundings. Henry must have been much impressed by the antiquity of the place and its memories, but to Charles the change from sylvan Clovelly was most unwelcome and he found life here hardly tolerable during the two years before he escaped to Cambridge. During those two years he studied at King's College, walking to and fro, and reading all the way. George,

the brother who came between Charles and Henry, grew up to be a brilliant and many-sided man—explorer, sportsman, linguist, conversationalist, and author. He figures in "Two Years Ago" as Tom Thurnall.

The site of Sir Thomas More's house is to be sought a little to the north-west of the old church, in Beaufort Street, about midway between Cheyne Walk and the King's Road, and close to the spot where now stand the great blocks of industrial dwellings which bear his name. Beaufort Street owes to it, indeed, its name, for when towards the end of the seventeenth century the house was bought by Henry, Marquis of Worcester, afterwards Duke of Beaufort, it was styled Beaufort House, and so it continued to be known until it was demolished in 1740 by Sir Hans Sloane, who had bought it two years before. Built by More himself in 1520, it remained his residence until in 1534 Henry VIII. sent him to the Tower. In his house he frequently entertained the tyrant who was presently to consign him to the dungeon and the block, and received from him marks of the most intimate affection, of which he shrewdly understood the true value, for when, after the King on one occasion

More's House.



MONUMENT TO SIR HANS SLOANE IN CHELSEA CHURCHYARD.

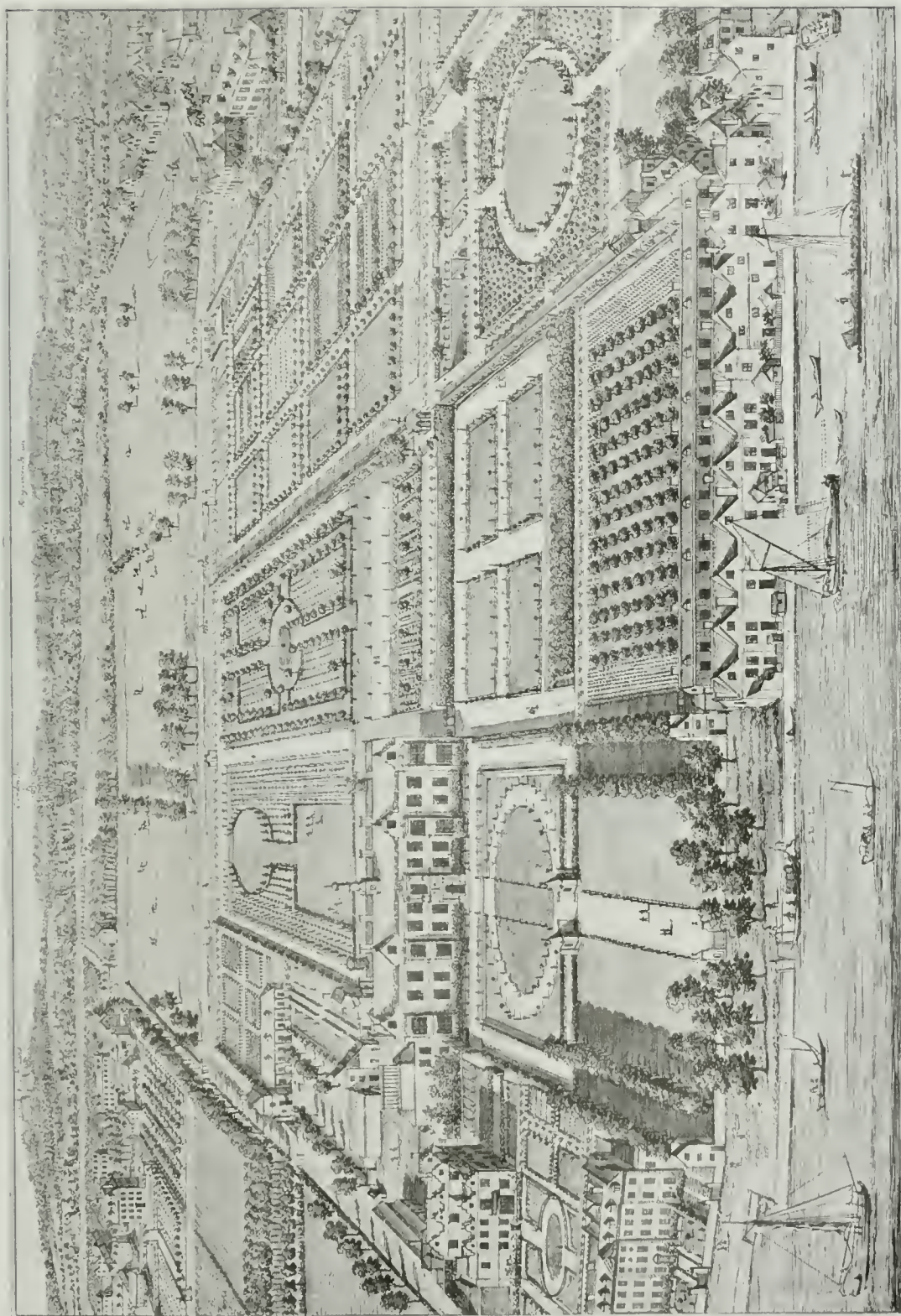
had walked with him in his garden for an hour holding his arm about his neck, he received the felicitations of Roper, his son-in-law, upon his good fortune, he remarked, "I find his Grace my very good lord indeed; and I believe he doth as singularly love me as any subject within this realm. However, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go off." Here, too, More entertained men who were better worthy of his friendship, Dean Colet, Linacre the great physician, John Heywood the dramatist, Hans Holbein, whose portrait of this Chelsea household is to be seen in the museum at Basle, and Erasmus, who had long been his correspondent, and who has drawn so delightful a picture of his domestic life, surrounded by wife, son, daughter-in-law, three daughters and their husbands, and eleven grandchildren. One might liken the household, he says, to Plato's Academy, but it was yet more "a school or university of the Christian religion, for the special care of all was piety and virtue," and he adds that "that worthy gentleman" governed "not with proud and lofty words, but with well-timed benevolence . . . neither is sober mirth anything wanting."

The Moravian burial-ground, near the northern end of Milman's Street, a little to the west of Beaufort Street, occupies a part of the gardens of **Lindsay House.** Sir Thomas More's house. The Moravian settlement at Chelsea dates from 1751, when this community became the owner of Lindsay House and of the stables of More's house, as well as of a part of the grounds. Lindsay House had been built, perhaps by Sir Christopher Wren, for Robert, Lord Lindsay, in 1674, and it remained with the Lindsays until it was acquired by the Moravians. The Brethren intended to lay out the whole estate as a religious settlement to be known as Sharon, with chapel, clergy-house, and burial ground, but the scheme was only partially carried out, at a cost of £25,000, and twenty-one years after the purchase the property was sold, except the burial ground, chapel, and clergy-house, and these were purchased from the governing board of the Unity by the Moravian congregation in Fetter Lane, in the City, to whom they still belong.

Lindsay House, though vulgarised as to its exterior by modern stucco, and divided into five separate dwellings, still overlooks the river from Cheyne Walk, a few yards west of Beaufort Street, and the name is to be seen on the curious old porch of one of the houses. In the houses into which it has been divided have lived John Martin, the apocalyptic painter, and James MacNeill Whistler, who found in the river the inspiration for his nocturnes.

Not far from Lindsay House, and near the western end of Cheyne Walk, is the poor little house (No. 119) which is **Turner.** associated with the last days of a greater than Martin or Whistler. In 1851 Turner disappeared from his "den" in Queen Anne Street, where his household consisted of himself and Hannah Danby, his slatternly but devoted old housekeeper. For some time nothing was heard of him, but at last, in the month of December, his housekeeper found him here, in the house of Sophie Caroline Booth, his Margate landlady, whose husband he professed to be by way of hiding his identity. On the low roof of the house he put up an iron railing, and as he spent much of his time in this conspicuous position he brought upon himself a good deal of notice and was nicknamed "Puggy" or "Admiral" Booth. When discovered he was almost in the article of death: he died the next day (December 19th), in the room just below the railing, and was borne away from this mean little house to be laid in the crypt of St. Paul's. The iron railing is still to be seen, and the house, into which its neighbour on the east (No. 118) has been thrown, has been judiciously repaired, and is now marked by a tablet of Mr. Walter Crane's designing and gift.

The character of this prince of landscape painters was full of paradoxes. To none among the sons of men has more of the essential beauty of Nature been revealed, yet his life was sordid and sensual. Though he lived like a miser, he refused large sums of money for pictures which he was bent upon leaving to the nation, and he hoarded his wealth that after his death it might be employed in the promotion of art and for the relief of necessitous artists. If he was uncouth and even brutal in manner, he would speak ill of no man behind his back, and he could



SIR THOMAS MORE'S HOUSE, WITH THE APPROACH FROM THE RIVER.
From a Print in the Chelsea Library.

never be brought to distraint upon tenants who owed him money. Of his pre-occupation with Nature an amusing instance is recorded in the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography." When he was travelling in Italy by *diligence* he was angry with the conductor because he would not wait while he sketched a lovely sunrise at Macerata. "D—n the fellow!" he exclaimed, "he has no feeling!"

One of the finest of the old houses in Cheyne Walk which have survived into the twentieth century is "Queen's House" (No. 16), memorable for its associations as it is seemly and venerable in appearance. Said to have been built by Wren, it has been styled Tudor House because it was reared in the grounds of the manor-house which Henry VIII. built for Katharine Parr, and Queen's House—the name by which it is now known—

because of the tradition that it was the residence of Catherine of Braganza, a tradition which is supported by the monogram "C. B." to be seen in the beautiful gates of wrought-iron. However this may be, the house, as long as it stands, will be of peculiar interest from its intimate association with Dante Gabriel

D. G. Rossetti. Rossetti, who settled here in October, 1862, a few months after the tragic death of his wife—the beautiful Elizabeth Siddall—at Chatham Place Blackfriars, and was still its tenant when he died at Birchington-on-Sea in 1882. For a time he shared the house with Mr. Swinburne, and with his brother, Mr. William Rossetti, and Mr. George Meredith, also,

was to have been of the company, but when he came to inspect his rooms he changed his mind and paid a quarter's rent "in lieu of notice." In the beautiful garden in the rear, a remnant, as we have seen, of the grounds of the New Manor House, he kept a menagerie—as Sir Thomas More had done long before in the gardens of Beaufort House. He derived a good deal

more pleasure from it than did his neighbours, and Mr. Marillier records that the strident cries of the peacocks led to so many complaints from other tenants of the Cadogan Estate that in all future leases a clause was inserted forbidding the keeping of such birds.

A later tenant of Queen's House was the late Rev. H. R. Haweis, who placed on the roof a figure of Mercury which has now been removed. He also unearthed the water-gate of the New Manor-house,

as well as a mysterious underground passage which it is conjectured may have formed a secret means of communication between the Manor House and the abode of Seymour when he paid his surreptitious visits to Queen Katharine. In the Embankment Garden, in front of the house, is a memorial of Rossetti in the form of a fountain, designed by Mr. J. P. Seddon, with an alto-relievo bust by Ford Madox Brown.

After Queen's House, the most interesting of these Cheyne Walk dwellings is No. 4, for it was here that **George Eliot.** George Eliot died. She lived in it but for a few weeks. She had married Mr. J. W. Cross on the 6th of May, 1880. Then came a tour on the



SIR HANS SLOANE

By permission of the Royal College of Physicians.

Continent, and when this was over the alterations that were being made to the house were not finished, and it was not until the 3rd of December that we meet with the record in her diary, "Came to 4, Cheyne Walk." On the 18th she went to a Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall and caught cold from a draught in the heated room, but was well enough to receive visits on the following afternoon from Herbert Spencer and one or two other friends. Then she began to write a letter, but was not able to finish it, and three days later the end came. Her thousands of books had all been arranged in the order they had occupied at the Priory, St. John's Wood, but she was not to use them.

George Eliot was not the only famous tenant of No. 4. About the middle of the century it was the home of William Dyce, the painter, and afterwards of Daniel Maclise. No. 10 occupies the site of a house which was elaborately decorated by Augustus Welby Pugin, and occupied by Count d'Orsay.

No. 18 is the successor of Don **Don Saltero's**. Saltero's Coffee-house and Museum, founded in 1695 by John Salter, an old servant of Sir Hans Sloane, who presented him with some of the curiosities that formed the museum. Others were the gift of Rear-Admiral Sir John Munden and of other officers who had seen service in Spanish waters, and who glorified the proprietor of the museum with his Spanish name. It survived until the last year of the eighteenth century, when the collection was sold by auction.

Not far from the eastern end of Cheyne Walk, where Oakley Street now runs into it, is the site of Winchester House, the palace of the Bishops of Winchester from about the middle of the seventeenth century until 1820. Adjacent to it, on the west, was another old Chelsea mansion, Shrewsbury House, built in the reign of Henry VIII.

by George, Earl of Shrewsbury, whose grandson had for second wife the famous Bess of Hardwick, the strong-minded lady who built Chatsworth, Oldcotes, and Hardwick, and who had already outlived three husbands before she became Countess of Shrewsbury; her fourth husband she survived seventeen years. To her son William Cavendish, after-

wards Earl of Devonshire, she bequeathed her mansion at Chelsea, as well as those which she had built herself. Shrewsbury House was finally converted into a wall-paper manufactory.

In the more westerly of the two Embankment Gardens is Boehm's seated figure of Thomas Carlyle, whom it was the fashion to style "the sage of Chelsea" until the distinguished writer who was to become Viscount Morley of Blackburn pointed out with unanswerable cogency the inapplicability of the designation to a genius so impulsive and tempestuous. Carlyle settled in Cheyne Row, which at this point runs into Cheyne

Walk, in 1834, in the house which **Cheyne Row.** now, distinguished by a tablet, bears his name, and here he lived until his death forty-seven years later. At the time he took it he described it as "eminent, antique, wainscoted to the very ceiling," and as having a "broadish stair with massive balustrade (in the old style), corniced and as thick as one's thigh; floors thick as a rock, wood of them here and there worm-eaten, yet capable of cleanliness, and still with thrice the strength of a modern floor." And Mrs. Carlyle writes of it to a friend as "an excellent lodgement, of most antique physiognomy, quite to our humour; all wainscoted, carved, and queer-looking, roomy, substantial, commodious, with closets to satisfy any Bluebeard."

Mr. Holman Hunt, in the earlier part of his career, was a neighbour of Carlyle's, having his studio in Cheyne Walk, on the site of the Cheyne **Holman Hunt and Thomas Carlyle.** Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children—a pleasant building of red brick close to the old church—where he painted some of his most renowned pictures, including "The Hireling Shepherd" and "The Light of the World." From him we learn that, curious as was Carlyle's aspect, in his perambulations of Chelsea "never did the rudest boor or the most impudent gutter-boy fail to be chilled into dumb propriety when he passed; they were silenced in their noisy idleness by his outer grotesqueness and inner grandeur." Mr. Holman Hunt noticed also that nothing that was going on around him ever made him pause or so much as turn his head; "his eyes were at all times turned inwards." When Carlyle, with Mrs.

Shrewsbury House.

Carlyle, visited his studio, he thought his countenance "one of the noblest" he had ever seen. The lower part of the face, with the nose, "had the stamp of grandeur, and his figure, when unbent, had a grandeur of its own. Weakness revealed itself in the meagreness of his neck, and want of robust development in the slight twist of the spine." As to his conversation, he would have no dialogue; following his talk was like listening

with delicate humour, "obtained a fairer share in the conversation." Five years after Carlyle's death another distinguished American, Oliver Wendell Holmes, came to Cheyne Row and has recorded his impressions in "Our Hundred Days in Europe." "The dingy three-storey brick house . . . was far from attractive. It was untenanted, neglected; its windows were unwashed, a pane of glass was broken; its threshold



Photo Pictorial Agency.

WHERE ROSSETTI LIVED: "QUEEN'S HOUSE," CHEYNE WALK (*p.* 793).

to the pages of one of his books; but there was about him no trace of pomposity, and the essential tenderness of his nature frequently revealed itself. Carlyle was enthusiastic about "The Hireling Shepherd" and "The Awakened Conscience," but "The Light of the World" he could not away with; it was "mere papistical fantasy." The artist protested that he firmly believed in the idea he had painted, but Carlyle, who always knew so much better what his fellow-creatures believed than they knew themselves, told him he was the victim of "wilful blindness," and exhorted him to give up his "habit of self-delusion."

Among the many eminent men who visited the Carlyles in Cheyne Row was Emerson, who once found his friend ill with inflamed sore throat. "I certainly," Emerson notes

appeared untrodden, its whole aspect forlorn and desolate. Yet there it stood before me, all covered with its associations as an ivy-clad tower with its foliage. I wanted to see its interior, but it looked as if it did not expect a tenant and would not welcome a visitor." Carlyle's temper, and his relations with Mrs. Carlyle, who died suddenly in 1866 while out for a drive, her husband being at the time in Edinburgh for the delivery of his address as Lord Rector of the University, have been canvassed *ad nauseam*. Perhaps all that it is necessary to say on this subject is said by Wendell Holmes, as he stands before the home "of the long-suffering, much-labouring, loud-complaining Heraclitus of his time, whose very smile had a grimness in it more ominous than his scowl." "Poor man!" exclaims this man of letters who was

also a physician, "Poor man! Dyspeptic on a diet of oatmeal porridge; kept wide awake by crowing cocks; drummed out of his wits by long-continued piano-pounding; sharp of speech, I fear, to his high-strung wife, who gave him back as good as she got!" With

articles of furniture, books, letters, specimens of MS., pictures—and is open to the public on payment of a small fee.

On No. 15, Cheyne Row is a sundial which bears the not infelicitous legend "Lead, kindly light." At the north end, where is



Photo: Futoria Agency

WHERE GEORGE ELIOT DIED: 4, CHEYNE WALK (p. 793).

Carlyle's dyspepsia, by the way, his excessively rapid eating no doubt had something to do. Mr. Gladstone, who had a perfect digestive apparatus and took no liberties with it, was astounded at his hasty and ravenous feeding. "It was just like posting letters," he once wittily remarked.

In 1895 the house, formerly No. 5 but now No. 24, was acquired by a Memorial Trust with funds subscribed on both sides of the Atlantic, the property being formally handed to the Trust on the 4th of December in that year, the centenary of Carlyle's birth, and it now forms a museum of Carlyle relics—

now a Roman Catholic Church, built in 1896 on the site of Orange House, the road is crossed by Upper Cheyne Row, consisting of cottages at the western end, and in the eastern portion of houses of a better class, one of which (No. 10) bears a London County Council tablet identifying it as the residence of Leigh Hunt. The disorder in which this mercurial and shift-

Leigh Hunt.

less man of letters was able quite comfortably to live amazed his neighbour. "Unutterable!" Carlyle exclaims—"a poetical Tinkerdom, without

Upper Cheyne Row.

parallel even in literature." The family room on one occasion was littered with books, paper, egg-shells, scissors, and "the torn heart of a half-quartern loaf." The room in which he did his work was cleaner. "It has only two chairs, a bookcase, and a writing-table; yet the noble Hunt receives you in his Tinkerdome in the spirit of a king, apologises for nothing, places you in the best seat, takes a window-sill himself if there is no other, and then, folding closer his loose flowing 'muslin cloud' of a printed nightgown, in which he always writes, commences the liveliest dialogue on philosophy and the prospects of man (who is to be beyond measure happy yet); which again he will courteously terminate the moment you are bound to go: a most interesting, pitiable, lovable man, to be used kindly but with discretion." Leigh Hunt remained in Upper Cheyne Row from 1830 until 1840, when he removed to Edwardes Square, Kensington.

In Upper Cheyne Row, four doors eastward of Leigh Hunt's abode, is Cheyne House, dating partly, says Miss Mitton, in her little book on Chelsea in the "Fascination of London" series, from Tudor times and partly from the age of Wren, with a large garden in the rear which, when the present writer visited it, was a glorious

tangle of trees and shrubs. At the corner of Oakley Street is a house of which the side that faces Upper Cheyne Row professes to be a reproduction of the Château de Savanay. Very uncomfortable and incongruous it looks. Near the eastern end of Upper Cheyne Row, at the corner of Lawrence Street and Justice Walk, is the probable site of the factory where was made the dainty Chelsea china. The beauty of

**Chelsea
China.**

this variety of porcelain is undeniable, but of the history of its manufacture little is known. It began about the year 1745, but some five-and-twenty years later the workmen were transferred to Derby and the factory here was pulled down and its place taken by houses. It was at this factory that Dr. Johnson played the amateur potter. Persuaded that he could improve upon the ware that was produced here, he was allowed to come to the factory when he liked, mix his composition according to his own method and do his own baking, but his mixture was not proof against the heat of the oven and invariably declined to emerge as china, so that at last he gave up the experiment in despair. It was not often that Dr. Johnson so misjudged his capacity.



SPECIMEN OF CHELSEA CHINA.

CHAPTER LXXI

CHELSEA (*concluded*)

Chelsea Embankment—The Bridges—The Botanic Garden—Paradise Row—Tite Street—The Royal Hospital—Ranelagh Gardens—Chelsea Buns—The Royal Military Asylum—Whitlands—King's Road—Cremorne Gardens—Fulham Road—Hans Place—Sloane Street—Sloane Square

BETWEEN Cheyne Walk and the river runs the Chelsea Embankment, which, with a width of 70 feet, extends for a little more than three-quarters of a mile, from Battersea Bridge on the west to the Royal Military Hospital on the east. The river from Millbank to the Hospital had been already embanked, about the year 1854, by the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings, and in 1868 the Metropolitan Board of Works secured the passage of a Bill authorising this extension of the Embankment, which, begun in 1871, was completed in 1874, the net cost being a little more than a quarter of a million (£269,591). So was finished an embankment extending, on one or other side of the river, from Blackfriars to Battersea Bridge, a distance of four-and-a-half miles, the whole being the work of Sir Joseph Bazalgette. On several occasions since then it has been proposed to continue the Embankment westwards from Battersea Bridge to Lots Road, and so to reclaim from the river nearly four acres of mudbanks, but the scheme was strongly opposed and of late little has been heard of it. May it be long before it is revived!

The Chelsea Embankment is saved from monotony by an avenue of luxuriant plane trees, and near the western end of Cheyne Walk it is dignified by some handsome modern-antique houses of red brick, two of the best of them being Old Swan House and the Clock House, both designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A. Old Swan House perpetuates the memory of a tavern at this spot which was the goal of Doggett's annual rowing match; but an older "Swan," the "White Swan," the original goal of the race, stood a little lower down the

river, on the eastern side of the Physic Garden, where it is commemorated in Swan Walk. From this point we get a good view of the bridges which are one of

The Bridges. the features of Chelsea. Chelsea Bridge, at the south-eastern limit of the borough, built in 1858 on the suspension principle by Thomas Page, the engineer who rebuilt Westminster Bridge, is the most graceful of all the more recent Thames bridges. The Albert Bridge, in a line with Oakley Street, built by R. M. Ordish in 1873, is also not wanting in grace; Battersea Bridge, the work of Sir Joseph Bazalgette, opened by the Earl of Rosebery in 1890, is a prosaic structure to have displaced the picturesque old wooden bridge which Whistler loved and painted. The old bridge, by the way, superseded the ancient ferry.

The Physic Garden, known also as the Botanic Garden and the Apothecaries' Garden, was formed by the Society

The Physic Garden. of Apothecaries of London so long ago as 1673, mainly as a nursery for medicinal plants, and when the lease which they had obtained from Lord Cheyne expired, in 1723, the property was handed over to the Society in perpetuity by Sir Hans Sloane, by this time lord of the manor, subject to the pious stipulation that it should "at all times be continued as a physic garden for the manifestation of the power and wisdom and goodness of God in creation, and that the apprentices might learn to distinguish good and useful plants from hurtful ones." Of four cedars planted here in 1683, the first grown in this country, one survived until March, 1904. In 1898 the garden was vested in the Trustees of the London Parochial Charities.



ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA : THE GREAT HALL.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

In Paradise Row, now absorbed by Queen's Road, which runs on the north side of the Botanic Garden, lived the Duchess of Mazarin, one of the beauties of the Court of Charles II., of whom we have spoken in one of our chapters on Kensington (p. 775). Here, too, lived the Duke of St. Albans, the son of Nell Gwynne.

Tite Street, which runs from Queen's Road down to the Embankment, and is named after the Sir William Tite who was the architect of the Royal Exchange, is one of the artists' quarters of Chelsea, and is composed for the most part of rather dreary houses of red brick, with which the white house built for Whistler near the river end of the street on the east side is in effective contrast, despite its almost aggressive plainness. On the same side of this street a little higher up are the buildings of the Victoria Hospital for Children, which embody the old mansion styled Gough House, built at the beginning of the eighteenth century for the last Earl of Carberry, the boon companion of Buckingham and Rochester, and at his death in 1713 acquired by Sir John Gough, whose name it has ever since borne. The grounds of Gough House adjoined those of the house which Sir Robert Walpole bought in 1722, moving into it from lodgings in what is now known as Walpole Street, which runs into the King's Road close to the Royal Military Asylum. Sir Robert enlarged the garden by purchasing part of the grounds of Gough House, and also added to and improved the house, in which he lived until his death in 1745. It now forms part of the infirmary of the Royal Hospital.

This famous institution, with which it is to be feared Nell Gwynne had nothing to do, though the tradition which traces its origin to her kind heart will probably never die, occupies the site of "King James's College at Chelsey," established at the beginning of the seventeenth century for the study of polemical divinity, under the patronage of the royal pedant; and the hospital is still styled Chelsea College by many of the pensioners. The college was a mark for derision, and proved a failure, the buildings were diverted to other uses, and the property formed the

subject of litigation. In 1669 it was presented by Charles II. to the newly-formed Royal Society, but by this time the buildings were so dilapidated as to be useless, and the Royal Society was glad to sell the property back to Sir Stephen Fox, Paymaster of the Forces, in order that the King might replace the college with a hospital for aged or disabled soldiers, which Charles II. was benevolently wishful to provide—at the charges of his loyal subjects. To this Sir Stephen Fox, who was father of the first Lord Holland (p. 768) and the first Lord Ilchester, Evelyn considered that the credit of originating the hospital was due. The first stone of the new buildings was laid by the King in 1682, and the work was not finished until 1690, under William and Mary. The structure, of a rich red brick faced with stone, with a pillared and pedimented centre rising into a small cupola, is an admirable specimen of Wren's work, well-proportioned, dignified in its plainness, and convenient. It is built round three courts, one on the south, the others on the east and west, and the chief façade faces the south and the river, and looks down upon a bronze statue of Charles II. in Roman imperial armour, believed to be the work of Grinling Gibbons.

The walls of the Great Hall are hung with portraits of great captains, and above them are suspended the scanty remnants of flags that have been carried on many a battlefield. Formerly the dining-hall of the hospital, it is now used only as a club-room and for the weekly muster of the pensioners, when, dressed in full uniform, all of them who are not kept away by infirmity attend to receive their pay. The appearance of the men, whose uniform—red coats in summer, and blue coats in winter, with quaint peaked caps, and cocked hats when in full dress—is

always a welcome sight, is enough to show that their lives are not unhappy ones. All reasonable liberty is permitted them. Except that those able to do so have to act in turn as orderlies, there is nothing for them to do but to attend service on Sunday in the chapel, when such a scene is presented as Sir Hubert Herkomer has depicted in "The Last Muster." The men fill the body of the chapel; the visitors occupy seats along

Paradise Row.

Tite Street.

The Royal Hospital.

The Great Hall.

The Pensioners.

the side walls, and over their heads hang flags in all stages of decay. The pensioners number about 570, and represent the pick of our veteran soldiers. No ancient institution, however it may appeal to common sympathy, is safe from attack, and in 1894 a committee was appointed at the instance of those who thought that the money spent in maintaining this hospital and a similar but smaller establish-

Milton's, and was one of the three commissioners appointed to manage the hospital. Here he lived until his death in 1712. In 1733 the property was leased to Lacey, patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, who formed a company to convert it into a place of public amusement as a rival to the Vauxhall Gardens across the river. A large building of wood, said to resemble the Pantheon



RANELAGH IN 1752, SHOWING THE ROTUNDA.

After Canaletti.

ment at Kilmainham in Ireland might be better spent by adding the inmates to the thousands of out-pensioners. The committee found that the great majority of the men preferred to remain in the hospital, and they reported decisively against the proposed change.

The grounds of the Royal Hospital have absorbed the famous Ranelagh Gardens, which extended southwards from the old burial ground, abutting upon the Queen's Road, to the river marshes, and eastwards to the Chelsea Bridge Road. They were named after the residence built for himself about the year 1690 by Richard Viscount (afterwards Earl of) Ranelagh, who had been a pupil of

at Rome, and designed by William Jones, architect to the East India Company, was built in the grounds in 1741, and the new resort was opened with a public breakfast on the 5th of April, 1742, and at once became the vogue. Among the earliest of its patrons was Horace Walpole, who in the following month speaks of the Rotunda as "a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated; into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring and crowding is admitted for twelvepence." But the place prospered, spite of his sneers and of his condescending preference for Vauxhall, and two years later we find him going every night to Ranelagh, confessing that it has "totally beat Vauxhall," and recording, "Lord

**Ranelagh
Gardens.**

Chesterfield is so fond of it that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither." Ranelagh, like all such places, had its vicissitudes, and its hot and cold fits, and it must have been during its cold fits that Samuel Rogers found it "so orderly and still that you could hear the whistling sound of the ladies' trains as the immense assembly walked round and round the room," and that a French visitor contemned it as "*le plus insipide lieu d'amusement que l'on ait pu imaginer*"; but by dint of furnishing one after another all the frivolities and entertainments usual at such places—concerts, masked balls, regattas, fêtes, fireworks and spectacles, and the like—it contrived to keep itself going for more than sixty years. Its gates were finally closed on the 8th of July, 1803, the Rotunda and other buildings, including Ranelagh House itself, were demolished in 1805, and in 1826 the grounds ceased to be private property and were annexed to the hospital. A part of them, on the eastern side of the hospital, beautifully timbered, still bears the name of Ranelagh Garden. At the south-eastern angle of the grounds, where the Chelsea Embankment ends, is a singularly impressive mural monument by Captain Adrian Jones, the tribute of past and present Carabiniers (the 6th Dragoon Guards) to their comrades who gave their lives for their country in the South African War.

Lining the eastern side of the Chelsea Bridge Road, and therefore in the City of Westminster, though included in the old parish of Chelsea, are the Chelsea Barracks, and at the river end of the road is the Institute of Preventive Medicine, which bears the honoured name of Lord Lister, the founder of antiseptic surgery. The building was reared in 1896, and greatly extended in 1908-9. Behind the Barracks is the Pimlico Road, which before it was widened was known as Jews' Road, where was "the Old Bun-house," much frequented in the days when Ranelagh drew its crowds of patrons from the east. From at least the beginning of the

Chelsea Buns.

eighteenth century Chelsea was famous for its buns, and on the Good Friday of the year in which the Old Bun-house was made away with (1839) it is said that four-and-twenty thousand buns were sold here. Its place was taken by another bun-house, but the

glories of the Chelsea bun had fled, and the new bun-house ceased to be about the year 1887.

A little to the north-east of the Royal Hospital is the former Duke of York's Royal Military School, a large building of brick faced with stone, and forming three sides of a quadrangle, where, until the removal of the institution to Guston, near Dover, in 1909, were educated soldiers' sons to the number of five or six hundred. The boys have a military training, and, according to Miss Mitton, although no compulsion is exercised, quite ninety per cent. of those who are eligible join the army. They wear red jackets, blue breeches and black caps, and it was a pleasant sight to see them marching to and from their ivy-covered chapel at the eastern corner of Cheltenham Terrace and King's Road to the music of their band, as the late Phil Morris showed them in his Academy picture. The institution was founded in 1801 by the Duke of York, second son of George III., who thus did a much better stroke of work than he ever did in the field.

At the other corner of Cheltenham Terrace, opposite the chapel of the Royal Military School, is the Whitelands Training College for School-

Whitelands. mistresses, opened in 1841, and famous for the pretty spectacle it presents every May-day, when hall and chapel are bedecked with flowers, and the students, carrying baskets and wearing bunches of flowers, elect one of their number as Queen of the May, who, having been invested with a gold cross, presents prizes to those who have won them. This charming festival is a pleasant reminder of the days when Chelsea was a country village, and the King's Road, which traverses it from east to west,

King's Road. about midway between its northern boundary and the river, was a rural lane bordered by nursery gardens, beyond which on the north, stretching up to the Fulham Road, was an extensive heath known as Chelsea Common. It was soon after the Restoration that King's Road received its present name, and was widened in order to provide the King with more direct communication between Hampton Court and his palaces of Whitehall and St. James, and it continued to be the private road of royalty

down to the reign of George III. It is now a particularly nondescript street, in which there is little to detain us except two or three public institutions. About half-way along its length is the Town Hall, opened in 1887 by Earl Cadogan, who gave the site; it has recently been extended, and now, with its elegant façade and richly carved porches, is one of the most dignified town halls in the County of London. Nearly opposite is the Chelsea Palace Theatre—one of the many local theatres, most of them pretty much alike, which have sprung up during the

Library, on the north, is the South-Western Polytechnic Institute. In Manor Street, on the opposite side of the King's Road, are the extensive Public Baths, completed in 1907.

Near its western end the King's Road passes close to the site of the Cremorne Gardens, which stretched between this thoroughfare and the river, and between Seaton Road and Edith Grove. They were named after Thomas Dawson, afterwards Baron Dartrey and Viscount Cremorne, who enlarged and improved a house which was originally built

**Cremorne
Gardens.**



THE CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE IN 1838.

last few years in the suburbs. Close by, on the western side of Manresa Road, is the Public Library, a handsome building of Mr. J. M. Brydon's designing, with a dignified porch. It was opened in 1891. In one of the rooms on the ground floor is a collection of drawings and etchings of old Chelsea by Walter W. Burgess, executed between the years 1869 and 1904, with a bronze statuette of Sir Thomas More, seated, and a terra-cotta bust of Leigh Hunt. Here, too, is Sir Charles Dilke's Keats Collection, which at his death is to be transferred to Hampstead, where the poet was for some years a resident. In another room is an exceptionally interesting collection of prints of old Chelsea, with a marble bust of Thomas Carlyle by Raggi, after Boehm, on a pedestal of alabaster. Next to the

by Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon. The older associations of the estate, which was styled Chelsea Farm, were little enough in harmony with the uses to which it was put later. The widow of the peer who built the house was Selina Countess of Huntingdon, the friend of Whitefield and founder of the denomination which bears her name; the widow of Lord Cremorne was the great-granddaughter of William Penn, who was named Philadelphia from the city of her birth, and had the piety which her ancestry suggests. At her death, in 1825, she left Chelsea Farm to her nephew, Granville Penn, and not long afterwards it was laid out as a pleasure garden, as a rival to Vauxhall, which it long survived. But its character did not improve with age, and in 1877 the magistrates yielded to the petitions of scandalised residents and



Photo Pictorial Agency.

CHELSEA TOWN HALL (p. 803).

the licence was not renewed. Soon afterwards the house was pulled down and the grounds were given over to the builder, and now nothing remains to remind the wayfarer of this once famous place of frivolity but the Cremorne Road, and Dartrey Road, which owes its name to Viscount Cremorne's earlier title in the peerage. In Lots Road, named after parcels of waste ground over which the parishioners claimed rights, is a pumping-station of the London County Council, a pleasant building of red brick and terracotta, dating from 1903; west of it is the huge generating station of several of the Underground Electric Railway Companies of London.

Between King's Road and the Fulham Road, at the north-western extremity of the parish, there is still to be seen, behind a high brick wall, the old mansion known as Stanley House, now the residence of the Principal of St. Mark's College, built about the end of the seventeenth century, on the site of a house which had come by marriage into the possession of Sir Robert Stanley. The Fulham Road will conduct us to the north-eastern part of the parish, where our wanderings in Chelsea will cease.

Fulham Road. First we pass one of the work-houses of the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, formerly known as Shaftesbury House, having been built towards the end of the seventeenth century by the philosophical Earl of Shaftesbury who wrote

"The Characteristics." It has been added to, but the old house is easily to be distinguished from its accretions by the wayfarer. At the western corner of Church Street is an old-fashioned licensed house which bears the name of the "Queen's Elm," the successor of a tavern that is mentioned in the parish books as far back as 1667 under the name of the "Queen's Tree," a title derived from a widespreading elm under which, according to tradition, Queen Elizabeth took refuge from a shower when paying a visit to Lord Burleigh at Brompton Hall. There is allusion to the tree, under the name of the Queen's Tree, in a record of the year 1586. Next we come to two important hospitals—the Chelsea Hospital for Diseases of Women, established in King's Road in 1871, and removed to its present site in 1883, and the Cancer Hospital, founded in 1851 by Dr. Marsden, the benevolent physician who also founded the Royal Free Hospital in the Gray's Inn Road.

The Fulham Road is continued by Walton Street to Hans Road, leading to Hans Place, an almost circular space where Letitia E. Landon was born in 1802, in a house that has been rebuilt, as also has the house where Shelley at one time lodged. In Hans Place is a fountain of Peterhead granite which commemorates Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart, the victor of Abu Klea,

Hans Place.

who died of wounds received at Gubat on the 19th of January, 1885.

A little to the south-east of Hans Place is Sloane Street, which stretches in a straight line from Knightsbridge to Sloane

Sloane Street.

Square, its eastern side, for a large part of its course, formed by the pleasant gardens of Cadogan Place. Here we are in the most aristocratic quarter of Chelsea, occupied by mansions of red brick of which some are stately, though others are dull and formal. At 72, Sloane Street, now rebuilt, lived for many years the late Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, one of the promoters of the exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, who was created a baronet by Queen Victoria in recognition of the Prince Consort's "friendship and personal regard for him." His son, the present baronet, who has held high office in the State, and is one of the best-informed of our statesmen, was one of the original members for the borough of Chelsea, and has taken a leading share in its public life. Near the south end of Sloane Street, on the east side, is the Perpendicular church of the Holy Trinity, which presents to the street a singularly effective western façade consisting of a large Decorated window flanked by towers of red brick with stone facings. The first Holy Trinity dated from 1830; the present structure, the work of Mr. J. D. Sedding, was built in 1889, at the charges of Earl Cadogan.

One of the best pieces of modern Gothic of which the capital can boast, it well repays a visit because of its wealth of marble, and because the magnificent east window, larger even than the west, is filled with exquisite stained glass designed by Edward Burne-Jones, who for a short time, in 1856, lodged close by, at No. 13, Sloane Terrace. Almost opposite was the Wesleyan chapel of which the minister at that time was the Rev. George Macdonald, to whose daughter Georgiana, a girl of not quite sixteen, the painter, now in his twenty-third year, became engaged. Recalling this year long afterwards, he beautifully wrote: "There was a year in which I think it never rained nor clouded, but was blue summer from Xmas to Xmas, and London streets glittered, and it was always morning, and the air sweet and full of bells." House and chapel will be sought in vain; but one now finds here an imposing building of white stone which styles itself the "First Church of Christ Scientist," one of the churches of the body known as Christian Scientists.

In Sloane Square, where are large blocks of flats, is the Royal Court Theatre, opened in 1888, by Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, as the successor of a house that had stood almost opposite, and had started its career in 1870 as the New Chelsea Theatre.

Sloane Square.



OLD VIEW OF THE KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA.

From a Print in the Chelsea Library.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

FULHAM PALACE.

CHAPTER LXXII

FULHAM

Area—The Wards—The Name—Fulham Palace—Bishop's Park—The Parish Church—Percy Cross—Peterborough House—Walham Green—The Grange—Samuel Richardson and Edward Burne-Jones—Normand House—Brandenburg House—Hurlingham House—Sand's End—Nell Gwynne and Joseph Addison

THE borough of Fulham is separated from Chelsea by the Chelsea Creek, and is connected with it by the King's Road, which in this part of its course is known as New King's Road. In former times the parish included Hammersmith within its boundaries, and not until 1834 was this district erected into a separate parish. The borough of Fulham has the same area—1,703 acres, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ square miles—as had the parish when reduced by the separation of Hammersmith, and it is divided into eight wards, the Baron's Court, Lillie, Walham, and Sand's End wards on the south and east, where it adjoins Chelsea and Kensington, and the Hurlingham, Town, Munster, and Margravine wards on the south and west. Bordered on the east by Chelsea and Kensington, its southern and western boundary is formed by the Thames. There is still, especially in the western part of the borough, some land which is laid out in market gardens, but of late years the builder has been actively at work, and Fulham, with a population of

about 160,000, is no longer one of the chief feeders of Covent Garden. Nor is it now rich in antiquities. Except the tower, the parish church is modern, and besides Fulham Palace, its chief archæological treasure, it has few buildings of any interest that carry us back beyond the eighteenth century. Of

the name, the most likely derivation is that of Camden, who interprets Fullenham or Foultenham as "the habitation of birds, or place of fowls." Another authority renders the name Foulham, and suggests that it had reference to "the dirtiness of the place," but no native of Fulham will have any difficulty in seeing that this is an etymology inspired by malice.

The manor of Fulham was granted in 631 by the Bishop of Hereford to Erkenwald, the Bishop of London whose shrine was one of the treasures of Old St. Paul's Cathedral, and during all the intervening centuries it has remained an appanage of the see, save for a break of some thirteen years during the Cromwellian *régime*, when (1647) it was

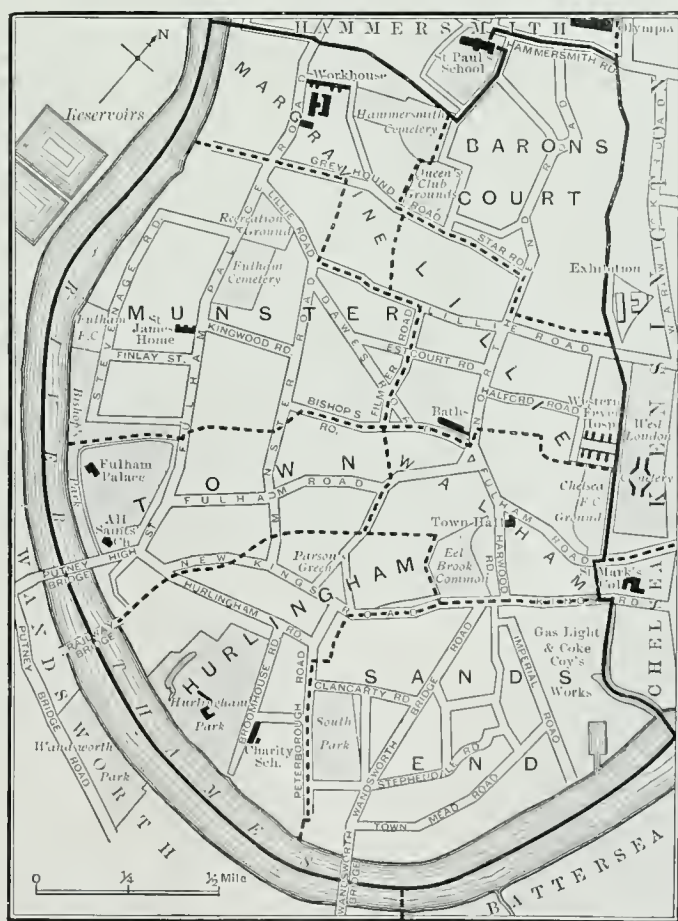
sold to one Colonel Harvey, who reared the large tithe-barn still to be seen in the grounds.

The older part of the manor-house, more familiarly known as Fulham Palace, dates from the reign of Henry VII., when it was built by Bishop Fitzjames, whose arms are to be seen over the great gateway and elsewhere. Of a rather dull red brick, and with no architectural pretensions, the Palace is yet impressive from its look of antiquity. It consists of two courts or quadrangles, the larger, approached from the Fulham Palace Road along an avenue of limes, having been built in the reign of Henry VII. It contains, opposite the entrance, the great hall, which was transformed into a chapel by Bishop Sherlock in the reign of George II. and only reverted to its original use in 1868, on the completion of a chapel which Bishop Tait had built, from designs by Butterfield, on the south-west side of this older part of the Palace. Early in 1715

the Palace, having become ruinous, and being considered by Bishop Robinson to be too large for the revenues of the see, was considerably reduced in size upon the recommendation of a commission which included Sir Christopher Wren and Sir John Vanbrugh among its members: but in the second half of the century the smaller of the two quadrangles of which it now consists was added, under Bishops Terrick and Sherlock. One of the most interesting parts of the Palace is the library—once used as the chapel—for the walls are hung with portraits of all the Bishops of London from the Reformation down to the present day, that of Bishop Winnington-Ingram being added in 1908, and the windows are emblazoned with the armorial bearings of different prelates.

The charming, richly-wooded grounds of the Palace are enclosed within a moat nearly a mile in circumference. When the moat was made no man

knows, but one theory is that it was the work of Danes, who thus protected a camp which they formed here in the year 879. When, with the return of spring, they departed, it was not likely, as Mr. Blomfield writes in his "Olden Times of Fulham," that "any bishop would be at the expense of levelling the banks and filling up a ditch of such magnitude, enclosing as it does, and protecting from the river, a space of ground in the centre of his manor most convenient for making a residence." Whatever its origin, and lending as it does a touch of romance to the Palace, the moat has been an occasion of expense and discomfort to many successive bishops, and Bishop Blomfield spent no less a sum than £10,000 in cleansing it, in constructing additional sluices, in restoring the river embankment, and in putting the whole of the grounds into order. They have been noted for their trees at least since the time of Bishop Grindal, who here planted the



PLAN OF THE BOROUGH OF FULHAM, SHOWING THE WARDS.

first tamarisk grown in this country, having brought it back with him from Switzerland, where he found refuge during the reign of Mary. A yet more famous gardening bishop was Compton, who was sequestered at Fulham by James II., and spent his unwelcome leisure in planting many trees at that time unknown in this country.

To a more recent bishop the borough of Fulham owes a special debt of gratitude, for under Dr. Temple, who, however, only brought to completion a design that was conceived by his predecessor Dr. Jackson, that portion of the grounds which lies between the moat and the river was presented to the public. Along the embankment that keeps the river within its appointed course and prevents it from flooding the grounds, as it not seldom did before, runs a raised boulevard. At first measuring fourteen acres, the Bishop's Park, as the pleasance is called,

**Bishop's
Park.**

has since been extended, both at the eastern end of the riverside strip and on the western side. It is beautifully laid out, and of the smaller parks of the County of London it is one of the choicest. An attractive half-timbered pavilion in the eastern extension, near Putney Bridge, which serves as shelter, reading-room and refreshment-bar, stands upon the site

**Pryor's
Bank.**

of a house which bore the name of Pryor's Bank, and was a kind of miniature Strawberry Hill, but dated only from the first half of the nineteenth century. The Bishop's Park has also absorbed the site of Craven Cottage, a

**Craven
Cottage.**

charming house which was built for that Countess of Craven, afterwards Margravine of Brandenburg-Anspach, after whose title the Margravine Ward is named. From 1840 to 1846 it was the residence of Bulwer-Lytton. Another riverside house that has disappeared was Egmont Villa, which stood

**Egmont
Villa.**

close to Pryor's Bank, and was pulled down in 1855. For the last ten years of his life, from 1831 onwards, it was the residence of Theodore Hook, who died here on the 24th of August, 1841, his end hastened by the too liberal use of spirits, to which he had recourse when the juice of the grape failed to afford him stimulus.

The parish church of Fulham, dedicated

to All Saints, stands on the east side of the Palace grounds. It is the fourth church which has occupied this site, the oldest dating, it is believed, from the twelfth century, and for the present

**The Parish
Church.**

church, a rather prim and formal structure built in 1880-81 from designs by the late Sir Arthur Blomfield, a son of the Bishop of that name, the stones of the earlier buildings were used. The tower, dating probably from the fourteenth century, and having a general resemblance to the tower of Putney Church on the other side of the river, contains a peal of ten bells—cast in the middle of the eighteenth century—which is famed for its sweetness. In 1908 the tower was renovated and the bells were rehung. In the churchyard lie several of the Bishops of London, among them Compton, Sherlock, and Lowth. It was Bishop Compton who set the example of interment in the churchyard rather than in the church, his admirable maxim being, "The church for the living, the churchyard for the dead." Here, too, by those who care to seek it, may be found Theodore Hook's grave. On the north side of the enclosure are Sir William Powell's almshouses, founded for twelve poor widows in 1680 in Burlington Road, but removed in 1868 to this position, where an agreeable looking building of the Gothic type, separated from the churchyard by a pleasant strip of greensward, has been reared for them.

The High Street, near the southern end of which stands the Grand Theatre, one of the largest of our suburban theatres, opened in 1897, leads us to the Fulham Road. Following this, we come, at the point where it is intersected by Munster Road, to the site of Munster House, which is said to owe its name to Melesina Schulenberg, whom George I. created Duchess of Munster; it survived until 1895. Next we come to Percy Cross, which used to be known as Purser's Cross, and this again is said to be a corruption of Parson's Cross, a name which

**Percy
Cross.**

we may safely connect with Parson's Green, a little to the south-east. Here, on the western side of the Fulham Road, stood, until 1907, an interesting old house which was adapted to the purposes of the Free Public Library, with the addition of a

reading-room, but in 1908 it was pulled down to provide a site for a Central Public Library, for which Mr. Andrew Carnegie had promised a sum of £15,000. It is a pity that some other site could not have been found.

From Percy Cross we may diverge to Parson's Green, which still has a green to

from the operatic stage in 1723, and came to live here at Parson's Green in a house which Lord Peterborough had taken for her, but though she presided at his table and was regarded by the Earl's friends as his wife, it was years before he would acknowledge her as his countess.



Photo: Pictoria Agency.

FULHAM TOWN HALL.

justify the name. Here, until about the year 1740, used to stand the parsonage of Fulham: hence no doubt the name. Until about the end of the last century Parson's Green was able to boast of Peterborough House, the

Peterborough House.

successor of the mansion of the Mordaunts, Earls of Peterborough, where lived the great Earl of this name, who had for second wife Anastasia Robinson, the charming singer. She retired

Another noted house, which vanished a few years earlier than the mansion of the Earls of Peterborough, was East End House, originally built for Sir Francis Child, the banker, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1699. A later occupant was Mrs. Fitzherbert, the morganatic wife of George IV., who, as Prince of Wales, was a frequent visitor of hers. Other distinguished residents at Parson's Green were Sir Thomas Bodley,

the founder of the famous Library at Oxford, Samuel Richardson, who migrated here from North End in 1755, and Madame Piccolomini.

By way of Eelbrook Common we come to Walham Green, a name of which the origin appears to have been irrecoverably lost. The green has long since been built over. On the south side of the Fulham Road, which now runs east and west, is the Town Hall of Fulham, one of the finest municipal buildings in the County of London, built in 1890, at a cost, including the site, of about £40,000, and, by an addition made in 1904-5 at a further cost of £22,000, stretching back into Harwood Road, to which it presents another façade. In Melmoth Place, opposite St. John's Church, are the Public Baths and Wash-houses, of red brick and stone, opened in 1902, and built from a vigorous design by Mr. H. Dighton Pearson. Not far away, in the Fulham Road, is the Granville Theatre of Varieties, and in Vanstone Place are the Butchers' Almshouses, built, as an inscription relates, "by the friends of the Butchers' Charitable Institution to perpetuate the memory of their late patron, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, A.D. 1863." Ranged on either side of a broad strip of greensward, they offer a pleasant contrast to the bustle and noise of this crowded part of the borough. Further along the Fulham Road, on the Kensington border of the borough, are the grounds of the London Athletic Club, popularly styled Stamford Bridge, one of the best known athletic centres in London. A little to the north of Stamford Bridge, off the Seagrave Road, is the Western Fever Hospital of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, with accommodation for some 450 patients.

From Walham Green the North End Road will lead us through the Lillie Ward of the borough—named after Sir John Lillie, a director of the East India Company—and Baron's Court Ward to the northern boundary of Fulham, the Hammersmith Road. This part of the borough has had famous residents, but their houses have nearly all disappeared. Happily, however, there still stands, on the east side of the North End Road, not far from its northern end, in almost its only agreeable part, the house which is the most

interesting of all the private residences in Fulham. For the Grange is associated not only with Samuel Richardson,

The Grange. who lived here during the years in which he wrote "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Pamela" and "Sir Charles Grandisson," but also with a great Victorian artist, Edward Burne-Jones. Richardson came to the Grange in 1739, and it was his home for fifteen years, when (1754) he migrated to Parson's Green. He was wont to write in a little summer-house or grotto within his garden in the early morning in summer, and at breakfast would reveal to his admiring family the progress of the story. Many years ago the Grange was divided into two houses, and so it is now, one of the houses—the northern—being stucco-fronted and the other faced with red brick. It was the former, with one of those spacious old-world gardens which several of the houses in this part of North End Road have preserved, that Burne-Jones and his wife chose, in spite of the

Samuel Richardson. fact that a previous tenant had covered the walls of one of the rooms on the ground floor with pictures of which the workmanship had no distinction and the scheme no connecting idea. Burne-Jones did not like to cover up work upon which some fellow-creature had lavished time and pains, but at last the pictures got upon his nerves and they were hidden by a veil of Morris paper and green paint. It was in 1867 that he settled at the Grange, coming here from Kensington Square, and here he and Lady Burne-Jones lived for thirty years, dividing their time between the Grange and their seaside house at Rottingdean, near Brighton, which they named North End House.

Edward Burne-Jones. In Lady Burne-Jones's "Memorials" of her distinguished husband—perhaps the most charming biography of recent years—she tells us that "an audacious computation of numbers, recklessly random and so fluently written or spoken as at first almost to deceive the elect" was a trick of his, which he did not scruple to play off even upon Gladstone when the statesman once visited the Grange. While host and guest were walking in the garden Burne-Jones gravely remarked that in the branches of a fine old hawthorn which was growing there 801,926 birds

nightly roosted. "How many birds did you say?" the great master of figures was startled into asking!

At the Grange Sir Edward Burne-Jones died, on the night of the 16th of June, 1898, in his sixty-sixth year. The end came almost suddenly. In a beautiful passage which it would not be seemly to tear from its setting and transfer in its entirety to an

was there, and the first severe shock of angina pectoris took his life."

Away to the west of the North End Road, near the grounds of the Queen's Club, famous for their lawn-tennis tournaments, is Normand House, said to be a variant of No Man's Land House, since it stands upon a piece of ground which once bore that name. It appears to have

Normand House.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

WHERE EDWARD BURNE-JONES LIVED AND DIED: THE GRANGE, NORTH END ROAD, FULHAM (THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT).

alien page, Lady Burne-Jones tells how when she left her husband in the dining-room that evening a cloud of nameless fear descended upon her, which covered her with darkness. When her husband rejoined her the cloud vanished, and as he lay on the sofa she read to him from Miss Kingsley's *Travels*, he listening with the keenest interest. When she came to the end of the passage describing the descent of the rapids of the River Ogowé into "the amphitheatre of King Death" she put the marker into the place and closed the book. Alone in her room the nameless fear returned; and in the night there came a summons to her husband's room. "Full and round as ever was the voice in which he spoke, splendid was his strength and courage against mortal pain; but a stronger than he

been built in the seventeenth century, for the date 1664 is to be seen over the principal gateway, but it has been altered and enlarged at various times to adapt it to the purposes to which it has been successively applied; it has numbered Bulwer-Lytton among its tenants, and it is now one of the establishments of the Anglican sisterhood of St. Katherine.

To the north of the grounds of the Queen's Club is the older of the two cemeteries of the borough of Hammersmith, and west of this is the Fulham Union Workhouse and Infirmary, a building which presents to the Fulham Palace Road an attractive front of well-toned brick graced with ivy. The Brandenburg Road, leading from the Fulham Palace Road westwards to the riverside, is a

reminder that in this part of Fulham stood Brandenburg House, a mansion which, built early in the reign of Charles I. by Sir Nicholas Crispe, was occupied by General Fairfax in 1647, after the Restoration was settled by Prince Rupert upon his mistress Margaret Hughes, in 1748 became the residence of George Bubb Dodington, and in 1792 was purchased by the Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach. By his widow it was occupied for many years after his death in 1806. But the memory of Brandenburg House is interesting still more because here Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., spent the last months of her wretched life, coming here in May, 1820, when her trial in the House of Lords was pending, and dying here on the 7th of August in the following year. Less than a twelvemonth afterwards the mansion was pulled down. The house which now bears the name of Brandenburg House stands in a part of the grounds.

The Fulham Palace Road, which runs parallel with the river but some little distance to the east, will take us back to the centre of the borough, past the Recreation Ground and the Fulham Cemetery, the St. James's Diocesan Home for Penitents, and the Fulham Waste Land and Lygon Almshouses, which were founded in 1833, rebuilt in pleasant fashion in 1886, and extended in 1906.

A little distance eastwards of the High Street, by the riverside, is Hurlingham House, with its spacious grounds, which embrace exquisitely laid-out gardens and a lake of four acres.

Since 1874 it has been the habitation of the Hurlingham Club, founded in 1867 with a special view to pigeon-shooting, to which polo, tennis, archery and other sports have been added; but the first of these "sports" has been abandoned, after litigation that ended in 1907.

A little farther eastwards and we are in the part of the borough known as Sand's End, where are a few market gardens and great industrial works, chief among them those of the Gas Light and Coke Company. But this part of Fulham, where our wanderings in the borough cease, is interesting because here one may see from the turning on the west side of Stanley Bridge, close to the Chelsea border, a house which is doubly famous as the residence first of Nell Gwynne, and afterwards (1708) of Joseph Addison. Though it now forms part of the premises of the Gas Light and Coke Company, and its exterior has been modernised, there still remains the wide staircase up which Nelly's royal lover is said to have ridden his pony, nor has the square hall been robbed of its wainscoting; but the building, it must be confessed, presents a forlorn look as of a house that has ceased to have any relation with its surroundings. This part of Fulham has long lost the rural charms for which it was famous, but in 1904 there was added to the open spaces of the borough the South Park, a recreation ground twenty acres in extent on the east side of the Wandsworth Bridge Road, and in the Sand's End Ward.



Photo. Federal Agency

HURLINGHAM HOUSE.

CHAPTER LXXIII

HAMMERSMITH

The Giant Sisters and the Hammer—Area—The Wards—The Lower and the Upper Mall—James Thomson and Leigh Hunt—Kelmscott House and William Morris—Other Eminent Residents—King Street—The Town Hall and Public Library—Brook Green—The Grange and Henry Irving—St. Paul's Schools—The Little Sisters of the Poor—St. Paul's Church—Ravenscourt Park—Shepherd's Bush—The Franco-British Exhibition—Wormwood Scrubs—The Building of the Prison

AS we saw in our last chapter, Hammersmith has only had an existence independent of Fulham for about three-quarters of a century; until the year 1834 it was simply the Hammersmith side of the parish of Fulham. The name, however, is ancient, for it appears in Domesday Book as Hermoderwode, and in old Exchequer deeds as Hermoderworth. In the Court Rolls of Henry VII.'s reign it is given as Hamersmith, and Faulkner, the historian of these western suburbs, derives it from *ham*, a town or dwelling, and *hythe*, a haven. If this be the true etymology, Hammersmith is the town on a harbour or creek. Faulkner charges some of the inhabitants of Fulham and Putney, as well as of Hammersmith, with firmly believing in perhaps the most grotesque etymological legend mentioned in these pages. It relates

A Grotesque Etymology.

that the churches of Putney and Fulham (p. 808) were built by two sisters of gigantic stature who had but one hammer between them which they used to bandy across the river to each other; but on one occasion the hammer fell upon its claws and was broken, and had it not been for the skill of a smith, who lived in this part of Fulham and repaired the implement, the church-building operations of the giantesses would have been stopped. Hence the name Hammersmith! In the crest of the borough arms appear two hammers, crossed. The three horseshoes sable on a chevron *or* refer to Sir Nicholas Crispe, a native of Hammersmith, who died in 1666, and as we shall presently see was a benefactor of the parish; the two crosses crosslet stand for Edward Latymer, a citizen of London, who died in

1626 leaving to the parish lands of which the proceeds still maintain the Latymer Foundation Schools that we shall encounter in our wanderings in the borough; the escalop shell in base relates to George Pring, a Hammersmith surgeon who projected the first suspension bridge but died, in 1824, before its completion.

The area of the borough is 2,286 acres, or about three and a half square miles. Its

length is much greater than its

Area. breadth, for it stretches from the

Thames on the south to the Harrow

Road on the north, a distance of a little more than three miles, while its greatest width, eastwards from Stamford Brook, is only a little over a mile, and its narrowest, at the north end of Wormwood Scrubs, is but five and a half furlongs. The most westerly of the metropolitan boroughs, it is bounded on the west by Chiswick and Acton, on the north by Willesden, on the east by Kensington, and on the south by the Thames and by Fulham. It is divided into seven wards—(1) the River, (2) the Brook Green and St. Matthew's, (3) the Grove and Ravenscourt, (4) the St. Stephen's, (5) the Starch Green, (6) the Wormholt, and (7) the College Park and Latimer Wards. Its inhabitants number about 120,000, and on the whole it is less densely populated than Fulham, for the extensive district of Wormwood Scrubs is still undeveloped. Its most distinctive feature is the large number of Roman Catholic institutions, ecclesiastical and eleemosynary, to be found within its borders; and it has been somewhat more conservative of its antiquities than has its neighbour on the south-east.

The most interesting parts of Hammer-

smith are the riverside and Brook Green, and we shall begin our wanderings in those regions. From Hammersmith

The Riverside. Bridge westwards, almost as far as the Chiswick border, the riverside is known as the Lower and the Upper Mall, and here are many quaint old houses, not a few of them now occupied by sailing and boating clubs. The bridge, which joins Hammersmith to Barnes, is on the suspension principle, and is a not unhandsome structure, though its lines have not the grace which the similar bridges at Chelsea can claim. Designed by W. Tierney Clarke, F.R.S., and completed in 1885, it superseded the original bridge which, opened in 1827, was the first to be constructed on the suspension principle in the neighbourhood of London. Wending our way along the Lower Mall, which, towards the end of the seventeenth century, numbered among its residents Sir Samuel Morland, the engineer who invented the speaking trumpet, and passing the pleasant-looking vicarage we come to the creek which, spanned by a rude wooden footbridge built by Bishop Sherlock in 1751, divides the Lower from the Upper Mall. Here is the little old-fashioned inn known as "The Doves," which boasts among its patrons, in the days when it was a coffee-house, the poet Thomson, who, according to a local tradition, conceived and wrote his "Winter" in a room overlooking the river. It is said, too, that it was when boating from this place to Kew that, being fatigued and overheated, he took the chill which, developing into tertian fever, had a fatal termination a few days later (1748). Hammersmith is associated also with the closing years of another poet, Leigh Hunt, who died in 1859 while on a visit to a friend on the other side of the river at Putney. Two years before his death Bayard Taylor found him living quite alone in his "neat little cottage" here at Hammersmith. "That dainty grace which is the chief

charm of his poetry yet lives in his person and manners. . . . His deep-set eyes still beam with a soft, cheerful, earnest light; his voice is gentle and musical; and his hair, although almost silver-white, falls in locks on both sides of his face." Leigh Hunt had formed a curious collection of locks of the hair of poets, from Milton to Browning, which he showed to Bayard Taylor. Milton's hair was brown and silky; Shelley's was "golden and very soft; Keats's a bright brown, curling in large Bacchic rings; Dr. Johnson's



PLAN OF THE BOROUGH OF HAMMERSMITH, SHOWING THE WARDS.

grey, with a harsh and wiry feel; Dean Swift's both brown and grey, but finer, denoting a more sensitive organisation; and Charles Lamb's reddish-brown, short, and strong."

Just on the western side of the creek, at the beginning of the Upper Mall, and at one of its pleasantest parts, where flourish some fine old elms, is Kelmscott House. Kelmscott House (No. 26), so intimately associated with the memory of a more recent poet, who was also the greatest craftsman of his day. It was taken by William Morris in 1878, and it remained his London house for the rest of his life. It had been occupied just before this by Dr. George Macdonald, the novelist, under the name of The Retreat, which, since it was suggestive of a private asylum, Morris changed to Kelmscott House, after his house on the upper Thames. "The hundred and thirty miles of stream between the two houses," says Mr. Mackail in his *Life of Morris*, "were a real as well as an imaginative link between them. He liked to think that the waters which ran under his windows at Hammersmith had passed the meadows and gray gables of Kelmscott; and more than once a party of summer voyagers went from one house to the other, embarking at their own door in London and disembarking in their own meadow at Kelmscott."

The long drawing-room, running the full width of the house, and looking out through the great elms over the river, was hung by Morris with his own tapestry. In his bedroom he had a tapestry loom built, and from his diary it appears that, with a hundred other things to do, he spent 516 hours at this loom in four months. He also converted the coach-house and stables into a weaving-room, where what came to be known as the Hammersmith carpets and rugs were produced; and this room presently became the meeting-place of the Hammersmith Socialists.

In 1890 Morris, not yet satisfied with all that he had done for applied art, established here in a cottage adjacent to his house the Kelmscott Press. The Press started working in 1891, and the first book printed was his own romance, "The Story of the Glittering Plain." How enthusiastically he threw him-

self into this new enterprise, designing his own types and ornaments, and supervising every part of the process, all the world now knows. In this same year (1891) he removed the Press to larger premises in Sussex House, close by, in which it remained until, after the death of its founder, it ceased to be. To the end of his life his printing-press was his chief pre-occupation, taking precedence even of his romance-writing. Though the Kelmscott Press was not established to make money, and though he never spared expense, "it brought him in," says Mr. Mackail, "a profit which represented a fairly adequate salary for his own incessant work and oversight."

This great-hearted and many-sided man died on the 3rd of October, 1896, in his sixty-fourth year, and was laid to rest in the little churchyard of Kelmscott. His character had mellowed with the passing years, and in his later years his volcanic temper had passed well under control. Of this an amusing instance is narrated by Mr. Mackail. His friend Mr. Newman Howard once took this enthusiastic Socialist to a Conservative club, where an acquaintance of his introducer's asked him what he thought of the strikes. "I can tell you," continued this very incautious interlocutor. "It isn't so much the workmen as those d——d Socialist leaders. They're infernal thieves and rascals, the whole lot of them." "Indeed!" was Morris's reply, in a voice so flat that it was impossible to continue the subject.

A small building attached to Kelmscott House has an inscription setting forth that here in 1816 Sir Francis Ronalds, F.R.S., made the first electric telegraph, eight miles long. The Upper Mall has had other distinguished residents besides Ronalds and George Macdonald and William Morris, among them Queen Catherine of Braganza in the days of her widowhood, Dr. Radcliffe, the Court Physician who founded the Library at Oxford, and Turner the painter, who lived at West End from 1808 to 1814, when he migrated westward to Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham. Weltje Road, which runs northwards from the Upper Mall to King Street, is named after a German cook of George the Fourth's who lived close by

Kelmscott House.

Other Eminent Residents.

The Kelmscott Press.

after he had made a fortune by his culinary skill. The next turning westward is Beavor Lane, at the foot of which is an old mansion that bears the name of Linden House, while about half-way up, standing in a fine old garden, secluded by a high wall, is Beavor Lodge, the residence of Sir William Richmond, R.A. In Hammersmith Terrace, which connects the Upper Mall with Chiswick Mall, are some exceedingly plain, flat-fronted houses that disdainfully turn their backs

Not until 1905 did the Borough Council put a stop to the obstruction of this main thoroughfare by costermongers. There still remain in King Street two or three pleasant-looking old inns and private residences, but their days, it is to be feared, are numbered. On the south side of the street, about the middle of its length, is the first of the Latymer Foundation Schools which we have encountered in our perambulations—the Upper School, a comely building of red brick faced with stone. The Lower School is on the other side of the Broadway, and the Girls' School, opened in 1906, is in Iffley Road.

Passing the Hammersmith Theatre of Varieties, we reach the Broadway, at one corner of which, facing the Brook Green Road, is the spacious and handsome Town Hall, with a front of stone faced with red brick, and a graceful central tower, sufficiently lofty to meet the eye from many points as one meanders about the borough. It was designed by Mr. J. Henry Richardson, built at a cost of close upon £25,000, on the site of the old Vestry Hall, and comprises a large public hall; it was opened by the Duke and Duchess of Fife in 1897. A little to the north of it, on the same side of Brook Green Road, is the Central Public Library, the gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, upon which he expended

upwards of £15,000. Designed by Mr. Henry T. Hare, and opened by the Duke of Argyll in 1905, it is a sumptuous building of red brick relieved with Portland stone, and embellished with statues of Milton and Shakespeare; the interior is admirably arranged and lighted. In the reference library, on the first floor, is a case containing some of the choicest productions of the Kelmscott Press, the gift of William Morris. In the east window of this charming room—of which the joinery, fittings and furniture, like those of the other rooms, are of fumigated wainscot-oak—is the full-length figure of Dean Colet, in choice stained glass; in the west window are blazoned the borough arms and those of Sir Nicholas Crispe. The walls are in-



WHERE WILLIAM MORRIS LIVED: KELMSCOTT HOUSE,
HAMMERSMITH.

upon the river. In one of these (No. 13) lived Loutherbourn, the Royal Academician and amateur "healer," whose "divine manu-ductions" brought him much notoriety, and on one occasion led to his being besieged in his house by a turbulent mob. He died here in 1812.

At Chiswick Mall we reach the border of the borough of Hammersmith and of the County of London, and so we turn into Black Lion Lane and make our way to King Street West, and so eastwards to the Broadway and Brook Green.

King Street is no longer the strait and congested thoroughfare which it used to be, for it has been widened throughout almost its whole length by the Borough Council and the London County Council.

scribed with the names of twelve former inhabitants of the borough who were distinguished in Art, Literature, or Science, and among those not mentioned elsewhere in this chapter are Henry Fielding, Charles Reade, Captain Marryat, Cipriani the

beautiful almshouses of St. Joseph, built about the middle of the last century. On this same side of the Green there still stand two or three fine old houses, among them Bute House, but the charming old residence known as the Grange, of which



Photo Pictorial Agency.

HAMMERSMITH TOWN HALL.

artist, and Sir Charles Wheatstone the electrician.

Journeying northwards we reach Brook Green, one of the pleasantest parts of the borough. Here are quite a number of Roman Catholic institutions, notably, near its south-eastern end, the Church of the Holy Trinity, a graceful structure in the Early Decorated style, forming one side of a quadrangle of which two sides are constituted by the

the lease was bought by the late Sir Henry Irving, who had it renovated under his personal supervision and lived in it for some years, finding great delight in adding to its furniture, and

in sauntering in its garden and getting his gardener to cultivate old-fashioned flowers, has disappeared. The site of the house is now covered by the St. Paul's School for Girls, an admirably balanced structure of red brick, with a centre of stone, and with wings

Brook Green.

The Grange.



Phot. J. F. Lear.

THE GRANGE, BROOK GREEN, SIR HENRY IRVING'S HOUSE.

of which the gables are ornamented with reliefs by Mr. Henry Pegram illustrating Science and the Arts. It was built from the designs of Mr. Gerald C. Horsley, with funds provided by the Charity Commissioners out of the surplus which they found in their hands when having sold the site of St. Paul's School for Boys in St. Paul's Churchyard, they had removed that historic foundation to Hammersmith; and it was opened by the Princess of Wales in 1904. It provides accommodation for some four hundred girls. On the other side of the Green, housed in a comely building near the corner of Dunsany Road, is another important educational institution, the Hammersmith School of Arts and Crafts, one of the art schools which have been transferred to the London County Council.

**St. Paul's
School
for Boys.**

The St. Paul's School for Boys, a symmetrical building of rich red brick and terra cotta, with a spacious and shady lawn in front and extensive grounds in the rear, is on the south side of the Hammersmith Road, looking towards the southern extremity of the Green, with the Preparatory School on the opposite side of the road. The school was built from designs by the

late Alfred Waterhouse, and is among the most successful of his achievements. The site of the school and the grounds together measure some sixteen acres, and the outlay upon the buildings alone was not less than a hundred thousand pounds. The school, which now has accommodation for upwards of six hundred boys, was refounded in St. Paul's Churchyard by Dean Colet in 1512 for 153 poor boys, the traditional number of fishes taken in the miraculous draught; and the charge of it was committed by its broad-minded and sagacious founder not to an ecclesiastical corporation but to the Mercers' Company. Among its scholars it numbers John Leland and William Camden the antiquaries, John Milton, Samuel Pepys, the great Duke of Marlborough, and John Strype the ecclesiastical historian, and—to come with a jump to our own day—Benjamin Jowett the famous Master of Balliol.

The quaint old inn, the "Red Cow," on the west side of the school, where it had stood for over two hundred years, was rebuilt in 1897. Next to it is an old house which towards the end of the eighteenth century was occupied as a school by Dr. Burney, the father of Fanny.

At the eastern end of the Hammersmith Road, on the Kensington border, is the huge

place of entertainment—a building of red brick with a semi-circular roof of glass—which is so familiar as Olympia, and on the same—the northern—side of the road is the King's Theatre, dating from 1903. Nearly opposite the theatre, screened from the thoroughfare by a high wall, is the large red-brick building known as Nazareth House, the headquarters of "The Little Sisters of

Nazareth House.

the Poor," gentlewomen who have consecrated themselves to a life, not of cloistered sanctity, but of piety the most practical and self-sacrificing. "They beg crusts and bones from door to door," says the biographer of Thomas Walker, the London police magistrate, in words which are as true to-day as when they were written, "and spread the daily board for their *protégés* with the crumbs from the rich men's tables. And it is only after the old men and women have feasted on the best of the crumbs that the noble sisters break their fast. I stepped into the Little Sisters' refectory. The dishes were heaps of hard crusts and scraps of cheese. . . . And the sisters sit daily—are sitting to-day, will sit to-morrow—with perfect cheerfulness, their banquet the crumbs from pauper tables." One cannot even enumerate the Roman Catholic institutions which abound in and

add dignity to this part of Hammersmith, yet the Convent of the Sacred Heart, on the other side of the road, but at the Broadway end, must be noticed because the site upon which it stands has been occupied for the purposes of Roman Catholic education from the days of the king who broke with Rome down to the present day. There is a tradition, indeed, that there was a convent at this spot before the Reformation, and that it escaped molestation by reason of its poverty. Close by, on the same side of the road, is the West London Hospital, opened in 1856, and incorporated by royal charter in 1894. It has about 150 beds, and less than five per cent. of its income of about £8,000 is derived from invested property.

In the centre of the Broadway is a granite fountain reared in 1895 by Mr. J. Passmore Edwards, of philanthropic fame, to keep green the memory of his brother, Mr. Richard Passmore Edwards, who was long resident at Hammersmith. If we turn southwards from the Broadway into Queen Street

we reach the parish church of Hammersmith, dedicated to St. Paul. At first a chapel of ease to Fulham, it was built during the reign of Charles I., largely at the charges of Sir Nicholas Crispe, the wealthy London

The Parish Church.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. PAUL'S GIRLS' SCHOOL, BROOK GREEN.

merchant who is mentioned in our first paragraph. He also built Brandenburg House, noticed in the chapter on Fulham, and founded a charity of which the poor of Hammersmith still reap the benefit. At his death in 1665 his body was interred in the church of St. Mildred, in the City, but his heart was deposited in Hammersmith Church in an urn at the foot of a pedestal bearing a bronze bust of Charles I., with an inscription setting forth that he had reared the monument "as a grateful commemoration of that glorious martyr." In 1882-83 the original church, a mean-looking structure, was replaced by the present one, designed by Messrs. Seddon and Gough in the Early English style with a high-pitched roof and a tower terminating in conspicuous pinnacles. Among the old monuments transferred to the new church were the bust of Charles I. and the urn enshrining the pious founder's heart, and others commemorating Sir Edward Nevill, Justice of the Common Pleas, who died in 1705, Sir Elijah Impey and his wife, Thomas Worlidge the painter and etcher, and W. Tierney Clarke the engineer of Hammersmith Suspension Bridge.

At the south-east corner of the churchyard are a couple of quaint old cottages, and on the other side of Queen Street stands a large mansion of brick of a venerable tinge, with a pilastered front, which formed part of an ancient house, the residence in the seventeenth century of Edmund Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave and Baron of Butterwick. The house, which was once known as Butterwick and afterwards as Bradmore House, afterwards came into the hands of Elijah Impey, father of the Indian judge who is buried in the church; the older part of it was pulled down many years ago. A little to the south of the church, in the Fulham Palace Road, is another large Roman Catholic institution, the Convent of the Good Shepherd and Asylum for Penitent Woman, an extensive group of brick buildings designed by Pugin. Nearly opposite are the Electricity Works of the borough, built in 1896-97, and several times extended. A little to the north-east, in Great Church Lane, which has now lost most of the old houses that gave it interest, is the Hammersmith Recreation Ground, a small enclosure, of which the copyhold was

acquired from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1890.

Returning to the Broadway and passing the Lyric opera-house, we make our way along Glenthorne Road to Ravenscourt Park, passing the Godolphin and Latymer Girls' School, and the church of St. John the Evangelist, a learned but formal work of Butterfield's, after the Early English model, with a roof of unpleasingly high pitch. Ravenscourt

Ravenscourt Park.

Park, the chief pleasure of Hammersmith, thirty-one acres in extent, charming by reason of its magnificent trees and its rich mantle of verdure, contains in Ravenscourt House the successor of the ancient manor-house of Paddenswick or Pallenswick, which is believed to have been the residence of Alice Perrers, the notorious mistress of Edward III. Down nearly to the close of the eighteenth century the manor-house was surrounded by a moat, and the present house probably dates from about the time when the moat was converted into the pleasant sheet of ornamental water to be seen from the western windows. The whole property was acquired by the London County Council in 1888, and two years later the house became the Central Free Library of the parish. Since the opening of the Carnegie Library in the Brook Green Road it has been one of the branch libraries of the borough, interesting to the visitor not merely as a comely specimen of eighteenth-century architecture, with rich panelling and a dignified staircase, but also because of the prints of old Hammersmith that line the walls.

If we leave the Park by the lodge and follow the Paddenswick Road northwards we reach Goldhawk Road, the old

Shepherd's Bush.

high road from the west to London, which will take us to Shepherd's Bush Common, the triangular recreation ground on the eastern border of the borough, where are the terminus of the Central London Railway and the starting-point of the routes of the London United Tramways Company, the first of the London tramway companies to adopt electric traction. Here, too, is yet another of Hammersmith's places of amusement, the Shepherd's Bush "Empire," noticeable because of its unconventional design, with a large circular tower, enclosing a staircase, for its most salient

feature. At the eastern end of the common, the apex of the triangle, Goldhawk Road meets another of the main streets of the borough, the Uxbridge Road. It was an inn somewhere near the point of junction of these roads that Miles Snyderscombe hired for the carrying out of his plot to assassinate Oliver Cromwell in January, 1657, when the Lord Protector was on his way from

and on the west side of Wood Lane, there sprang up, almost as by magic in 1907 and the first few months of 1908, the "White City," otherwise the Franco-British Exhibition—much the largest exhibition ever seen in this country, occupying an area of 140 acres, fully half as large, that is to say, as Kensington Gardens. No exhibition was ever more favoured by circumstances. An outward and



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

RAVENS COURT HOUSE, NOW A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Hampton Court to London. In Lime Grove, which with Brooklyn Street runs between the two main thoroughfares a little west of the common, are the Public Baths of Hammersmith, built at a cost of £50,000 from a design by Mr. J. E. Franck, and opened in 1907. In the Uxbridge Road is another branch of the Public Library, the gift of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards. Designed by Mr. Maurice B. Adams, it was opened by the Earl of Rosebery in 1896 as a memorial of Leigh Hunt and Charles Keene, both of them inhabitants of the parish, the latter for the long space of twenty years, up to the time of his death. Within are bronze medallions of both these distinguished residents of Hammersmith.

A little to the north of the Uxbridge Road,

visible sign of the *entente cordiale*, it brought multitudes of visitors from France, and it chanced most happily to coincide with the Olympic Games which were due to be held in England in 1908. One great feature of the exhibition, therefore, was an enormous stadium with sitting or standing accommodation for a hundred thousand persons. The work of building the "city" was begun in the early days of 1907, and the opening ceremony was performed by the Prince and Princess of Wales on the 14th of May, 1908; on the 27th of the same month King Edward and Queen Alexandra here received President Fallières. The exhibition is too recent to call for description in these pages, but it may be said that it was the most successful exhibition that has ever taken place in this country, the number

of visitors reaching the immense aggregate of nearly eight and a half millions, against the six and a quarter millions of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and that hardly had the gates been closed, on the night of the 31st of October, than Mr. Imre Kiralfy, the Commissioner-General, began to organise an "Imperial International Exhibition" for 1909, in the same buildings, which, like the grounds, were preserved intact.

Save for a fringe of streets bordering the Uxbridge Road, almost the whole of the large part of the borough that lies north of that thoroughfare, and reaches as far as Willesden, is open land, some two hundred acres of it being common land under the control of the London County Council, while other parts of it are used as cricket, football, and tennis grounds and rifle ranges. This is the region now known as Wormwood Scrubs,

but in olden times as Wormholt Barns, a manor which was separated from that of Fulham in the sixteenth century. A part of it is held by the Government on lease, and here, in 1874, was begun the Wormwood Scrubs prison, which accommodates some fourteen hundred male prisoners sentenced to terms not exceeding two years. On the south side are the officers' quarters, which command an interesting view of Kensington and other parts of London. The prison, designed by

The Prison.

Sir Edmund du Cane, the famous Chairman of the Prison Commission, after whom is named the road that skirts it on the south, was built wholly by convict labour, after a method devised by John Howard the philanthropist, a century before, and the work was carried out under the personal supervision of the late Major Arthur Griffiths, who has told the story of the building of Wormwood Scrubs in his "Fifty Years of Public Service." The first batch of prisoners employed upon the undertaking numbered nine, all of them "blue dress" men, that is, men in the last year of their term, who could be relied upon not to escape. Soon their labour had provided temporary accommodation for others, and within a few weeks the number rose to

fifty, and before long to one hundred. By this time one half of the temporary prison was built, and it was not long before the other half was finished, and then began the more serious work of building the permanent prison, which consists, beside a large chapel, of four great "halls," the whole enclosed within a lofty wall. Among his reminiscences of Wormwood Scrubs, of which he remained Governor until he was appointed a Prison Inspector, Major Griffiths relates an instance of the readiness of a burglar to place his professional skill at his custodian's service. Once when the Governor was anxious to catch a train to keep an important engagement, the safe in which it was his duty to deposit his official key whenever he quitted the prison could not be got to open. At last he asked the chief warder if there was any burglar in custody, and was told that the notorious J—— was then in the carpenter's shop. J—— was sent for, and his eyes twinkled comically when he was asked if he could open the safe. "Certainly," he answered, taking a tool or two from his carpenter's bag, and very soon the lock yielded to his practised manipulations. The Governor, needless to say, was not in too much of a hurry to whisper an injunction to the chief warder to do the man a good turn on the first opportunity.

On the eastern side of the prison there stands the Workhouse and Infirmary of the Hammersmith Board of Guardians, a handsome building of red brick and stone, completed in 1905 at a cost which provoked a Local Government Board enquiry. Before entering upon possession of these buildings the Hammersmith paupers were accommodated at the Fulham Workhouse and Infirmary, in the Fulham Palace Road.

Hammersmith, as we have seen, abounds in Roman Catholic institutions, and on the northern edge of the borough is the Roman Catholic Cemetery of St. Mary, adjoined on the east by the Kensal Green Cemetery, which is partly in the borough of Kensington, and has been noticed, together with St. Mary's Cemetery, in one of our chapters on the royal borough (p. 771).



PADDINGTON GREEN IN THE YEAR 1784.

From a Print in the Crace Collection.

CHAPTER LXXIV

PADDINGTON

The Manor—Paddington Green—St. Mary's—Mrs. Siddons' Grave—Haydon's—Warwick Crescent and Robert Browning—Westbourne Park Chapel—Westbourne Farm—The Paddington Canal—The Great Western Railway—St. Mary's Hospital—Burwood Place—An Artist's Tragedy—Tyburn and Tyburnia—Laurence Sterne's Grave—Bayswater

THE borough whose name furnished a rhyme to Canning for his couplet at the expense of Addington, has fewer antiquities and is poorer in memories than either of those with which we have yet dealt. In 1814, when Priscilla Wakefield paid it a visit from courtly Kensington, she could describe it as "a village situated on the Edgware Road, about a mile from London," and it was not until towards the middle of the nineteenth century, and the completion of the Great Western Railway as far as Bristol, that it began to advance with leaps and bounds. The name, of which the derivation cannot be traced, is not mentioned in Domesday, and Paddington had no separate parochial identity down to the dissolution of the monasteries, its church being until then a mere chapel-of-ease to St. Margaret's Westminster. The Manor of Paddington, or Padynton, as the name is often spelt in

**The
Manor.**

old documents, was given to the convent of St. Peter at Westminster in 1191, and at the Reformation Edward VI. conferred it upon Ridley Bishop of London and his successors; hence it is that the roads of the borough bear such names as Howley, Blomfield, Porteus, and Bishop's. With an area of 1,356 acres, or less than two square miles, the borough is conterminous with the parish of Paddington, except that on the north-west there has been added to it for municipal, though not for Parliamentary, purposes a part of Kensal Green, which formerly belonged to the parish of Chelsea. It is divided into eight wards—the Church, Westbourne, Harrow Road, Queen's Park, Maida Vale, Hyde Park, Lancaster Gate West, and Lancaster Gate East Wards.

Paddington's chief highway is the Harrow Road, a broad and winding thoroughfare which runs from the Edgware Road on the east to Kensal Green on the north-west. Near its

eastern end is Paddington Green, a mere piece of waste ground until 1865, when it was enclosed and planted with plane trees, being thrown open to the public in the following year.

Paddington Green.

Here is a seated statue, unveiled by Sir Henry Irving in 1897, of Mrs. Siddons, who was for many years a resident of Paddington. At the north-east corner is a seemly building of red brick, the Children's Hospital, which was established in a smaller building on the same site in 1883. Only two or three of the comely old houses which once bordered the Green are now to be seen.

On the west side is the church of St. Mary, a pseudo-classical building of no merit, which under an Act passed in 1788 superseded a church that stood some eighty yards to the north and was built more than a century before, in the reign of Charles II., when it replaced a more ancient church that had fallen into ruin. In the chancel is a tablet commemorating Mrs. Siddons, whose plain tombstone, protected by an iron railing, and recently restored at the charges of her great-grandson, is to be seen near the north-east corner of the churchyard. Within half-a-dozen yards of it is the stone which marks the grave of Benjamin Robert Haydon, the ill-starred painter, bearing the appropriate lines from *King Lear*—

" . . . O, let him pass ! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer."

St. Mary's ceased to be the parish church of Paddington in 1845, when it had to yield the place of honour to the Church of St. James, which occupies an admirable position at the west end of Sussex Gardens, not far from the southern boundary of the borough.

On the western side of St. Mary's is the Town Hall, much enlarged in 1906 from designs by Mr. E. B. Newton, the borough surveyor, and now a spacious building, but decidedly inferior in exterior effect to many other town halls of the London boroughs. It is obviously, in fact, an enlarged vestry hall. There are, we may mention in passing, few other municipal institutions to be noted. Paddington has its Public Baths, but it has not

The Town Hall.

seen fit to adopt the Free Libraries Act, and the only public library in the borough is one which was taken over with the part of Chelsea detached which was annexed to Paddington.

Resuming our journey along the Harrow Road, we must not fail to note that just after it crosses the Grand Junction Canal it is joined by Warwick Crescent—a group of rather large stuccoed houses overlooking a not unsightly basin of the canal—for at No. 19, marked by a tablet of the Society of Arts, Robert Browning came to dwell in 1862, after he had lost his wife, his "lyric love, half angel and half bird, And all a wonder and a wild desire," and here he remained for twenty-five years, when, threatened with a railway in front of his house—a threat which was not fulfilled—he removed (1887) to De Vere Gardens, Kensington.

Robert Browning.

Midway in the curve which the Harrow Road now describes is Porchester Road, where is the Westbourne Park Baptist Chapel, the centre of one of the most active and most many-sided churches in the capital, and the scene of the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Clifford, not less prominent as a citizen than as a divine. The building is commodious, with accommodation for fourteen hundred worshippers, and the most has been made of the space available; but one is tempted to the reflection that if the Gothic is to be subjected to such treatment as this in order to be democratised, it were better to build in another style. Adjacent is the Westbourne Park Institute, one of the largest and most successful of such agencies, which, although an offshoot of the church, is conducted on entirely unsectarian lines.

Westbourne Park Chapel.

At the end of the curve of which we have spoken, the Harrow Road brings us to the Lock Hospital and Asylum, bearing a name derived from the Loke or Lock in Kent Street, Southwark, an ancient hospital for lepers. This is the female branch of the Lock Hospital in Dean Street, Soho, and it was removed hither from Grosvenor Place in 1842. Beside it are the Workhouse and Infirmary, and a little further along the Harrow Road are the offices of the Board of Guardians, a pleasant

building of red brick dressed with stone, and bearing date 1902. Before it was built over, this part of Paddington was an open space known as Westbourne Green, and the

Westbourne Green.

Lock Hospital occupies the site of Westbourne Place, which was built for himself by Isaac Ware, the chimney sweep who became one of the most learned and most accomplished of our architects. It was afterwards the residence of Samuel Pepys Cockerell, eminent in the same walk of life, and finally of the veteran Peninsular general, Lord Hill. Near the Green was Westbourne Farm, the cottage or "villa," as Cyrus Redding styles it, which for twelve years, from 1805 onwards, was the home of Mrs. Siddons, and which afterwards had for tenant Madame Vestris.

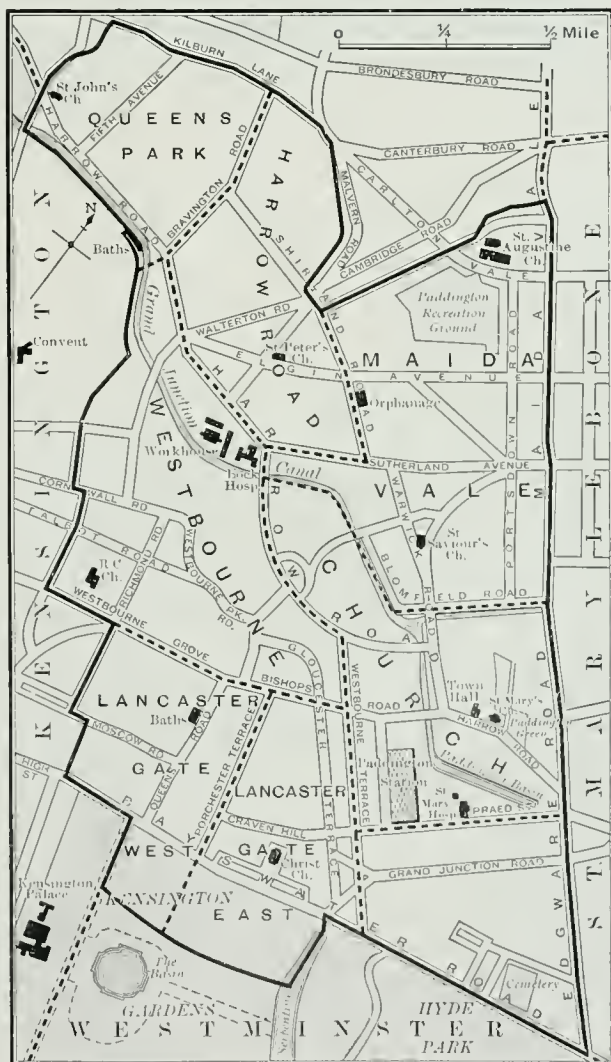
The canal which bears the Harrow Road company along its course through the borough is the Paddington branch of the Grand Junction Canal, which it joins at Uxbridge, rather more than thirteen miles away.

It was opened on the 1st of June, 1801, amid great rejoicings, for—strange as it may seem in these days of quick travel—it was expected that there would be a large passenger as well as goods traffic. At first, indeed, passenger boats ran some five times a week from Paddington to Uxbridge. For some years the wharves at this end were crowded with goods coming from, or destined for, the northern and eastern suburbs of London. But in 1812 a scheme for the construction of another canal which should continue the Paddington Canal to Regent's Park, and so by way of the City Road and St. Luke's to the Thames at Limehouse, was framed by John Nash, the architect, and under the name of the Regent's Canal was opened as far as the Regent's Park basin in 1814, and completed to the Thames in 1820, and so the Paddington wharves became to a great extent superfluous. The junction between the two canals is formed by the ornamental basin which is overlooked by Warwick Crescent (p. 824).

Paddington, as we have seen, owes its rapid growth to the Great Western Railway rather than to its waterway.

Paddington Terminus.

The line, opened to Maidenhead in 1838, to Twyford in 1839, and to Bristol in 1841, was planned by its grandiose creator, the younger Brunel—Isambard Kingdom—on the broad-gauge principle. Other lines were constructed on the narrow-gauge principle, and by 1869, finding themselves isolated, and convinced at last that the narrow gauge was the more economical of the two, the Great Western Company began the task of relaying its lines, an expensive proceeding which was completed in 1892, the last broad-gauge train leaving Paddington on the 20th of May in that year. Brunel showed a more sagacious



PLAN OF PADDINGTON, SHOWING THE WARDS.



WESTBOURNE PLACE IN 1805 (*p.* 825).

From a Drawing by J. P. Malcolm.

judgment in planning out Paddington Station on the same spacious scale as the line. It has always been one of the best ordered of our railway termini, as it is one of the most comely. The glass and iron roof, in three graceful spans, was one of the first adaptations to commercial purposes of the idea of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

A little eastward of Paddington Station is the most important benevolent institution in the borough. At first a local hospital, styled the Marylebone and Paddington Hospital, it has long been, under the name of St. Mary's, one of the general hospitals of London. It was founded in 1845, the first stone of the building being laid by the Prince Consort in 1845. A medical school was added in 1854, and the hospital has since been more than once enlarged, the most recent extension being the Clarence Memorial Wing, with a handsome frontage of red brick and stone to Praed Street. Altogether there are nearly 300 beds, and the average income of the hospital is about £17,000, about ten per cent. of it drawn from invested property.

Praed Street, running from Edgware Road to Paddington, is named after a banker who was one of the first directors of the Grand

Junction Canal Company. On the other—the north-western—side of Paddington Station is Bishop's Road, which, running past the graceful church of the Holy Trinity, built by Thomas Cundy in 1844-46, is continued to the Kensington border of the borough by Westbourne Grove, famous as one of the great shopping centres of London, for here is the great establishment founded by Mr. William Whiteley, the "Universal Provider," who was shot dead in the lace department of the establishment in 1907. His murderer was saved from the gallows by a gust of public feeling which the Home Secretary deemed it imprudent to disregard.

The eastern border of the borough is formed by the Edgware Road—a part of the ancient Watling Street—which runs from the Marble Arch to Edgware, though more than once it changes its name before it reaches that suburb. The region known as Maida Vale, to the west of the main road, is one of the pleasantest parts of Paddington. It is traversed by Elgin Avenue, and in and on both sides of this broad thoroughfare large blocks of flats of red brick have of late years sprung up. Here, on the northern border of the borough, overlooked by the lofty spire of

St. Augustine's, Kilburn, one of the works of the late John Loughborough Pearson, is the Paddington Recreation Ground, twenty-seven acres in extent, the only considerable open space in the borough, except that part of Kensington Gardens which is included within the boundary.

Burwood Place, which runs out of the Edgware Road about a quarter of a mile from the Marble Arch, is memorable from the fact that here Benjamin Robert Haydon, the artist, whose grave we have

B. R. Haydon. seen in St. Mary's churchyard, had his studio. Mr. Holman Hunt, in his "Pre-Raphaelitism," has designated him as "the bravest and most unfortunate" of English leaders of art in the 'forties, who, though he began without a master, devoted himself to the "grand style." Never

An Artist's Tragedy.

enjoying the use of a commodious or well-lighted studio, and never possessing the means to pay models, he nevertheless went on painting pictures which were too large for private purchasers to buy in the hope that at the last his genius would be recognised and his works prized. Harassed as he was by creditors, he bore his troubles with what Mr. Holman Hunt calls "abounding spirit," until two things happened which

broke him down. One was the rejection of the cartoon which he had painted for the walls of the new Houses of Parliament, the other was the spectacle of crowds of people flocking to the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly to see Tom Thumb while his "Banishment of Aristides," on view under the same roof, was neglected. Then, feeling that while he lived there was no hope either for his art or for his family, he perished by his own hand, on the 22nd of June, 1846.

We must further note that in the Edgware Road, nearly opposite Burwood Place, are the headquarters of the Church Army, an organisation started in the slums of Westminster in 1882 by the Rev. Prebendary Carlile, who founded the social branch of the Army in Marylebone in 1890. The Church Army works on much the same lines as the Salvation Army, and it shared with that movement the recognition and patronage bestowed in 1905 by King Edward. In the same year it received, like the Salvation Army again, a substantial donation from the Right Hon. Charles Booth, the distinguished sociologist to whom we owe the "Life and Labour of the People in London."

The turnpike gate at Tyburn, a name derived from a stream which rose between



EXECUTION OF EARL FERRERS AT TYBURN (p. 828).

From a Rare Print.

Belsize and Hampstead, and entered the Thames in three places at Westminster, two of its branches enclosing the Isle Tyburn. of Thorney, stood at the south-eastern end of the Edgware Road, and did duty both for this road and for the Uxbridge Road; but according to Mr. Alfred Marks, the author of "Tyburn Tree," it formerly stood at the east corner of Park Lane. The latter site was indicated by a monument which was removed in the Marble Arch improvement of 1908. Much more memorable than the turnpike was the "triple tree," where from the twelfth century until, in 1783, the place of execution was removed to the Old Bailey, criminals convicted of capital offences were usually, though not invariably, executed. Until 1759 the gallows was a permanent structure, which probably stood opposite the end of the Edgware Road, as figured in Rocque's Map of London (1746). When the permanent gallows was done away with the toll-house was removed to the site from the corner of Park Lane; and in 1909 a memorial of stone, bearing a representation in brass of the triple tree, was reared on the spot by the London County Council. The movable gallows appears to have usually been fixed near the junction of Bryanston Street and Edgware Road, but, as Mr. Marks proves, the spot was not always exactly the same. At one time the gallows was a rough triangular structure of wood, as may be seen from the familiar print in which Hogarth depicts, with a power so marvellous, the idle apprentice approaching the place of his doom, with the hangman astride the top of it callously smoking his pipe; but when it became a temporary erection it consisted simply of two uprights and a crossbeam. One of the earliest executions here was that of William Fitzosbert, the demagogue, who was done to death here in 1196, and whose story we have told in connexion with Bow Church, Cheapside (p. 68); the last was that of John Austin, hanged on the 7th of November, 1783. One of the first to be executed on the new movable gallows was Earl Ferrers, sentenced by his peers in 1760 for the murder of his steward.

In spite of its gruesome associations, Tyburn communicated its name to the fashionable residential district which lies in the angle between the Edgware Road and

Westbourne Terrace, and constitutes the south-eastern part of the borough of Paddington. Here since about the middle of the last century have sprung up squares and streets and crescents of large houses, but they are too recent to have acquired memories that need detain us.

A short distance to the west of the Marble Arch is a spacious disused burial-ground of St. George's, Hanover Square, enclosed and consecrated in 1764. It is approached from the Bayswater Road through the graceful Chapel of the Ascension, which deserves more notice than it receives. Founded by the late Mrs. Russell Gurney, it was built in 1893, of red brick relieved with stone, from the designs of Mr. H. P. Thorne, and is embellished as to its interior with mural paintings of Scriptural scenes and figures, with the Ascension for the central subject. In the cemetery, now a public recreation ground, near the middle of the western wall, under the shadow of a large plane tree, is to be seen the grave of Laurence Sterne, whose death in Old Bond Street we have already described (p. 681). The tombstone, inscribed "Alas, poor Yorick! Near to this place lies the body of the Rev. Laurence Sterne, A.M., who dyed September 13, 1768, aged 55 years," was raised by two brother Masons whose regard for his memory did not prevent them from blundering both as to the month and the day of his death, which should have been March 18. In 1893 the inscription was re-cut and the date corrected and border stones added, with a footstone setting forth that the pious task had been undertaken by the owner of the Sterne property at Woodhall, Yorkshire. There is only too much ground for believing that the grave is empty, for the story that the body was stolen by resurrectionists and sold to the Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge, on whose dissecting table the features were recognised by a friend of Sterne's, appears to be well authenticated.

A little to the north-west of the cemetery is Gloucester Square, where at No. 34, marked by one of the London County Council's tablets, Robert Stephenson, distinguished son of a distinguished father, lived from 1847 until his death in 1859. Between this square

and Lancaster Gate is Sussex Place, where (No. 1) Lord Chief Justice Coleridge died in 1894. In the road which bears the name of Lancaster Gate, at No. 56, Mrs. Craigie, the most brilliant woman novelist

Mrs. Craigie. of her day—better known, perhaps, by her pseudonym of John Oliver Hobbes—died suddenly from heart failure on the 13th of August, 1906. Mrs. Craigie became famous in the early 'nineties by reason of short stories that were full of sparkling wit. She also wrote plays, such as *The Ambassador*, which achieved success on the stage.

Lancaster Gate, with Christ Church and its slender crocketed spire, may be regarded as marking the division between Tyburnia on the east and Bayswater on the west. Bayswater, named after the Bainardus, that follower of the Conqueror who gave his name also to Baynard's Castle in the City (p. 287), was, perhaps even in his day, noted for its springs, for in a document of the seventeenth century the "common field" at Paddington is described as being "near to a place commonly called Baynard's watering." Certain is it that as early as the thirteenth century, if not before, the City drew a large part of its water supply from the springs and reservoirs of this region, and near the street now known as Craven Hill, a few yards north of Lancaster Gate, there stood till about the year 1820 an ancient conduit of the Corporation whence the water was conveyed into the City. In Queen's Gardens, at Nos. 37 and 38, the late Herbert Spencer lodged for upwards of

twenty-one years from 1866, taking at the same time a room in Leinster Place (No. 2), about three minutes' walk away, as a study where he did his literary work. Before this he had had rooms in Kensington Gardens Square (No. 88), not far to the north-west, beyond Queen's Road; and when he left this part of London it was to enter into the interesting

housekeeping arrangement which will be described on a later page. A little to the south of Kensington Gardens Square is Moscow Road, where is the handsome Greek church of St. Sophia, rising into a dome. Not far away is Orme Square, which has numbered among its residents the late Lord Leighton (p. 369)—at No. 2—and Sir Rowland Hill, the postal reformer, at No. 1, denoted by a memorial tablet of the London County Council.

The Bayswater Road, the westward continua-

tion of Oxford Street, forms the southern boundary of Tyburnia and Bayswater, until at Notting Hill Gate it passes from Paddington into the borough of Kensington. It is not until this main road has left Kensington and entered Hammersmith that it is scored with tramway lines, and it is curious, therefore, to recall that early in the 'sixties George F. Train, the inventor, was allowed to lay down rails for his tramways in the Bayswater Road. The enterprise began promisingly, but the public mind could not all at once accustom itself to the unfamiliar mode of transit, which it regarded as a railway in the wrong place, and it was not long before the tram lines were taken up.

Herbert Spencer.



Photo Pictorial Agency.

CHAPEL OF THE ASCENSION, BAYSWATER ROAD (p. 828).

Trams in Bayswater Road.



SPA FIELDS IN 1731.
From a Drawing by C. Lemprière.

BOOK III.—CENTRAL, NORTH AND EAST LONDON

CHAPTER LXXV

FINSBURY

Area and Wards—Aliens—The Hon. Artillery Company—Bunhill Row—Bunhill Fields—George Fox's Grave—John Wesley's Chapel and Tomb—The Moorfields Tabernacle—Old Street and St. Luke's—The City Road—The Dame Alice Owen Schools—Pentonville—James and John Stuart Mill—Joseph Grimaldi—Bagnigge Wells—Coldbath Fields—Hockley-in-the-Hole—Spa Fields—A Valiant Lord Mayor

THIS borough, made up mainly of the parishes of Clerkenwell and St. Luke, Old Street, with the addition of a slice of Holborn ($19\frac{1}{2}$ acres of the parish of St. Sepulchre and the liberty of Glasshouse Yard) and the district of the Charterhouse, is with one exception the smallest component part of the Administrative County of London. Measuring 589 acres, it is smaller than the

“one square mile” of the City by Area. 64 acres, but is nearly 200 acres larger than Holborn. Its population, though still large—about 95,000—has been steadily decreasing for at least half a century, for there is a constant tendency for dwellings to be displaced by large warehouses and other

business buildings. Of the eleven wards into which it is divided, five—the Pentonville, St. Philip, St. Mark, St. James, and St. John Wards—are allocated to Clerkenwell, five—the City Road West, the City Road East, the Old Street, the East and West Finsbury Wards—to the parish of St. Luke, Old Street, and the eleventh is divided between so much of the parish of St. Sepulchre as is included within the borough, the Charterhouse, and the liberty of Glasshouse Yard. Open spaces there are next to none, for the largest of them—the recreation ground surrounding St. Luke's, in Old Street—is but three acres in extent, and all told they measure only sixteen acres; but though the borough is

in parts overcrowded, it is bordered and intersected by broad main streets. Finsbury has its aliens question, for in the neighbourhood of the Clerkenwell Road is an Italian quarter with some fifteen hundred

Aliens residents, engaged mainly in the ice-cream, organ-making and organ-playing industries, or employed as asphalters, paviors, and mosaic floor workers. In one of his reports, Dr. George Newman, formerly the Medical Officer of Health for the borough, notes the curious clannishness of the Italian immigrants, for while those from Naples, Caserta, and Piacenza mostly make for the Italian quarter, those from Venice and Tuscany and Rome and Florence settle in other parts of the borough.

Of the name by which the borough is known we have spoken in one of our chapters on the City of London (p. 317), and we need not return to the subject. Let us therefore, without further preamble, traverse the main streets of the borough, beginning in its south-eastern corner, at Finsbury Pavement, the point at which our journeyings in the contiguous part of the City of London ceased. Coming to the City Road, with Finsbury Square on our right, we have on the left the spacious exercising ground of the Honourable Artillery Company. One of

**The Hon.
Artillery
Company.**

the most ancient of our military bodies, incorporated in 1537 by Henry VIII., who gave it as a practising ground a field belonging to the Priory of St. Mary Spital—the original Artillery Ground—this gallant band fell into decay after the dispersion of the Spanish Armada, but made a fresh start in the year 1610, and, requiring a larger place of exercise, migrated in 1641 to Finsbury, where it has ever since remained. The famous City Train Bands, which, with the Artillery Company, bore so large a part in the triumph of the Parliamentary forces, were presently merged in the Royal London Militia, but the Artillery Company has preserved its identity. In precedence it ranks next after the regular army, and it always exercises its right of mounting a guard of honour at Guildhall on the occasion of royal visits. Like the army regiments, it carries colours, and it shares with four other bodies of troops* the privilege of being allowed to march through

the City with colours flying, drums beating, and bayonets fixed. In its earlier days the Company was armed with long bows, cross bows, and hand guns, for at that time "artillery" signified arms generally, and not specifically ordnance. It numbers among its past members John Milton, who was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, Christopher Wren, Samuel Pepys, the Duke of Monmouth, Prince Rupert, and General Monk; and to-day King Edward is its Captain-General and Colonel. In the South African War the Company supplied the City Imperial Volunteers with a battery of horse artillery, a company of mounted infantry and some ordinary infantry, and as many as two hundred of its members served their country on the veldt. The new buildings of the Company were completed in 1862, when the older buildings were remodelled. The well-proportioned castellated structure on the City Road side of the exercising ground is the headquarters of the 6th Battalion of Royal Fusiliers.

As we have seen, John Milton was once a member of the Artillery Company, and it was in Artillery Walk, now **Bunhill Row:** re-christened Bunhill Row, just **John Milton.** behind the grounds of the Company, that he spent the last years of his life and died, having come hither from Jewin Street, Aldersgate. Upon the site of the house, on the west side of Bunhill Row, there stands a warehouse which bears over the doorway a commemorative tablet put up by the Society of Arts.

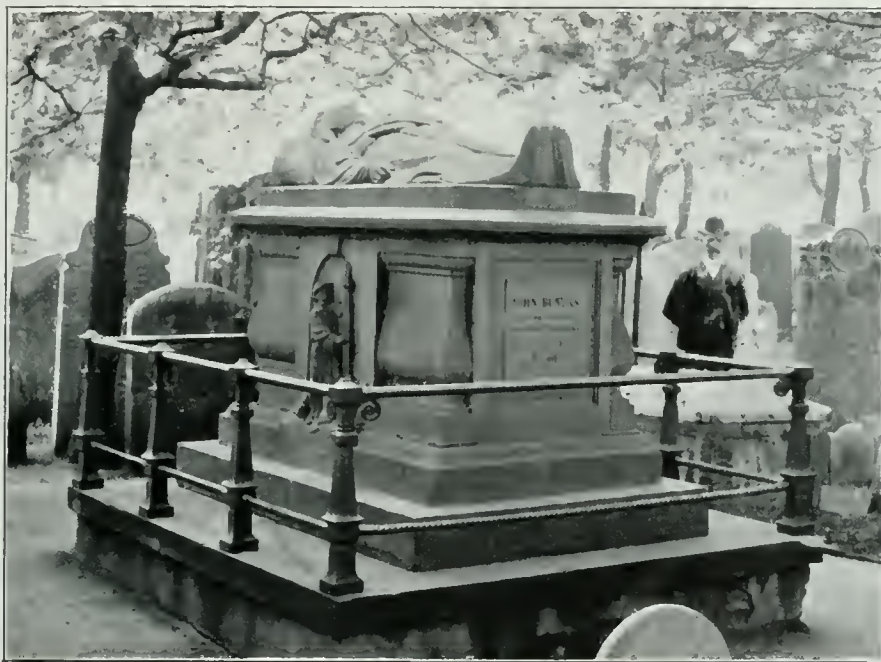
Adjoining the Artillery Ground on the north is another historic enclosure, which has for Nonconformists associations more sacred than any other spot in London. The Great Protector lies no one knows where, and Milton was carried from his house in Artillery Walk to rest in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, just within the City border; but here, in the Bunhill Fields Burial Ground, are to be seen the graves of many of the shining lights of the Dissenting community. To the south of the central walk is the monument—covering the vault of his friend Strudwick, the Holborn grocer at whose house he died—of the immortal dreamer who wrote of the pilgrimage from the City of Destruction to the Land of Beulah; close by are the vault

**Bunhill
Fields.**

* See *ante*, p. 180.

marks his grave is the only indication that this recreation ground was formerly the cemetery of that community; but the ground is bordered on the north by a group of Memorial Buildings in which the Friends carry on a many-sided social and religious work. Facing Bunhill Fields on the other or eastern side of the City Road is Wesley Chapel, a plain brick building

The house in which John Wesley lived and died, on the south side of the chapel enclosure, was in 1898 converted into a museum of Wesley relics and a library, and here one may see the room in which he yielded up his soul to God, and the one which he used as an oratory. Close by are a number of Wesleyan Methodist institutions, including the Allan Wesleyan Library.



JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB IN BUNHILL FIELDS (*p.* 831).

behind which John Wesley was buried, in a tomb that was renovated and enlarged in 1840. The foundation-stone of the chapel was laid by Wesley himself in 1777, with the remark, "Probably this will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof be burnt up." This particular work of his own had a narrow escape from being "burnt up" in 1879, for in that year it was so badly damaged by fire that it had to be extensively repaired. His statue in front of the chapel, reared in 1891 with funds collected by "the children of Methodism," to commemorate the centenary of his death, bears on the pedestal his noble words, "The world is my parish." Among the memorials in the chapel is a window which commemorates Hugh Price Hughes, the head of the West London Mission, who died in 1902.

**John
Wesley's
Tomb.**

A few steps further northwards we come to Leonard Street, where used to stand the great Moorfields Tabernacle, which, at first of wood and then (in 1752) rebuilt of stone, was the scene of Whitefield's ministrations. It was taken down in 1868, and succeeded by a much smaller chapel. The chief feature of Leonard Street in these days is the Finsbury Technical College, an unattractive building of dull-coloured brick, opened in 1883. Behind it, in Cowper Street, is one of the Central Foundation Schools of London, where some six hundred boys receive a middle-class education.

We have now reached Old Street, which, starting at the Goswell Road, runs in an easterly direction through the **Old Street.** parish of St. Luke's and so into the borough of Shoreditch. That Old Street, styled Ealde Street in the twelfth century, was originally a Roman road has

been proved by excavations which brought to light, eleven feet below the present surface, the thoroughfare along which the legions marched. The parish of St. Luke is not an ancient one, for it was not constituted until the reign of **St. Luke's.** George II., when it was carved out of that of St. Giles Cripplegate, and the church, on the north side of Old Street, surrounded by a large graveyard

of proportion," and its "appropriateness of style." That it is well proportioned may cheerfully be admitted; but the remark that "it is as characteristic of its uses as that of Newgate, by the same architect," suggests how far the ideas of the eighteenth century as to the proper treatment of the unfortunate victims of mental alienation differed from those which prevail now.

Adjoining St. Luke's, and partly in the City Road, are the new red-brick and terra-cotta buildings, completed in **City Road, 1907,** of the City of London

Lying-in Hospital, a charity which was instituted in 1760. Next to it, on the west side of the City Road, is the great block of buildings, with a front of red terra-cotta, in which are carried on the operations of the Leysian Mission, a settlement founded in 1886 in connexion with the famous Wesleyan school at Cambridge. The magnificent Victoria Hall, the chief feature of the block, was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on the 11th of July, 1904. Altogether the buildings cost not less than £124,000. Two or three doors beyond are the Alexandra Trust Dining-rooms, a restaurant for the poor named after the present Queen, and founded in 1898 by Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart., who contributed to the endowment fund a sum of £100,000. There is little else in the City Road to note except some hospitals, the works of the County of London Electric Supply Company, with a chimney that is one of the largest if not one of the loftiest in the Metropolis, and a church, that of St. Matthew, not far from the north-western end of the road, which is interesting as the first ecclesiastical work of the late Sir Gilbert Scott after he had left his partner, Mr. Moffatt, and had begun an independent career. It is a not very engaging specimen of the Early English style, with curiously small lancets, and with a tower and spire rather conspicuously lacking in grace. We must not, however, leave the City Road without noting that on its north-eastern side, close to the extensive buildings of the Holborn Union Workhouse, which serves for Finsbury as well as for Holborn, is a sign that recalls the "Eagle" tavern, which figures in lines that almost attained to the vogue of a nursery rhyme. Connected with it, until the whole affair was bought



Phot. Pictorial Agency.

TOMB OF DANIEL DEFOE IN BUNHILL FIELDS
(p. 832).

which has become a recreation ground, is remarkable for nothing except the fluted obelisk by which its architect, the elder Dance, thought fit to terminate the tower. Further along the street, on the same side, and at the point where it crosses the City Road, is a dismal-looking building which acknowledges the younger Dance as its creator—St. Luke's Hospital for Lunatics.

The charity was founded in 1751; the present building was completed in 1784, and by one authority—Elmes, the author of a *Life of Wren*—it is held up to admiration for its "harmony

**St. Luke's
Hospital.**

up by the Salvation Army, was the Grecian Theatre, where Frederick Robson, the comedian, was discovered by William Farren, who engaged him for his theatre in Wych Street, but fearing that the announcement "from the Grecian Saloon" might create a prejudice against him, got him an intermediate engagement in Ireland.

The City Road ends at the "Angel," a tavern which, long famous as a coaching

tried her hand at the work. "At her withdrawing from the cow," it is related, "an arrow was shot through the crown of her hat, which so startled her that she then declared if she lived she would erect something on that spot of ground to commemorate the great mercy shown by the Almighty in that astonishing deliverance." The archer was Sir Thomas Owen, who presently married her; and having in 1609 granted certain



Photo: Pictorial Agency

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE, OLD STREET.

inn, and now familiar as one of the traffic centres of London, is within the parish of Clerkenwell and the borough of Finsbury, though it is always associated with Islington. It has been more than once rebuilt, and now its terra-cotta dome is something of a landmark as well as a traffic centre. Close by, in the angle formed by the convergence of Goswell Road and St. John Street, are the Dame Alice Owen Day Schools. The

present buildings are modern, but the foundation takes us back nearly three centuries. On a certain day towards the end of the sixteenth century, as Mistress Alice Wilkes was taking her walks in the fields of merrie Islington she spied a woman milking, and

lands known as the Ermitage Fields in Islington and Clerkenwell to the Brewers' Company for the support of ten poor widows, she, in 1613, set apart a farm of forty-one acres in Essex to provide for the education of thirty children, twenty-four from Islington and six from Clerkenwell, in "grammar, fair writing, cyphering, and casting of accounts." Under the administration of the Brewers' Company the foundation has grown in usefulness, until now the schools, which stand on or near the site of the almshouses for the ten poor widows, provide accommodation for some eight hundred boys and girls. The Boys' School bears upon its front a sundial with the inscription—apt, though not without a trace of insolence—*Lumen me regit, vos umbra*.

**Dame Alice
Owen
Schools.**

Running due west from the Angel to King's Cross is the Pentonville Road, named after the estate of Mr. Henry Pentonville. Penton, M.P. for Winchester, and a Lord of the Admiralty, who upon ground which had once belonged to the Priory of St. John Clerkenwell, and was called the "Commandry Mantels," because it had been held by Geoffrey de Mandeville, began to build about the year 1773. Pentonville has few historic memories, and its most familiar association is with the model prison, but this lies a considerable distance to the north, in the Caledonian Road, in the borough of Islington, and we shall notice it in connexion with that borough — all the more readily because Finsbury, as we shall soon see, has been responsible for two prisons of its own, with which it may be very well content.

One street in Pentonville, Rodney Street, leading out of the Pentonville Road northwards, may perhaps become famous now that the London County Council has affixed to the house numbered 39 a tablet recording that here was born John Stuart Mill. James Mill came to dwell in Rodney Street in 1805, immediately after his marriage, and the son who was to excel him in fame was born on the 20th of May in the following year. In Rodney Street James Mill began his "History of India," and here he remained until in 1810 he moved to

Westminster, to the house which had once been Milton's, and long afterwards Hazlitt's, and which at this time belonged to Mill's friend, Jeremy Bentham. John Stuart was, therefore, only four years old when the family left Rodney Street, but already, when he was but three, he had begun Greek!

Pentonville claims association also with one who was first in a very different sphere from that in which the Mills rose to eminence — Joseph Grimaldi, who lived first in Penton Place, on the south side of the Pentonville Road, and then in Penton Street, on the north side, and at his death, in 1837, was buried in the graveyard of St. James's Chapel, a few yards to the west of the latter street. Here his grave, close to the chapel on the east side, may be seen just in front of the spot where lie the wife and other members of the family of Charles Dibdin. Grimaldi was by birth a Londoner, for his father, a Genoese dancing-master and dentist, settled in England in 1760, and Joey was born in Clare Market, off the



DAME ALICE OWEN (*p.* 835).

From a Sculpture by Sir George Frampton, R.A.

Strand, in 1778. He, too, began the business of his life early, for he made his first appearance at Sadler's Wells, a little to the south of Pentonville, at the age at which Pentonville's philosophic son began the study of Greek. It would have been better for him if he had stuck to the clowning in which he had no equal, but unfortunately he was tempted to embark upon

**James
and John
Stuart Mill.**

the management of theatres, and the ill-success of several ventures of this kind, combined with the extravagance of his son and his own bad health, compelled him in his later years to appeal to the benevolence of brother actors and admirers. The graveyard in which he rests from his troubles, having been laid out with funds supplied by the London Parochial Charities, was opened as a public garden in 1897 by Captain F. T. Penton, a descendant of the Mr. Penton who has given his name to the district.

A little short of the western end of Pentonville Road we reach the westernmost point of the borough of Finsbury, of which the boundary is now formed by the King's Cross Road. As we follow this road we cannot but be struck with the steep descent which its tributary streets make, especially on the eastern side, in order to join it, and it needs little reflection to surmise that what is now a main road dividing the boroughs of Finsbury and Holborn was once the bed of a stream. That stream, as Mr.

J. G. Waller showed, was the one which was known in its upper part as the Hole Bourne, and in its lower, where it became tidal, as the Fleet, and though it diverged a little to the west here and there, its course is roughly indicated by the King's Cross Road and its continuations, Farringdon Road and Farringdon Street. Many, indeed, are the aquatic associations of this part of the borough of Finsbury. The King's Cross Road takes us by the site of Bagnigge Wells

House, once the summer residence of Nell Gwynne, and named after two mineral springs which were discovered in the garden about the year 1760; at the end of the King's Cross Road, where it becomes the Farringdon Road, is the region formerly styled Coldbath Fields, after a well famous for the coldness of its waters; on the other, the eastern side of the Farringdon Road, is the district which long bore the name of Spa Fields, conferred upon it because of a mineral spring that first became famous in the seventeenth century; a few yards to the north-east of this, on ground which slopes down from Islington towards the City, is

the head of the New River, which brings the water of the Chadwell and Amwell Springs from the Lea Valley, in Hertfordshire, to assist in assuaging the thirst of London; close by is Sadler's Wells, which owes its name to a spring discovered and exploited by one Sadler towards the end of the seventeenth century; and what is Clerkenwell itself named after but a sacred spring at which the parish clerks of London forgathered once a year to perform miracle plays?

Descending the King's Cross Road we may see on the right, if we have been warned by a perusal of Mr. Philip Norman's "London Signs and Inscriptions" to look for it, built into the wall between two modern houses, Nos. 61 and 63, a curious stone tablet, which bears the inscription, "This is Bagnigge House, neare the Pinder a Wakefeilde, 1680." The "Pinder a Wakefeilde," by the way, was an old country tavern in the Gray's Inn Road, a little to the west. Soon after the discovery of the springs—one of them chalybeate, the other purgative—Bagnigge House became a favourite resort of Londoners, but it degenerated into a place of vulgar resort, and disappeared about the middle of the nineteenth century. Up to this time the road which we are following was known as the Bagnigge Wells Road, but the name was displeasing to the sense of euphony of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and it was changed to that which the thoroughfare now bears. At its southern extremity, where it becomes the Farringdon Road, is one of those poor men's hotels which London owes to the late Lord Rowton. The first of these buildings was opened at Vauxhall in 1903; this, the second, was finished two years later, and provided accommodation for 677 lodgers, but by a new wing which was opened at the end of 1906 the number of beds was brought up to about a thousand.

Next to it on the south is an enormous block of buildings belonging to the Post Office, where are installed the Parcels Post and other departments. This building occupies the site of the Coldbath Fields prison, and Coldbath Square still remains to remind one of the ancient spring. The original House of Correction was built here in the reign of

**King's
Cross Road.**

**Where the
Fleet Ran.**

**Other
Aquatic
Associations.**

**Bagnigge
Wells.**

**Mount
Pleasant.**

James I., but the gloomy erection which is still remembered by many Londoners, for it was not closed until 1877, dated from 1794, though it was several times extended. It was built according to the ideas of John Howard, but soon acquired an evil reputation by reason of the abuses which crept into its management, and it figures in a grim stanza of "The Devil's Walk," in which Coleridge and Southey relate how—

"As he went through Coldbath Fields he saw

A solitary cell :

And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell."

In Great Bath Street, a little to the south of Mount Pleasant, Emanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish philosopher and mystic who founded the New Church, died on the 29th of March, 1772. That this extraordinary man had the gift of second sight the testimony of Kant places beyond doubt. And it is related of him that about a month before his death he sent a Latin note to John Wesley, then in conclave with some of his preachers, dated from 26, Great Bath Street, which ran thus:—"Sir,—I have been informed in the world of spirits that you have a desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you if you will favour me with a visit." Wesley, astonished, had to admit that he *had* desired to see Swedenborg, though he had not mentioned the fact to anyone. His reply to the note was that he would wait upon Swedenborg on his return from a six months' journey for which he was then preparing. To this Swedenborg rejoined that he (Swedenborg) would depart to the world of spirits on the 29th of the following month—and so it was!

A little further along the Farringdon Road is Ray Street, of which only a fragment remains. It must be noticed because it is the site of what used to be known as Hockley-in-the-Hole, the resort of thieves, highwaymen, and bull-baiters, for here, in the reign of Queen Anne, was a celebrated bear-garden, where, too, wrestling and sparring matches came off, and where men even fought with swords. This, as Mr. Boulton remarks in his entertaining work "The Amusements of Old London," was a queer way of getting

a living—"this submission of the body to blood-letting and hacking, which, however, was usually under very good control, and always stopped at the right moment, without the loss of an eye or limb, much less of a life. The fact speaks volumes for the swordsmanship of the performers and for their sobriety." He goes on to suggest that these heroes of Hockley were far better members of society than the patrons who flocked to see them hacked and slashed about. On the tombstone of John Sparks, an antagonist of Millar's, is recorded a glowing eulogium: "He was a man of mild disposition, a gladiator by profession, who, having fought three hundred and fifty battles in the principal parts of Europe, at length quitted the stage with honour and applause, sheathed his sword, and with Christian resignation submitted to the Grand Victor in the sixty-second year of his age, Anno Salutatis Humanæ 1735." Such an epitaph, as Mr. Boulton happily says, "would not disgrace the tomb of a bishop."

Spa Fields, otherwise Ducking-pond Fields, on the other side of the Farringdon Road, occupying the central part of the **Spa Fields**, borough, where now run Exmouth and Myddelton Streets, was in the eighteenth century the resort, in summer evenings, of citizens who flocked hither to indulge in recreations like those of which Hockley-in-the-Hole was the scene. It originated about 1685, in the discovery of a spring of chalybeate water not unlike that at Tunbridge Wells, and presently it became known as the New Tunbridge Wells. In May, 1733, the Princesses Caroline and Amelia took it into their heads to visit the spa regularly to drink the waters, and then, of course, the place at once leapt into vogue. The water made Lady Mary Wortley Montagu giddy and sleepy, but she considered that it did her much good. In 1810 part of the site was appropriated for the construction of Charlotte (afterwards Thomas) Street, and Eliza Street was built over the original entrance. Finally, in 1840, on what was left of the site were built the rows of small dwellings still known as Spa Cottages. In 1894 Mr. Philip Norman and Mr. Warwick Wroth, as Mr. Boulton records, independently discovered in an outhouse a cellar "containing the old spring,

dry, indeed, but still surrounded by the remains of its grotto, its steps, and its balustrade, the relics of its better days."

But Spa Fields has less frivolous memories than those we have been recounting, for on the site of the present church of the Holy Redeemer, a very Roman-looking structure on the south side of Exmouth Street, there stood the building which, opened in 1770 as the Pantheon—a large, round building,

poser of the magnificent tune that is wedded to the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name!"

Spa Fields has also in its annals the record of a riot, which occurred on the 2nd of December, 1816, during the Regency, when the whole country was given up to rick-burning and the destruction of machinery and other forms of turbulence. Matthew Wood was Lord

**A Riot in
Spa Fields.**



BAGNIGGE WELLS IN 1772.

From a Painting by P. Saunders

with a dome surmounted by a statue of Fame—was presently purchased by the pious Countess of Huntingdon and converted into a Dissenting chapel, thenceforward, until its destruction in 1886, known as the Spa Fields Chapel. The Countess, one of

**Spa Fields
Chapel.**

the agents in the great evangelical revival which originated with Whitefield and the Wesleys, bought a large jasmine-covered house close by, standing in what had been the Pantheon gardens, and in her drawing-room Whitefield and Romaine preached to those of her aristocratic friends whom she could draw to such unfashionable exercises. We must not leave the chapel associated with the memory of this devout lady without noting that one of its organists was William Shrubsole, the com-

Mayor at the time, and it is clear that he was a host in himself. Informed that a mob some thousands strong was marching on the City from Spa Fields, and that a man had been shot in a gunmaker's shop which had been ravished of its arms, he beat up five policemen, and with this force—think of it!—and attended by two friends, he set out to encounter the rioters. Advancing by the back streets, he said in his written report to the Court of Aldermen, quoted by Dr. Sharpe in "London and the Kingdom," they hoped to reach the top of Cheapside before the mob, but were too late, and the rioters were pressing upon the Royal Exchange when the pursuers sighted them. "We followed them close," proceeds the valiant scribe, "and

seeing the head of their column crossing into Sweeting's Alley we rushed through the Royal Exchange in order to take them in front, and we succeeded. . . . On seeing me they cheered. We immediately attacked them, upon which they began to separate in all directions, and some laid down their arms. Sir James Shaw intrepidly seized the flag and its bearer, Mr. White seized one man and I another. The mob were now seen flying in all directions. About this time . . . a man with a tri-coloured cockade in his hat (Hooper) came up to me with a desire to explain. I bade him go before me into the Exchange, which he did without resistance. I had him in the centre when two fellows levelled their muskets at me. I said, 'Fire away, you rascals!' One of them fired. I then gave Hooper into the custody of the officers, who found in his pockets two horse pistols, one loaded with ball, the other with slugs. A cry

that the mob had rallied was heard just as we were making arrangements for securing the prisoners. I ordered the gates of the Exchange to be shut, which was accomplished with some difficulty, and not before several guns loaded with shot were fired under the gates at our feet, but without any effect."

The report of a rally does not appear to have been true and soon afterwards the military appeared and the riot subsided. Lord Mayor Wood was evidently a brave, if not a specially modest, man; and though the mob seems to have been a particularly tame one, he could scarcely have known what humour it was in when he sallied forth with his two friends and his five constables to offer it battle. The intention of the rioters appears to have been to seize all the arms they could find, return to Spa Fields and then march upon Carlton House, the Prince Regent's residence.



JOSEPH GRIMALDI (*p.* 836).

From a Painting by John Cawse.



PRIORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN (*p.* 843).

From an Etching by J. Carter (1803).

CHAPTER LXXVI

FINSBURY (*continued*)

Rosebery Avenue—Sadler's Wells Theatre—Town Hall—Northampton Institute—Martyrs' Memorial Church—Northampton Square—Watchmakers and Lapidaries—Clerkenwell Green—The "Well"—The House of Detention—St. James's Church—St. Mary's Priory—Newcastle House—Knights of St. John of Jerusalem—St. John's Church—The Crypt—The Gate-house—Order of St. John of Jerusalem—St. John's Square—The Charterhouse and its Story—Merchant Taylors' School

ROSEBERY AVENUE, which runs across the borough of Finsbury in a south-westerly direction, and then, entering the borough of Holborn, is continued to the Gray's Inn Road, was one of the earliest achievements of the London County Council, having been begun just as that body was created, in 1889, and it is named, of course, after the first Chairman of the Council. At its north-eastern extremity is the Sadler's Wells Theatre, which holds no mean place in theatrical annals. It was originally opened in 1683 as a "musick-house" in connexion with the chalybeate spring discovered, or re-discovered, by Surveyor Sadler. Rebuilt in 1765 by the Rosoman who has given his name to a street in this part of London, it was converted to more dramatic uses, and advantage was sometimes taken of its proximity to the New River Head to produce realistic aquatic effects. It is associated with the triumphs of Grimaldi; but the great days of Sadler's Wells were the long period—eighteen years, beginning with 1844—when

it was managed by Samuel Phelps, who here produced thirty-two of Shakespeare's plays, which ran for about four thousand nights. "At a rough calculation," says Mr. Farquharson Sharp,* Phelps "played Shakespeare on four nights out of every six. When Shakespeare was not in the bill, the staple piece of the evening was always a play at least worthy of intelligent consideration. Massinger, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Colman, Sheridan, Macklin, Lytton, Knowles, Milman, Byron, Marston, Browning—these are names we find on Phelps' playbills." In 1879, having been again rebuilt, the theatre came under the management of Mrs. Bateman, who had by this time left the Lyceum. In these days, wearing a lath-and-plaster front which has been superimposed upon the walls reared in 1765, it is a variety theatre.

In Rosebery Avenue also, on the south-east side, is the Finsbury Town Hall, an elegant building of red brick in the style of the English Renaissance, designed by Mr. C. E. Vaughan.

* "A Short History of the English Stage," By R. Farquharson Sharp. 1909. (Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.)

as the Town Hall of Clerkenwell before the creation of the borough of Finsbury. A little to the south, in St. John Street, which used to be known by the absurd name of St. John Street Road, is another public building of which the borough does well to be proud, the Northampton Institute.

**Northampton
Institute.**

This enormous but well-proportioned pile of red brick, opened in 1896, and built at a cost of £50,000, to which the Earl of Northampton was a handsome contributor, covers the site of the old manor-house of Clerkenwell, the residence of the Northampton family till nearly the end of the seventeenth century, when it was converted into a private lunatic asylum. Separated from the Institute by Lower Ashby Street is the Smithfield Martyrs' Memorial Church, dedicated to

**Martyrs'
Memorial
Church.**

St. Peter, and built in 1871, on a site provided by the Marquis of Northampton, "as a memorial to the Reformers who suffered for their faith in Smithfield, and on the nearest obtainable site to the scene of their martyrdom." A specimen of the French Gothic, the work of Mr. E. L. Blackburne, and bearing reliefs of some of the men whom it commemorates, it is too elaborate in ornamentation to be a fitting memorial of Protestant martyrs.

In Northampton Square, secluded and sedate, with a garden shaded by well-grown plane-trees that are the haunt

Watchmakers.

of birds, is the British Horological Institute, which is a reminder that Clerkenwell, and especially this part of the parish, numbers watch-making among its industries. Of this industry Mr. Duckworth, one of the contributors to "Life and Labour of the People in London," gives an interesting account. Until about 1870, he says, London watches, or those made under similar conditions, as at Coventry and Liverpool, commanded the home, colonial, and American markets. The demand became greater than could be efficiently met, inferior work was turned out, and presently the London watch lost some, at any rate, of its good repute. This loss might in time have been recovered, but that the trade in London set itself against such improvements as the horizontal

escapement of the Swiss and the lever escapement of the Lancashire watchmakers; nor would it have anything to do with machine work. "A company for the use of machinery was projected; but, opposed by Clerkenwell influence, it failed to obtain the charter then necessary, was transferred to the United States, and has been the pioneer of the modern factory system. Thus, the opening being given, other countries and places stepped in, and London lost the lead, never probably to be recovered." Of late years, however, the London makers have been in some sense adapting themselves to the new state of things by using machine-made movements instead of manufacturing the whole watch by hand. The best work is still done in London, for in spite of the developments of machinery, the best watch is the one that is made entirely by hand. But, although the number of watch repairers in London is greater than ever, the making of watches is a dwindling trade.

Clerkenwell is also one of the two London centres of lapidary work, the other being Soho. Of actual diamond-cutting there is very little done in London, for most of the cutting and polishing is done in Antwerp and Amsterdam, and the setting in Paris. Little except jobbing work, in fact, is done in Clerkenwell or Soho.

The Clerkenwell Road, together with its western continuation, Theobald's Road, was completed by the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1878. Close to the point at which it leaves the borough of Finsbury for Holborn is Clerkenwell Green, now

**Clerkenwell
Green.**

a paved square, with nothing but a few trees to recall its former rural estate. On the western side of the Green runs Farringdon Road, and here, under the floor of the warehouse numbered 18, where once stood the parish watch-house, is the "well" at which, as we have seen, the parish clerks of London held their annual festivals. On the Green stands the Sessions House, where are held the County of London Quarter Sessions for the north side of the Thames. It was built in 1779-82 to supersede Hickey's Hall, but was enlarged and much altered in 1860, and further additions were made to it in 1876; and in 1899 it was taken over by the London County Council. A couple

of hundred yards or so to the north-west, on the other side of Clerkenwell Close, stood the Clerkenwell House of Detention, which,

The House of Detention. first built in 1775—and afterwards more than once rebuilt—was from that time until the Prisons Act of 1877 came into operation used for the safe custody of prisoners awaiting trial. It was at this House of Detention that in 1867 a

The last Prioress of St. Mary's died in 1570. After the dissolution the priory came into the hands of the Cavendishes, Dukes of Newcastle, who here built a mansion of which the site is indicated by Newcastle Place. Its most famous tenant was that Duke of Newcastle whose regiment of cavalry, known among the Cromwellians as the "Newcastle Lambs," so



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

FINSBURY TOWN HALL, ROSEBERY AVENUE (p. 841).

daring attempt was made to rescue two Fenian prisoners by blowing up the wall of the prison enclosure with a barrel of gunpowder.

Between Clerkenwell Green and the Hugh Myddelton School, in Clerkenwell Close,

St. James's, Clerkenwell. stands the church of St. James, which occupies the site of the old church of a Benedictine convent founded here at the end of the eleventh century, and dedicated to St. Mary. The present structure was finished in 1792, but the spire has since been rebuilt. It contains some ancient monuments from the old church, among them a memorial of Bishop Burnet, whose place of burial, beneath the altar of the old church, is indicated by an inscription.

distinguished itself on the royalist side in the Civil War. Of his devoted duchess, one of the most industrious of blue stockings, it is recorded that on a truckle-bed in an annexe to her bedroom she had a footman sleeping, whose duty it was, whenever an idea struck her in the night, to get up, light a candle, and commit the precious thought to paper. Newcastle House survived until the second half of the eighteenth century.

Knights of St. John. A few yards along the Clerkenwell Road eastwards and we reach the site of a much more famous foundation than the Convent of St. Mary, the historic Priory of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Of this great house the present St. John's Square formed the court, and

happily it has not wholly vanished, as has St. Mary's, for in the north-eastern corner of the square there still stands St. John's Church, which is the choir of the old Priory church, built over a crypt that is one of the most ancient structures in London, while in St. John's Lane, which formed the chief approach to the Priory from the City, is to be seen the great gate-house of the priory, built by Prior Docwra in 1504 to replace an earlier gate-house on the same site.

Of the Order of the Knights or Hos-



Photo: Paternal Agency.

CRYPT OF ST. JOHN'S, CLERKENWELL.

pitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, founded in the sacred city in the eleventh century to minister to the needs of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre, an English branch was established at Clerkenwell about the end of that century by Jordan de Briset and his wife Muriel, who gave to the Knights some ten acres of land upon which was reared a great group of monastic buildings,

including a church that was consecrated in 1185 by that Heraclius,

The Priory. Patriarch of Jerusalem, who in the same year consecrated the Temple Church for the Knights Templars. So recently as the year 1900, when excavations were made in order to construct a new entrance to the crypt, there were discovered two segments of the original nave, which was thus found to have been, like the nave of the Templars' Church, a circular structure, built, of course,

in imitation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. In the rising of 1381 the nave, and the greater part of the Priory buildings, were destroyed by Wat Tyler's men. The new nave was built on a rectangular plan, and as appears from the "Illustrated Guide" to the Priory, by the Rev. Thomas W. Wood and Mr. Henry W. Fincham, quite recently there was brought to light, about 90 feet west of the railings in front of the church, what was probably the foundation of that rectangular nave. Not until the beginning of the sixteenth century,

when Sir Thomas Docwra was Prior, was the work of rebuilding finished. Forty years later Henry VIII. laid his heavy hand on the Priory, and in the next reign the Protector Somerset blew up the greater part of the buildings and used the materials for the construction of his great palace in the Strand. By Queen Mary the Priory was revived, but there was more confiscation under her sister, and the Knights of St. John had to bid a final good-bye to their house at Clerkenwell.

The choir of the church, with the crypt beneath it, was spared by Somerset, and about the year 1721, after having been partly secularised by the Marquis of Aylesbury, and then used as a Presbyterian Chapel, it was restored, after a fashion, and became the church of a parish formed out of the precincts of the Priory. In 1889, under the supervision of Mr. John Oldrid Scott, it underwent a worthier restoration. Since then the groined crypt—a most interesting specimen of Norman and Transitional work, consisting of a nave of five bays, a transept at its eastern end, a south chapel, and two chambers on the north side—has been cleared of the hundreds of coffins which were deposited in it between the years 1738 and 1853, and restored—not, it is pleasant to record, in such wise as to divest it of its look of antiquity, but with a cautious and reverent hand.

St. John's Gate, the chief entrance to the Priory, a few yards south of St. John's Square, is of brickwork faced with stone, and consists of a broad and lofty arch supporting a hall and flanked on either side by a tower of four storeys, the whole structure embattled. After the dissolution of the Priory the gate-house was put to various uses, until in

St. John's Gate.

of Jerusalem in England, to which a charter was granted by Queen Victoria in 1888.

With the Order is associated the St. John Ambulance Brigade which provided more than two thousand volunteers for service during the South African War. To the memory of the sixty-six men who died in active service in that war a monument has

Order of St. John of Jerusalem.



HICKES'S HALL, THE OLD SESSIONS HOUSE.

From a Water-colour Drawing (1846).

1731 it came into the hands of Edward Cave, who, in the hall above the archway, set up the press which printed the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of which he was editor. Here, seven years later, Samuel Johnson came to write for the magazine those highly imaginative reports of the Parliamentary debates for which, when he came to die, his conscience gave him some twinges; and here, too, by his influence with Cave, his friend David Garrick, newly come to London, was allowed to give a taste of his histrionic powers. In 1831 the gate became the parish watch-house, and afterwards was converted to the uses of a tavern. In 1870 it was purchased by the late Sir Edmund Lechmere, and it is now the home of the Order of St. John

been erected in St. John's Church, against the south wall.

In St. John's Square lived Bishop Burnet, the author of the History of his own times, but the house disappeared in 1877,

St. John's Square.

when the Clerkenwell Road was formed. Gone, too, is the house in which John Wilkes was born. Nor may we look now for Hickes's Hall, the building which Sir Baptist Hickes, the wealthy silk mercer whom, as Viscount Campden, we have encountered at Kensington, built at his own charges in 1612 as a Sessions House for Clerkenwell. In rather more than a century and a half it had become ruinous, but as the noise and traffic of Smithfield Market made the site unsuitable, the new Sessions House was built, as we have seen, on Clerkenwell

Green, and for a time was known by the name which its predecessor had borne. The original Hickes's Hall stood at the south end of St. John's Lane, where it runs into St. John Street.

Almost adjoining the Priory of the Knights Hospitallers was another of the great religious houses of London, which has survived to these days in another form and under a slightly disguised name. When the plague of 1348 was raging in the City the Bishop of London consecrated three acres of waste land just outside the City walls, and on the east side of St. John's Priory, as a cemetery under the name of Pardon Churchyard. To it was afterwards added an adjoining piece of ground, known as the Spital Croft, by the generosity of Sir Walter de Manny, the knight whose gallant deeds are recited in the pages of Froissart, and it is said that in this burial-ground were laid the bodies of fifty thousand victims of the scourge. In 1371 Sir Walter founded on this dismal spot and endowed a Carthusian convent which was styled the House of the Salutation of the Mother of God, and here, towards the end of the fifteenth century, the great

The Charterhouse.

Sir Thomas More lived without vow for four years. But the end of the "Charterhouse" was now at hand, and presently, while a prisoner in the Tower, the pious Chancellor saw John Houghton, the Prior of the House, and two other Carthusians led away to be hanged and quartered at Tyburn. This was in 1535; two years later the Priory was dissolved, and small was the mercy dealt out to such of the brethren as were not complaisant. It was presently sold to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who destroyed some of the buildings and converted the rest of them into a town house that matched his ducal dignity.

In 1611 the property was bought by Thomas Sutton, descendant of an ancient Lincolnshire family, who had made an immense fortune out of coal-fields in Northumberland. Not for his own use did he buy it, but in order to turn it into a home for poor men and a school for poor boys, under the name of the Hospital of King James, and by his will he left to the charity the greater part of his wealth. He died in the year in

which he acquired the property, and at once an outcry against his magnificent bequest was raised by many who thought the money would have been better bestowed upon themselves. The lawyers did their best to find flaws in the will, and Bacon, who had not been included in Sutton's list of governors, wrote that to make of so princely a habitation a mere hospital was like giving a rich embroidered cloak to a beggar. But the judges decided in favour of the will, though by command of the King suitable provision was made for Roger Sutton, the testator's son.

In these days the number of pensioners has been reduced from eighty to about fifty-five, but the school has grown until now it numbers, including sixty foundation scholars, not far short of six hundred boys. In 1872 the school was transferred to new premises at Godalming, in Surrey, and in the following year the buildings which it had occupied at the Charterhouse were bought by the Merchant Taylors' Company, who on the site erected a new habitation for their own historic school. But the pensioners still spend their placid days in the buildings which, originally part

of Sir Walter de Manny's monastery, were converted by the Duke of Norfolk into his town house some three hundred and fifty years ago. Chief among these venerable relics is the Great Hall, once the monks' guest-chamber and then the hall of Norfolk House, now the hall where, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the brethren dine in common; the drawing-room of Norfolk House, and the library, approached by a magnificent staircase; and the chapel, which is older than its Jacobean aspect suggests, for this is the result of alterations made by Sutton to the building in which the monks had worshipped. The chapel is now too large for the congregation, and the recess where the Charterhouse boys sat before they migrated to Godalming is curtained off. In the chapel is to be seen the sumptuous tomb of Thomas Sutton, whose painted, recumbent figure it supports. In the same vault lies the dust of Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, who, dying in 1818, desired sepulture here, as his memorial sets forth, "in grateful remembrance of the advantages he had derived through life from his educa-

The Buildings.

Thomas Sutton.

tion upon the foundation of the Charterhouse."

Long is the list of Charterhouse boys who have risen to distinction. It includes, besides Lord Ellenborough, Richard Crawshaw the poet, Richard Lovelace, Isaac Barrow, Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, John Wesley, Sir William Blackstone, a Primate of all England (Dr. Manners Sutton),

in 1875 it was transferred to the handsome Gothic buildings which had been built for it on the site of the Carthusian school from designs by Mr. E. P'Anson, an old boy. It is essentially a day school, and numbers some five hundred boys. Among eminent men whom it has educated are quite a number of prelates, including Archbishop Juxon, Lancelot Andrewes, and Matthew Wren, Sir



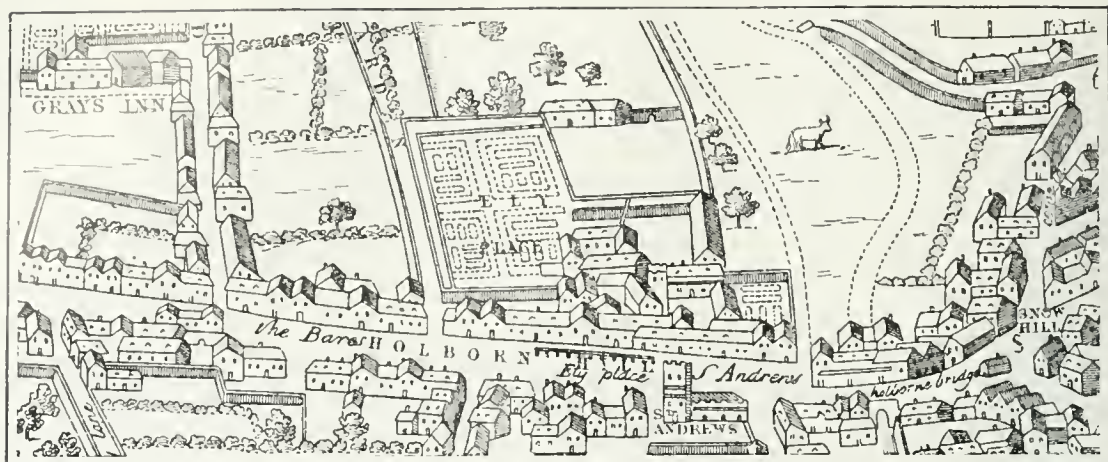
DINING HALL OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

a Prime Minister (the Earl of Liverpool), Basil Montagu, Baron Alderson, General Havelock, Sir Charles Eastlake, John Leech, Bishop Thirlwall, George Grote, Milner Gibson, Dr. Liddell the Greek scholar, Thomas Mozley, W. G. Palgrave and F. T. Palgrave, and—shall we not say above all?—William Makepeace Thackeray, who has done for the Charterhouse what Lamb and Coleridge did for Christ's Hospital.

If it has not had a Thackeray to cast over it an undying spell, the School of the Merchant Taylors' Company is hardly less famous than that founded by Sutton. Originally established, as we have seen, in Suffolk Lane, in the Dowgate ward, in 1561, it remained in that narrow street beside the Thames until

Christopher's uncle, Thomas Lodge and James Shirley the dramatists, Bulstrode Whitelocke, the man who gave Cromwell so much trouble, Daniel Neale and Edmund Calamy the Nonconformists, the great Lord Clive, the elder and the younger Charles Mathews, and Samuel Birch the Egyptologist.

We must not leave the Charterhouse without noting that just outside its walls, on the south, is the square of this name, which has not yet parted with its air of sedate seclusion. In the seventeenth century it boasted "many handsome palaces," and it has had among its residents two famous Nonconformist divines, Richard Baxter and John Howe, the latter of whom died here in 1691.



ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

From Aggas's Map.

CHAPTER LXXVII

HOLBORN: FROM ELY PLACE TO QUEEN SQUARE

Area and Wards—Ely Place—St. Etheldreda's—Sir Christopher Hatton—Hatton Garden and its Diamonds—Eyre Street Hill and George Morland—Town Hall—Council Offices—Gray's Inn Road—Ampton Street and Thomas Carlyle—Gray's Inn—Its History—Francis Bacon—Brownlow Street—The Strange Story of Dr. Clenche—Bedford Row—Red Lion Square—William Morris and Burne-Jones—Theobald's Road and Lord Beaconsfield—Great Ormond Street—Queen Square

THE borough of Holborn, lying partly to the south but mainly to the north of the great east and west thoroughfare, and stretching from Farringdon Road on the east to Tottenham Court Road on the west, is, with its area of 405 acres, the smallest component part of the Administrative County of London. It is smaller by nearly 200 acres than the next smallest borough, its neighbour Finsbury, and it falls short of the "one square mile" of the City by 268 acres. But it is entitled to hold its head high among its compeers, since it includes within its limits two out of the four great Inns of Court, Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn, as well as the British Museum, the greatest of our national collections of antiquarian and literary treasures; and, as we shall see, it abounds in associations that connect it with the remote past. It is made up of the parish of St. Andrew Holborn-above-the-Bars, the united parishes of St. Giles-in-the-Fields and St. George, Bloomsbury, and the parish of St. George-the-Martyr, with the liberty of

Saffron Hill, the two Inns of Court, Staple Inn, and part of Furnival's Inn; and it is divided into nine wards, the Saffron Hill, South-east St. Andrew, North St. Andrew, St. George-the-Martyr, South Bloomsbury, North Bloomsbury, North St. Giles, Central St. Giles, and Lincoln's Inn Wards. It boasts armorial bearings, which it owes to its first Mayor, the Duke of Bedford, who defrayed the cost of the patents.

Of the name we have already spoken in one of our City chapters (p. 390), for those parts of the east-and-west artery of London which are known as Holborn Viaduct and as Holborn pure and simple lie within the City, and we may, therefore, without further preliminary, begin the wanderings which will bring us to the most salient features of the borough. On its eastern borders, where it joins the City, we come

Ely Place. upon Ely Place, a quaint *cul-de-sac*, guarded with iron gates, wherein is still standing the chapel—dedicated to St. Etheldreda—of the ancient palace of the Bishops of Ely. The palace was founded

more than six hundred years ago by Bishop John de Kirkeby, who died in the year 1290, leaving to his successors in the see a messuage and nine cottages at Holborn in order that they might have an abode commensurate with their episcopal dignity. The next bishop, William de Luda, made a start with the palace, and is believed to have built the chapel of St. Etheldreda, and the work was completed towards the end of the fourteenth century by Arundel, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who reared a stately gate-house towards Holborn. Under the Long Parliament some of the buildings were taken down, and in the next century those that remained were allowed to fall into decay, and finally in 1772 the see transferred to the Crown its rights in Ely Place in return for a house in Dover Street, Piccadilly, which remained the town house of the bishops of the diocese until the year 1907. Upon the spacious garden of the palace were built the streets which bear the names of Hatton Garden, Great and Little Kirby Streets, Charles Street, Cross Street, and Hatton Wall. Nothing now remains of the palace except the chapel, of which the original walls and some of the original Decorated tracery are still to be seen. In the eighteenth century it was degraded to commercial uses, then it became a schoolroom of the National Society, next (1843) it came into the hands of the Welsh Episcopalians, and was used by them for service in the Welsh language for about thirty years. Finally, in 1874, it was acquired by the Roman Catholic Fathers of Charity, and after restoration was reopened by the late Cardinal Manning on St. Etheldreda's Day (June 23), 1879.

Ely Place has more memorable associations than those it derives from its connexion with the see of Ely, for again and again, by high-handed interference of the Crown and in other ways, it came into the occupation of eminent laymen. Here, after his palace of the Savoy had been burnt by Wat Tyler, lived John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," and here, in 1399, sick at heart at the loss of his influence over the King (Richard II.), he died. Shakespeare, in *Richard II.*, represents him as admonishing the King as he lay dying here; but, however this may be, there is the authority of

Holinshed as well as that of the poet for the reference to the gardens of Ely Place in the scene which ended in the murder—"execution" is a word that inadequately describes the proceeding—of Hastings. While the lords of the Council are deliberating in the Tower of London over the coronation of the young King, Gloucester enters, and, pleasantly reminding the Bishop of Ely that he has good strawberries in his garden at Holborn, begs him to send for some. The Bishop, of course, complies, and Gloucester having withdrawn, Hastings remarks upon his smooth and cheerful looks. But before the strawberries arrive Gloucester returns, denounces him as a traitor, and has him dragged out for instant execution, as is related in our chapter on the Tower.

**The
Bishop's
Strawberries.**

**Sir
Christopher
Hatton.**

After the death of Henry VIII., Ely Place had for its tenant the Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, and so it fell out that here was hatched the conspiracy that issued in the overthrow and execution of the Protector Somerset. Later Queen Elizabeth installed here the gay and gallant Sir Christopher Hatton, whom, in spite of his being no lawyer, she made Lord Chancellor. He spent a great deal of money in rearing a new mansion here, and counted upon his favour with the Queen to the extent of getting heavily into her debt, and according to Fuller he died of mortification when, years afterwards, he found that in his royal mistress he had a rigorous creditor, who sued by legal process for the recovery of the debt. When he fell ill she relented, "bringing, as some say, cordial broths unto him with her own hands; but all would not do. There's no pulley can draw up a heart once cast down, though a Queen herself should set her hand thereunto." He was succeeded in the occupation of Ely House by his nephew, whose widow, Lady Hatton, was here wooed by Bacon and won by Sir Edward Coke, who lived to repent his success, for he found himself the husband of a shrew whom he knew not how to tame, though he was one of the most formidable and most ruthless judges that ever sat upon the Bench.

Between Ely Place and Hatton Garden, a few steps westwards, is a tavern which

styles itself "Ye Olde Mitre." Though the building itself is not ancient, the mitre, sculptured in stone, which is worked into the wall, may once, as Timbs thought probable, have adorned Ely Palace, or the gateway of the precinct. In Hatton Garden,

Hatton Garden.

named after Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor, the Countess of Drogheda was living when William Wycherley prevailed upon her to end the days of her widowhood. The marriage brought the impecunious dramatist little more satisfaction than Sir Edward Coke had found in his union with Lady Hatton. Though a fond she was a jealous wife, and after her death, which was not long delayed, his title to the fortune which she had left him was disputed until he was ruined and found himself in a debtors' prison.

In these days Hatton Garden is the haunt of the diamond merchants of London; and although the diamond-cutting trade

Diamonds. is mostly carried on at Amsterdam and Antwerp, many of the precious stones won in South Africa find their way into the safes of the merchants of Hatton Garden. This region has strange stories to tell of carefully planned robberies. Perhaps the most daring of them was that of which, on a dark November afternoon in 1881, the post-office on the western side of the street was the scene. At the moment

when the bags of valuables were hanging on the

nails ready for removal the gas was turned off at the meter, and when, a minute or two later, a light was struck it was found that bags containing registered parcels of diamonds valued at £30,000 were missing. They had been abstracted by thieves who in the darkness had entered by the side door used by the letter-carriers, and with their rich booty had driven off in a light vehicle which was in waiting outside. The spoil was never recovered, nor were the thieves ever brought to justice.

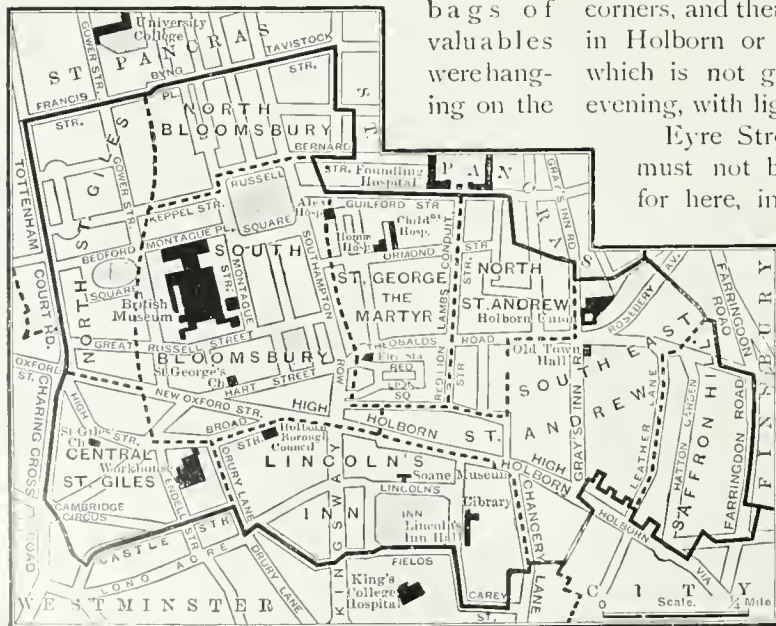
In Charles Street, which intersects Hatton Garden, is a spot bearing a curious name which "Little Dorrit" has made famous—Bleeding Heart Yard, adjoining a public-house which bears the sign of the Bleeding Heart, an emblematical representation of one of the Roman Catholic mysteries. Not far away to the north, in the Clerkenwell Road, facing the end of Hatton Garden, in the midst of one of the Italian quarters of London, is the great church of St. Peter, the scene on a Sunday in mid July of the Festival of

Our Lady of Mount Carmel, to which Italians from all parts of

A Joyous Festival. London flock in a procession that takes two hours to pass a given spot. The neighbouring streets are garlanded with flowers and flags, the entrances to them are spanned with triumphal arches, walls are hung with tapestries, statues of the Madonna are in evidence at the street corners, and there is no Italian court or alley in Holborn or Clerkenwell, however dismal, which is not gay with flowers and, in the evening, with lights of many colours.

Eyre Street Hill, close by Back Hill, must not be passed by without notice, for here, in a sponging-house, in 1804 (October 29), died George Morland, the painter of rustic scenes. He had been arrested for a debt of a few pounds owed to a publican, and abandoning himself in his desperation to his besetting indulgence he drank great quantities of spirits and succumbed to an attack of brain fever.

Clerkenwell Road, which is bisected by



PLAN OF HOLBORN, SHOWING THE WARDS.

Eyre Street Hill, has been touched upon in our Finsbury chapter, and need not be further referred to. At its junction with the Gray's Inn Road is the building, of red brick with stone dressings, which, reared in 1879 from the designs of Mr.

Lewis H. Isaacs, served Holborn as its Town Hall until 1908, when it was sold for £31,000 to Mr. W. P.

Hartley, who acquired it primarily as a Church House and Bookroom for the Primitive Methodists. In the same year the

Dr. William Marsden (p. 396), and now numbering about 170 beds, and having an average income of about £9,000, of which about fourteen per cent. is derived from invested property. It has several times been enlarged, the last time in 1907, when new operating theatres were built, and it is one of the hospitals to which a medical school is attached.

The next turning out of the road eastwards is Ampton Street, where at No. 33 (formerly No. 4), as a tablet of the London County Council testifies, Thomas Carlyle once lived.



INTERIOR OF ST. ETHELDREDA'S, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN.

Borough Council took possession of its new Council Offices on the south side of High Holborn, built from designs by Messrs Warwick and Hall.

Gray's Inn Road, long known as Gray's Inn Lane, and forming the eastern boundary of the inn whose name it bears, has had among other eminent residents Hampden and Pym the patriots, and James Shirley the dramatist, but the more ancient dwellings have all disappeared, and there is little in this street to detain us. Only about half of it is in the borough of Holborn, the northern part being in the borough of St. Pancras, but we will here notice the part of it that lies outside our present limits, so that we may not have to return to it. On its eastern side is the Royal Free Hospital, founded in 1828 by

Here he lodged with his wife for some six months in 1831-32, in rooms which they found to be "interesting, cheery, and, in spite of poor arrangements, really pleasant." In a letter to his father written during this period, he confesses, "I transact sometimes immense quantities of talk—indeed, often talk more than I listen; which course," he naïvely adds, "I think of altering." The thought must have been of a very fugitive character!

Gray's Inn, one of the four Inns of Court, cannot vie with the Temple in an architectural sense. It has, it is true, an ancient hall, begun in the reign of Queen Mary and finished in that of her successor, with carved wainscotting and oaken roof and a handsome screen, and windows that are emblazoned with

Gray's Inn Road.

Thomas Carlyle.

Gray's Inn.

the armorial bearings of distinguished members; and the gateway which forms the chief entrance to the Inn from High Holborn is a brick structure built in the reign of James I., though made to look less ancient by stucco; but the chapel is a modern structure, and the library was rebuilt in 1884. But the real glory of this Inn is its spacious and shady gardens, with their umbrageous lawns and broad gravelled walks,

**The
Gardens.**

looked down upon by tall, many-windowed houses, and lying to the west and north of Gray's Inn Square, with Theobald's Road for their northern boundary. They were planted with trees while Bacon was Treasurer of Gray's Inn, but the well-grown elms and plane-trees which now give an air of dignity and repose to the gardens, and afford shelter to the cawing rooks, are not venerable enough to have dated from that period. The decrepit catalpa tree on the western side of the gardens, however, is not improbably the one which, brought by Sir Walter Raleigh from the West Indies, was planted by the great Lord Chancellor as deputy for Queen Elizabeth, who just then was sick. In 1904, when the Benchers gave a ball, and the gardens were illuminated with myriads of Chinese lanterns and fairy lamps, this venerable tree was outlined with tiny lights. A cutting from it, which was planted many years ago in the part of the Inn known as Verulam Buildings, still flowers abundantly in its season. In these days the gardens, or walks as formerly they were called, may only be enjoyed from without by the ordinary public, but in the seventeenth century and later they were a place of fashionable rendezvous. Here Sir Roger de Coverley would walk, "hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with anyone who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems." Many are the references in literature to the gardens, but no one has better indicated their charm than Charles Lamb, the prose laureate of the Temple, who speaks of them "as the best gardens of any Inns of Court," and as having "the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law breathing. Bacon," he adds, "has left

the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks."

An Inn of Court since the time of Edward III., Gray's Inn owes its name to the Earls Gray of Wilton, whose residence it originally was, being then known as the manor of Portpoole, a name which survives to this day in Portpool Lane, running from the east side of Gray's Inn Road to Leather Lane. In 1505 the Lord Gray of Wilton of that day sold the manor, already known alternatively as Gray's Inn, to one Hugh Denny, from whom it passed to the Prior and Convent of East Sheen, in Surrey, and then was leased to students of law, whose successors became fee-farm tenants of the Crown when Henry VIII. relieved the monks of Sheen of their property. Of the great lawyers who have been members of this Inn the name is legion; but it is of its intimate association with Lord Chancellor

**Sir Francis
Bacon.**

Bacon that this venerable Society is most proud. Admitted in 1576, he was called to the bar in 1582, became a Bencher in 1586, Reader in 1588, and Duplex Reader in 1600, and was elected Treasurer in 1608. The court in which he had chambers, Coney Court, was burnt down in 1678 and replaced by the row of buildings which forms the west side of Gray's Inn Square, overlooking a part of the gardens. After his downfall, in 1621, when he was ejected from York House, in the Strand, he returned to his old chambers in Coney Court, and it was from them that he set out upon that journey to Highgate which brought him to his death.

The next turning but one out of High Holborn on the north side is Brownlow Street, which was named after

**Brownlow
Street:
A Mystery.**

Sir John Brownlow, a baronet of the time of Charles II. This street has memories of a tragedy of which the mystery was never satisfactorily cleared up. In 1692 there was dwelling here a physician of repute, Dr. Andrew Clenche. Then, as now, the street was so strait that a single carriage would nearly fill the roadway. But that the eastern side has been rebuilt, and is now formed by the flank of the First Avenue Hotel, it has undergone little change during these two centuries and more, and it is not improbable that



Photo: Pictorial Agency.
HALL OF GRAY'S INN.

the houses on the western side witnessed the events we may here pause to relate

On the night of the 4th of January, 1692, a public coach hired by two men in Fleet Street drove to the Holborn end of the street and the driver was sent to Dr. Clenche's to call in aid his professional services. When he had entered the coach the driver was bidden to make for Leadenhall Market, and thence for the Pie Tavern beyond Aldgate. There he was sent upon an errand, and when he returned the men who had hired him were nowhere to be seen,

when the coach was hired. The driver of the coach, and a boy who saw it at Leadenhall Market, believed that he was one of the men who hired it, and a woman living in Brownlow Street identified him much more positively. On this evidence he was found guilty and hanged, but to the last, though expressing remorse for his way of life and for the disgrace he had brought upon his family, he protested his innocence of "the black, bloody, inhuman murder" he was about to die for. The case was one of strong suspicion, but hardly more. The



Photo Pictorial Agency.

THE OLD CATALPA TREE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN PLANTED BY BACON
IN GRAY'S INN (*p.* 852).

but Dr. Clenche was sitting on the floor of the coach dead, having been throttled with a pocket-handkerchief. Suspicion fell upon one Henry Harrison as mainly responsible for the murder. A man about town, he was an intimate friend of a Mrs. Vanwicke, a widow lady who had borrowed money of Dr. Clenche upon mortgage. When the doctor, who disapproved of her relations with Harrison, proceeded to foreclose the mortgage, Harrison denounced and threatened him. It was proved that for some days before the murder he had been staying at Garraway's, in Threadneedle Street, under a false name; that while there he was seen using just such a coarse pocket-handkerchief as that with which Dr. Clenche was strangled; and that he was in Fleet Street on the night of the murder just at the time

accuracy of the woman who positively identified him is not beyond question, for she declared that Harrison leaned out of the coach and swore at the driver to make him mend his speed, whereas the driver himself declared that the man whom he believed to be Harrison never spoke to him; it was the other man, he said, who did all the talking. Incredible as it may seem, not a word was said by either of the three judges who presided at the trial about this flagrant discrepancy, and unfortunately Harrison, who could not, according to the usage of that day, have counsel to plead for him, failed to call attention to it.

Near the north end of Brownlow Street is Bedford Row, a broad thoroughfare which dates from the early part of the eighteenth century, and is named not after the Russells,

the lords of Bloomsbury, but because the land on which it was built was left to his native town of Bedford by Sir William Harpur, Lord Mayor of London in 1562, after whom is named one of the streets on the other or northern side of Theobald's Road. Among its residents, Bedford Row has numbered Lord Chief Justice Holt, who died here, John Abernethy the surgeon, and Henry Addington, the Prime Minister, who was raised to the peerage as Viscount Sidmouth.

Red Lion Street, between Bedford Row and Red Lion Square, is, like the Square, named after an inn that stood at its southern end, and was in olden times the most important hostelry in Holborn. It was at the "Red Lion" that the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw lay the night before they were dragged to Tyburn for mutilation, and there was a probably unfounded tradition that an obelisk, which in the eighteenth century stood in the centre of Red Lion Square, marked the spot where the Lord Protector's insulted remains were secretly buried by his friends. In these days the square is a comely and pleasant oblong enclosure, which became a public garden in 1885. One of its associations is with Jonas Han-

Red Lion Square.

way, the eccentric but benevolent traveller who was the pioneer of the umbrella, which, careless of ridicule, he used for thirty years before he found imitators. He died here in 1786. Here, too, lived Judge Blackstone, the learned jurist who, in the words of Bentham, was the first of all institutional writers to teach jurisprudence "to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman." And the beautiful red-brick church of St. John the Evangelist, built in the Early English style by the late Mr. Pearson in 1874-78 in the south-west corner of the square, covers or adjoins the site of the house in which Haydon the painter was living about the year 1838.

But for this generation the square is of interest chiefly from its associations with William Morris and the group of artists to which he belonged. In the early days of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood a first-floor set of three rooms in No. 17, a house near the south-east angle, was occupied by

Rossetti and Deverell; and in 1856 William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones took the rooms and occupied them till the spring of 1859. Some of the stories told about Morris's earlier life—he was twenty-two when he came to the square—are connected with the maid of the house, who was known as Red Lion Mary. "She was very plain," says Professor J. W. Mackail in his *Life of Morris*, "but a person of great character and unfailing good humour, with some literary taste and a considerable knowledge of poetry. She cooked and mended for the new lodgers, read their books and letters, was anxious to be allowed to act as a model, and neglected all her other duties to stand behind them and watch them painting."

The rooms were unfurnished, and thus it was, Professor Mackail goes on to say, that Morris was led to begin his work as decorator and manufacturer. When he and Burne-Jones came to furnish their rooms they found that there was no furniture to be bought that was not vulgar and ugly, nor at the furnishing shops could they get even the simplest things made from their designs. So it was that Morris and his friend Philip Webb, whom he had met in the office of G. E. Street, the architect, took to designing and making furniture on their own account, and that a few years later the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co., which was to exercise so far-reaching an influence upon house decoration in this country, was formed. It was at No. 8, in the square, near the south-west corner, that the firm had its first offices and workshops, and here it remained from 1861 until 1865, when it was transferred to Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

A little to the north of Red Lion Square runs Theobald's Road, which continues the Clerkenwell Road, westwards to Southampton Row. The road was so named because it formed part of the route by which James I. travelled from Whitehall to his favourite hunting-seat in Hertfordshire, and for the same reason it was known alternatively as the King's Way. Theobald's Road has one and only one noteworthy personal association, but that is an association of the first water, for at No. 22, on the north side, close to

Morris and Burne-Jones.

Theobald's Road.

John Street—at that time it was 6, King's Road—was born, on the 21st of December, 1804, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. There were several rival claimants to the distinction, and Lord Beaconsfield himself at different times favoured the pretensions of the Adelphi, of St. Mary Axe, and of 6, Bloomsbury Square; but the question has been carefully investigated by

**Lord
Beaconsfield's
Birthplace.**

and most of the original houses, of a red brick which has been toned by time, with dignified porches, are still standing. Many are the associations of this street. Here have lived Dr. Mead the celebrated physician of the reign of George II., and Dr. Stukeley, the antiquary. Soame Jenyns, the politician and man of letters, who from having been an unbeliever became a defender of the faith, was born in

**Great
Ormond
Street.**



Photo Paternal Agency.
WHERE BURNE-JONES AND MORRIS LIVED: 17, RED
LION SQUARE, HOLBORN.

the officials of the London County Council, and in 1904 that authority, by one of its memorial tablets, set its seal upon the claims of Theobald's Road to the honour of being the birthplace of the most eminent if not the greatest Londoner of the nineteenth century.

Lamb's Conduit Street, which runs out of Theobald's Road northwards to Guilford Street, is named after a gentleman of the Chapel Royal in the time of Henry VIII. and the conduit at Snow Hill, to which he conveyed the waters of several springs through a leaden pipe some two thousand yards in length. Great Ormond Street was built about the end of the seventeenth century,

this street precisely at midnight on the last day of 1703, and was able, therefore, to choose between two days and two years for his birthday. From Lord Chancellor Thurlow's house here was stolen the Great Seal of England on the 24th of March, 1784, the day before the dissolution of Parliament. In this street the Macaulays were living when the Essay on Milton appeared, with the result that there was at once a shower of cards of invitation from every quarter of London. The great writer dwelt here from 1823 to 1831, and the house had a sure place in his memories. It was part of the mansion of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, which stood on the site of Powis House,

built in the latter part of the reign of William III. by William Herbert, second Marquis of Powis. Burnt down in 1714, while the French Ambassador, the Duc d'Aumont, its then tenant, was entertaining some brother diplomatists at dinner, it was rebuilt at the charges of the French king, whose dignity, it is said, did not permit him to allow a fire office to suffer for the neglect of the domestics of his representative. This part of the street, near its north-west end, is still known as Powis Place.

Other residents in this street were John Howard, Lord Eldon, and Chief Justice Eardley Wilmot, and here William Morris and his wife came to live in 1859, after their honeymoon tour on the Continent, while the Red House at Upton, Bexley Heath, was being built for them. Howard's house, No. 23, but at that time No. 29—for the street was re-numbered in 1885—was left to him by his sister, and, when in town, he occupied it from 1777 until his death in 1790. It now bears one of the London County Council's memorial tablets. In Great Ormond Street, too, is the most famous of children's hospitals, the Hospital for Sick Children, which now has two hundred beds and an income of about £18,000, about £5,000 of it drawn from invested property. The handsome building, of red brick, was designed by E. M. Barry, but in 1908, from designs by Mr. Charles Barry, a new Out-patients' Department was added at the charges of Mr. W. W. Astor in memory of his little daughter Gwendolen Enid, who died in 1902 in her ninth year.

At the west end of Great Ormond Street is Queen Square, named after Queen Anne, though the statue in the garden
Queen Square. around which it is built is a counterfeit presentment not of her but of Queen Charlotte. The north side of this square was left open in order that the residents might enjoy the view of the northern heights of London, and it is still unbuilt

upon, though the view is, of course, closed in by neighbouring streets. Here, again, we meet with the Morrises, for when they left the Red House at Upton they settled in No. 26, of which the site is covered by the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic. Mr. and Mrs. Morris dwelt here until, in 1871, they took Kelmscott Manor House, in the valley of the Upper Thames. At No. 21, to which the London County Council has affixed a memorial tablet, lived Frederick Denison Maurice—saint as well as theologian and social reformer—from 1846 to 1858, coming here just after his appointment as chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Among famous residents of an earlier day were Dr. John Campbell, the biographical and political writer, whose assemblies Dr. Johnson ceased to attend because it pleased him to think that when anything of his was well done the Scots who flocked hither might say, "Ay, ay, he has learnt this of Cawmell"; Dr. Burney and his daughter Fanny, and Dr. Stukeley, the antiquary, who was for many years rector of the parish and died here in 1765. Here he was close to his church, which occupies the south-west angle of the square, where it was built in 1706 as a chapel-of-ease to St. Andrew's, Holborn.

Among several similar institutions in Queen Square, the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic is the most important. The first part of the present handsome block of buildings was opened in 1881, the main building was inaugurated four years later by the present King, the pavilion and the chapel forming a memorial of the Duke of Albany, to whose influence it was largely due that these extensive operations, involving a cost of £100,000, were possible. The hospital now has 160 beds, and its ordinary income amounts to some £12,000, of which about fourteen per cent. is yielded by invested property. Another handsome building in the square, designed by Mr. T. W. Cutler, is the Italian Hospital, dating in its present form from 1900.



THE OLD HALL, LINCOLN'S INN (*p.* 858).

CHAPTER LXXVIII

HOLBORN: THE SOUTHERN WARDS

Southampton House—Lamb and Hazlitt—Cursitor Street—Chancery Lane—Lincoln's Inn—Its Origins—The Buildings—John Thurloe—Lincoln's Inn Fields—Execution of William, Lord Russell—The Royal College of Surgeons—The Soane Museum—The "George and Blue Boar"—Little Queen Street—Mary Lamb—Great Queen Street—James Boswell and Other Residents—St. Giles-in-the-Fields—Bedford Chapel—*The Pall Mall Gazette*

LEADING to Chancery Lane from the back of Staple Inn, which is noticed in one of our City chapters, is the street that bears the name of Southampton Buildings, a reminiscence of Southampton House, the town mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, destroyed for the most part about the middle of the seventeenth century, though according to Hare's "Walks in London" some bits of it survived until 1876. From this house are dated some of the letters of the heroic Rachel, Lady Russell, and at the sight of it as he was on his way to execution in Lincoln's Inn Fields tears started to the eyes of her patriotic husband. But he instantly recovered himself, and exclaiming "The bitterness of death is now past," went on his dauntless way. But this spot has memories yet more

Southampton Buildings.

ancient, for here have been discovered foundations which there can be no doubt are those of the first round church of the Templars.

The houses which were built upon the site of Southampton House had associations with Charles Lamb and with William Hazlitt, and it was during the four years that the latter was lodging here in the house of a tailor of the name of Walker, that he had the amazing love affair with Sarah Walker of which he has told the not very edifying story in his "Liber Amoris." But this street has now been almost entirely rebuilt, and the houses in which the two essayists dwelt will be sought in vain. Here, on the north side, is the principal front of the Birkbeck Bank Buildings, a huge rococo structure displaying medallions of great painters and writers and

Birkbeck Bank.

architects and engineers, and glowing with glazed terra-cotta and tile-work which has successfully resisted the chastening effect of the atmosphere of London. It was opened in 1898, but was not completed until some years later. The bank itself was started in 1851 as a small savings bank in connexion with the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, and is remarkable for the great development which it has undergone of late years, and for the triumphant success with which it endured a run upon its resources in 1892, when depositors were panic-stricken as a result of the failure of certain great building societies—an incident which is pictorially commemorated within the bank. In Southampton Buildings, too, on the south side, is the Patent Office, of which the newest portion bears date 1895.

A few yards south of the street we have just noticed is Cursitor Street, named after the Inn founded by Sir Nicholas
Cursitor Street. Bacon for the cursitors, whose business it was to make out and issue writs in the name of the Court of Chancery. Here it was that Jack Scott, afterwards Lord Chancellor Eldon, lived with his pretty young wife, the Bessie Surtees who had eloped with him from her father's house at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. She had a temper, and she became stingy and seclusive, but his attachment to her was constant. "Poor Bessie!" he exclaimed in his old age when he had lost her; "if ever there was an angel on earth, she was one."

Chancery Lane, partly in the City and partly in the borough of Holborn, was in

Stow's day called New Street, and afterwards Chancellor's Lane. It was the birthplace of Lord
Chancery Lane. Strafford, and among those who have carried on business here are to be named Izaak Walton, whose house was near the bottom of the lane on the west side, and Jacob Tonson, the bookseller. The only relic of antiquity now to be seen in Chancery Lane is the fine brick gateway of the fourth and last of the great Inns of Court to be noticed in these pages, Lincoln's Inn. This gateway, with a tower on either

side, remains in much the same condition as when it was built by Sir Thomas Lovell in 1518, except that the red bricks have taken on a venerable tinge.

It has been said that Ben Jonson helped to build it, having "a trowel in one hand" and "a book in his pocket," but as the dramatist was not born until 1573 it was, perhaps, upon the later buildings on either side of the gate that he exercised his craft as a bricklayer. Over the archway are three shields of arms, in as many compartments—in the centre the arms of Henry VIII.; on the right those of Sir Thomas Lovell, and beneath them the date 1518; on the left those of de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. This nobleman is the reputed founder of the Inn.

But in "The Order of the Coif," the late Serjeant Pulling suggests that the Earls of Lincoln were never really identified with the Society of Lincoln's Inn. It is true that the famous Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who died in 1312, "had a mansion near the north end of the present Lincoln's Inn, but there is small proof either of his having made it his fixed abode, or of any part of it being used by the law students." Next to the Earl's mansion was the palace of the Bishops of Chichester, which remained their town house until, in 1536, a long lease of it was granted to the law students, who became the absolute owners of the property in 1579. Of this mansion the name is perpetuated to this day by Chichester Rents and Bishop's Court, running out of Chancery Lane towards the Inn a little to the south of the gateway. It may be added that a good deal of obscurity surrounds the origin of the Inn, for its title-deeds do not go further back than 1535.

The old Hall of the Inn, standing in the first court opposite the entrance gateway, was built in 1506, and with its
The Old Hall. high pitched roof, its buttresses and pointed windows, and its graceful octagonal lantern, has the look of a monastic building. In its early days it was used as a dining-hall and for the purposes of those revels and masques in which law students and lawyers found an elegant diversion from their exacting labours; afterwards the Lord Chancellors held their Courts here, and later it was the Court of Appeal. It has suffered not a little at the hands of the vandals and in 1819 the present coved ceiling of plaster was substituted for the open oak roof. The Chapel, on the right

as one enters the Inn from Chancery Lane, stands upon arches which form a crypt that is open at the sides; it was built by Inigo Jones in a mixed form of Gothic, but has been so altered at various times that its designer might hardly care to own it. In the crypt

The Chapel.

of modern buildings in the Perpendicular style, the work of Philip Hardwick, opened by Queen Victoria in 1845, and notable not only in an architectural sense, but also as containing Watts's fresco "The School of Legislation."

In Old Buildings (No. 24), which occupy



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

AN ANCIENT GATEWAY: LINCOLN'S INN (*p.* 858).

lawyers were wont to confer with their clients and with each other, and here many of the Benchers of the Inn were buried, among them Secretary Thurloe and William Prynne, author of the "Histrio-mastix," which he dedicated to the students of the four Inns of Court, "especially those of Lincoln's Inne." On the western side of the Inn are the New Hall and Library, one of the most successful

New Hall and Library.

the south angle of the court within the gateway, Thurloe, secretary to Oliver Cromwell, had chambers during his term of office, from 1645 to 1659, as is indicated by a tablet on the Chancery Lane front of the house. It was not here, however, but in No. 13, to which he afterwards removed, and which is now no longer standing, that, in the reign of William III., the Thurloe State Papers, one

John Thurloe.

of the most important of our historical authorities for the period of the Rebellion and the Commonwealth, were accidentally discovered. They were bought by Lord Somers, who had them bound in sixty-seven folio volumes. Lord Somers himself had chambers in New Square, the inner and larger court of the Inn, first known as Serle's Court, after its builder, Henry Serle,

grounds of the Earls of Southampton into the fields.

Lincoln's Inn Fields, one of the finest squares in the Metropolis, with large gardens in the centre which were acquired by the London County Council in 1895 and dedicated to the public, was laid out from a design by Inigo Jones, and several of the houses on the



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

LINCOLN'S INN CHAPEL (*p.* 850).

a Bench in the reign of Charles II. Before this the site was known as Fickett's Field, or Little Lincoln's Inn Field. Stone Buildings, at the north-eastern angle of the Inn, so called from the material of which they were originally built, in 1780, though some of them have since been rebuilt of red brick, cover the site of Southampton House, of which we have spoken in an earlier paragraph. According to Mr. Ordish, the author of "Shakespeare's London," the garden between Stone Buildings and Lincoln's Inn Fields is part of the garden of Southampton House, and the wicket gate immediately north of the New Hall and Library is that which led from the

west and south sides were of his planning. At the north-west corner of the square stands Newcastle or Powis House, built in 1686 by the Marquis of Powis and afterwards acquired by the Duke of Newcastle who was Prime Minister in George II.'s reign. A yet more distinguished tenant was Lord Somers. Once divided into two, it has now been united again. Many other men of title and of note have been residents of Lincoln's Inn Fields; and coming down to recent times we find that in his early life the late Lord Tennyson had a study on the fourth floor of No. 55, on the west side, while at No. 58 lived John Forster, whose rooms are described in "Bleak House" as those of Mr. Tulkinghorn.

The saddest and most tragic memory that clings to the Fields is the execution of the noble-minded William, Lord Russell, of which we have a description from the pen of an eye-witness, Bishop Burnet. "Tillotson and I," he writes in the "History of His Own Time," "went with him in the coach to the place of execution. Some of the crowd that filled the

**A Tragical
Memory.**

although it is just over the border and in the City of Westminster. Rebuilt in 1835-36 by Sir Charles Barry, its front dignified with a fine portico supported by Ionic fluted columns, it is the finest medical collegiate building in London. Here is a museum of which the nucleus consisted of the collection of anatomical preparations formed by the great

**The College
of Surgeons.**



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE NEW HALL, LINCOLN'S INN (*p.* 859).

street wept, while others insulted. He was singing psalms a great part of the way, and said he hoped to sing better ones soon. As he observed the great crowd of people all the way, he said to us, 'I hope I shall quickly see a much better assembly.' When he came to the scaffold, he walked about it four or five times; then he turned to the sheriffs and delivered his papers. . . . He prayed by himself, then Tillotson prayed with him. After that he prayed again by himself, then undressed himself, and laid his head on the block without the least change of countenance; and it was cut off at two strokes."

On the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields is the Hall of the Royal College of Surgeons, which has been left for notice in this place,

John Hunter in Leicester Square. It contains, among other objects of more—or less—than scientific interest, the skeletons of Jonathan Wild, the thief-taker; of the Sicilian dwarf, Caroline Crachami, who at the age of ten years was just twenty inches high; and of Charles O'Brien or Byrne. In his second visit to this country, in 1886, as in his first more than fifty years before, the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, who had himself for many years filled the chair of Anatomy at Harvard, visited the college, on this latter occasion in company of Sir Jonathan Hutchinson. He found his "old acquaintance" Charles O'Byrne, as he tells us in "Our Hundred Days in Europe," in the condition "so longed for by Sydney



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

Smith on a very hot day; namely, with his flesh taken off, and sitting, or rather standing, in his bones." Just as Huxley, when lecturing, would hold the hand of his skeleton in friendly fashion, so Wendell Holmes took the Irish giant by the hand. "His hand," he remarks with charming wit, "was the only one I took, either in England or Scotland, which had not a warm grasp and a hearty welcome in it."

On the opposite side of the square is another museum, which deserves to be better known than it is—that which was founded by and bears the name of Sir John Soane, the Berkshire boy who lived to design the Bank of England, to be architect to the Houses of Parliament and Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy. A great collector of antiquities and *objets d'art*, he endowed his collection and left it to the nation at his death in 1837. It includes models of many ancient Greek and Roman buildings, many of Sir John's own designs, and, among the pictures, a most engaging portrait of the founder, which was almost the last work of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The Inns of Court Hotel, close to the Soane Museum, but with its front in High Holborn, occupies the site of the old "George

and Blue Boar" Inn, taken down in 1864 to make way for the hotel. Here it was, according to one of the Earl of Orrery's "State Letters," quoted by John Timbs in his "Romance of London," that was discovered the letter of Charles I.

A Fateful Letter.

which, by making it clear that he was aiming at the destruction of Cromwell and Ireton, brought about his execution. "While Cromwell," writes the Earl, "was meditating how he could best 'come in' with Charles, one of his spies—of the King's bedchamber—informed him that his final doom was decreed, and that what it was might be found out by intercepting a letter sent from the King to the Queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head that night to the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle; but some persons at Dover did. Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, taking with them a trusty fellow, went to the inn in Holborn; and this man watched at the wicket, and the troopers continued drinking beer till about ten o'clock, when the sentinel

at the gate gave notice that the man with the saddle had come in. Up they got, and, as the man was leading out his horse saddled, they, with drawn swords, declared they were to search all who went in and out there; but, as he looked like an honest man, they would only search his saddle. Upon this they ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where they had been drinking, and left the horseman with the sentinel; then, ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, they found the letter, and gave back the saddle to the man, who, not knowing what he had done, went away to Dover. They then opened the letter, in which the King told the Queen that he thought he should close with the Scots. Cromwell and Ireton then took horse and went to Windsor; and, finding they were not likely to have any tolerable terms with the King, they immediately from that time forward resolved his ruin."

The narrow street which runs parallel with the north side of the Fields, between it and Holborn, styled Whetstone Park after one William Whetstone, who was overseer of the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields in the time of the Commonwealth, was in the later part of the seventeenth century a place of ill repute. But before this, and when it was only partly built upon, it had among its residents John Milton, who settled here when he left his house in the Barbican. At the ends of this street are exiguous footways that still form the only entrance from the main street on the north to one of the noblest squares in London. They are known as the Great and Little Turnstiles.

We have dealt with Kingsway in one of our Westminster chapters, but we must notice here its northern end, which has absorbed Little Queen Street, for it was in this street, on the site now occupied by Holy Trinity Church, that stood the house where, in a fit of insanity, not the first from which she had suffered, Mary stabbed her mother to the heart. In the *Times* of Monday, September 26, 1796, it was reported that at the inquest on the Friday before it was disclosed that "while the family were preparing for dinner, the young lady seized a case-knife lying on

the table and in a menacing manner pursued a little girl, her apprentice, around the room. On the calls of her infirm mother to forbear, she renounced her first object and with loud shrieks approached her parent. The child, by her cries, quickly brought up the landlord of the house, but too late. The dreadful scene presented to him the mother lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair, her daughter yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the old man, her father, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he had received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room."

In one respect the report was not accurate: it was not the landlord, but Charles Lamb who came in response to the child's screams, and he it was who disarmed his sister. Poor Mary was sent to an asylum at Hoxton, but her brother was resolute that she should not stay there when sanity returned, in spite of her liability to a recurrence of her malady. He offered to become her guardian, and at last succeeded in securing her release. "So," as Mr. B. E. Martin, the author of "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," beautifully



Photo. H. A. Mansell & Co., Oxford Street.

SIR JOHN SOANE, R.A. (p. 862).

From the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

says, "so he meets her as she comes out, and they walk away through life hand in hand, even as they used to walk through the fields many a time in later years on the approach of one of her repeated relapses ; he leading her back to temporary retirement

pupil and relative, John Webb, bears a London County Council tablet which associates it with James Boswell, who dwelt here from about 1786 to 1790, and here wrote a part of the "Life of Johnson." From the careful investigations of the officials of



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

STEEPLE OF ST. GILES-IN-THE-FIELDS (*p.* 865).

in the asylum, hand in hand together, both silently crying."

Out of Great Queen Street, named out of compliment to Queen Henrietta Maria, a large slice has been cut by the formation of Kingsway, but it still contains a few houses with a savour of antiquity, though most of them have been more or less modernised. No. 56, the work either of Inigo Jones or of his

the County Council it appears that Nos. 55 and 56 originally formed one house. Other distinguished residents in this street were Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "the all-virtuous Herbert" of Ben Jonson, who died here in 1648 ; Heneage Finch, the Lord Chancellor who pronounced sentence upon Strafford ; Sir Thomas Fairfax ; Waller and Andrew Marvell the poets ; Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sheridan, and not a few actors and actresses.

On the north side of the street is the theatre which, opened in 1882 as the Novelty, was afterwards styled the Folies Dramatiques, and later the Jodrell, and since 1907 has been known as the Kingsway. On the other side of the street is Freemasons' Hall, the London headquarters of the Masonic brotherhood.

By way of Drury Lane—noticed in another chapter—and Broad Street, we reach the parish church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, the

St. Giles-in-the Fields.

graceful spire of which, octangular and belted, and not unlike that of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, is one of

the pleasantest landmarks in this part of London. The present church, though sometimes attributed to Nicholas Hawksmoor, to whose work it bears little resemblance, was designed by Henry Fliteroft, and was built about the year 1720; but there were at least two earlier churches on this site. Here are buried George Chapman, the earliest translator of the "Iliad," whose tombstone may be seen against the exterior south wall; Shirley the dramatist; Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Andrew Marvell, both of whom, as we have just seen, lived at Great Queen Street, which is within this parish; and Sir Roger L'Estrange, the bitter pamphleteer, whom Swift stigmatises as "a superficial meddling coxcomb." In the graveyard, now a recreation-ground, is the tomb of Richard Pendrill, who was pensioned for helping Charles II. to evade his pursuers after Worcester.

The parish has probably borrowed its name from a hospital founded at the beginning of the twelfth century by Queen Matilda, and dedicated to St. Giles. Around this hospital grew up a village, which remained quite distinct from the Metropolis for hundreds of years, but which ultimately degenerated into one of the vilest of slums. But of late years broad thoroughfares such as New Oxford Street, Charing Cross Road, and Shaftesbury Avenue have been driven through it, and even Seven Dials—the point of junction of seven streets, where stood a Doric pillar furnished with dials—has ceased to be one of the reproaches of London. At the dissolution the chapel of the hospital became the parish church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, while the hospital itself was conferred upon John Dudley, Viscount Lisle.

One of the customs of the hospital was that of presenting to criminals on their way to Tyburn tree, half the dolorous journey having been completed, what Stow speaks of as "a great bowl of ale," and the memory of this custom was long preserved by Bowl Yard, an alley on the south side of the High Street, now absorbed in Endell Street. After the suppression of the hospital, the last drink appears to have been supplied by one or another of the taverns close by, and one of these, the "Angel," survived in its ancient form until about the year 1873. Near the hospital, in the middle of the High Street, stood, in ancient times, the parish pound and cage, but in 1656 the cage was done away with and the pound was removed to the corner of Tottenham Court Road, where it remained until 1765.

We must not pass from St. Giles's to Bloomsbury without noting one or two other points belonging to this part of Holborn. At the New Oxford Street corner of Shaftesbury Avenue, beside the Baptist Chapel in which Dr. Brock long ministered, until his death in 1875, and which is now an institutional church under the care of the Rev. Thomas Phillips, there stood Bedford Chapel, a proprietary place of worship which was opened in 1771 and destroyed in 1896. It was the scene of the ministry of Dr. Stopford Brooke, both before and after his secession from the Church of England. Among his predecessors was the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, who also was a seceder from the Church of England, and is said to have served Thackeray as the model for the Rev. Charles Honeyman.

A little further eastwards, in Newton Street, are the extensive offices of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the former founded in 1865 in Salisbury Street, Strand, and later removed to Northumberland Street. In an earlier chapter (p. 437) reference has been made to Mr. Frederick Greenwood's connexion with the paper, of which he was the first editor. For thirteen years, from 1895 onwards, the editorial chair was filled by Sir Douglas Straight, and when in March, 1909, he gave up the reins, he was honoured with a banquet by distinguished representatives of literature and journalism, law, politics, and art.



BEDFORD OR SOUTHAMPTON HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY.

CHAPTER LXXIX

HOLBORN: BLOOMSBURY

The Manor of Bloomsbury—Southampton or Bedford House—The “Forty Footsteps”—Bloomsbury Square—A Crushing Retort—Herbert Spencer in Bloomsbury—Russell Square—Baltimore House—Southampton Row—Bedford Square—Montagu House—The British Museum—Its Origin and Growth—Its Treasures—Great Russell Street—St. George’s Church and its Steeple—Meux’s Brewery

BLOOMSBURY is a region of uncertain definition, which may roughly be said to lie between New Oxford Street and High Holborn on the south and the Euston Road on the north. In the first of our Holborn chapters we strayed into its eastern parts, and Tavistock Square and its more northerly portions must be left over for one of our St. Pancras chapters, lying as they do in that borough; but the most important part of it—Bloomsbury, Bedford, and Russell Squares, and the adjacent streets—fall into the present chapter.

The name is an abbreviation of Blemundsbury, the manor, in the thirteenth century, of the De Blemontes, Blemmunds, or **Manor of Bloomsbury.** Blemmots, whose manor-house stood between the spots now known as Russell and Bloomsbury Squares. In the reign of Henry VIII., having more

than once changed hands, the manor came into the hands of Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and in the reign of Charles II. there was erected on the site of the old manor-house for a later Earl of Southampton, a mansion which, first known as Southampton, and afterwards as Bedford

House, survived until the beginning of the nineteenth century. The **Bedford House.** Earl of Southampton for whom this new manor-house was reared was the father of Rachel, Lady Russell, and it was by her marriage that Bloomsbury passed to the ducal house of Bedford. This illustrious lady lived in Bedford House during her long widowhood, and many of her “Letters” were written within its walls. The reader will be able to see for himself that many of the squares and streets of Bloomsbury bear the family or estate names of the Russells;

but it may be pointed out that Torrington and Gordon Squares, Gower, Keppel, Howland and Streatham Streets are named after families with which various members of the ducal house allied themselves by marriage.

Not until the early years of the nineteenth century did Bloomsbury cease to be a rural region. J. T. Smith, in his "Book for a Rainy Day," tells us that in 1777, when he went sketching in St. Pancras Churchyard, the whole of the space between that point and the British Museum was open country, the only building that met his eye being Whitefield's Chapel, in Tottenham Court Road, and Baltimore House, in what is now Russell Square. North of the British Museum were fields known at first as the Long Fields and afterwards as Southampton Fields, and here were footprints, popularly known as the "forty footsteps,"

"The _____ which were said to have been Forty Footsteps." imprinted by two brothers who fought a duel in which both of them perished. "Of these steps," says Smith, "there are many traditionary stories; the one generally believed is, that two brothers were in love with a lady, who would not declare a preference for either, but coolly sat upon a bank to witness the termination of a duel which proved fatal to both. The bank, it is said, on which she sat, and the footmarks of the brothers when pacing the ground, never produced grass again. The fact is," adds the writer, "that these steps were so often trodden that it was impossible for the grass to grow. I have frequently passed over them."

In the reign of Queen Anne, Bloomsbury Square, the oldest of these squares, first known as Southampton Square,

Bloomsbury Square. was one of the headquarters of fashion, and later, as the other squares sprang up, the region with which we have to do in this chapter became one of the most select quarters of London, especially attractive to great lawyers; but fashion was ever moving westwards, and though some of the squares are still among the most dignified and most attractive in the Metropolis and number among their residents many persons of professional distinction, Bloomsbury has ceased to be the abode of those who figure most prominently

in Society, and has become predominantly a region of hotels and boarding-houses. Bedford, or Southampton, House stood on the north side of the square; and the two houses at the north-east corner, marked by a commemorative tablet, occupy the site of the house which the Gordon rioters burnt because it was the abode of Lord Mansfield, who, with Lady Mansfield, only escaped by the back door a few minutes before the attack. At No. 41, indicated by another tablet, lived another great lawyer, Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, and also his son, the Earl of Ellenborough. In this square, too, have lived several eminent members of the faculty—Sir Hans Sloane, Mark Akenside, Dr. Radcliffe and Dr. Mead, and it was here that Dr. Radcliffe brought upon himself the most crushing retort ever

A Perfect Retort.

directed at a medical man. "He," as Dr. Mead tells the story in his "Richardsonia," "could never be brought to pay bills without much following and importunity; nor then if there appeared any chance of wearying them out. A paviour, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door in Bloomsbury Square, and set upon him. 'Why, you rascal!' said the Doctor, 'do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth, to hide your bad work!' 'Doctor!' said the paviour, 'mine is not the only bad work the earth hides.' 'You dog, you!' said the Doctor, 'are you a wit? You must be poor; come in'—and paid him."

Another eminent resident of this square was Richard Baxter, whose wife died here in 1681; yet another was Sir Richard Steele, who came to live here in 1712, in a house which was much larger than the one in Jermyn Street which he could not afford to keep up. At No. 6, on the west side, Lord Beaconsfield spent some of the years of his childhood, though, as we have seen, he was not born here, as is sometimes said,* and here his father compiled the "Curiosities of Literature." The house is now marked by a tablet, commemorating Isaac Disraeli's association with it, and No. 31, on the east side, is similarly distinguished because in it Sir Anthony Panizzi, Librarian of the

* See *ante*, p. 855.

British Museum, spent his thirteen years of retirement, dying here in 1879. All these commemorative tablets, by the way, have been affixed by the Duke of Bedford, who has thus set an example to the ground landlords of London which has been too little copied. At No. 29 Herbert Spencer lodged for some months in 1862, and here he finished his "First Principles."

Herbert Spencer in Bloomsbury. He was living here again in 1863, but in the following year we find him at Kensington Gardens Square.

For two years before his first descent upon Bloomsbury Square he was living in Torrington Square, on the other side of the British Museum, and here—the exact date is given as May 7th, 1860—he began the development of his Synthetic Philosophy, a vast enterprise which his patient determination enabled him to complete, although he was never anything more than a valetudinarian. Writing to his father on the 14th of June, 1861, he says: "I am much better this week and am doing some work. I am doing it in a very odd way—writing, dictating and rowing. I take my amanuensis on the Regent's Park water, row vigorously for five minutes and dictate for a quarter of an hour; then, more rowing and more dictating alternately."

We must not leave Bloomsbury Square without mentioning that the large house at the north-west corner is the headquarters of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, which received a charter of incorporation in 1843, that on the south side is the College of Preceptors, which grants diplomas to teachers, and that the seated bronze statue of Charles James Fox on the north side of the garden around which the square is built, showing the orator with right arm extended and supporting Magna Charta, is by Sir Richard Westmacott, and was set up in 1816.

Running out of Bloomsbury Square on the south is Southampton Street, birthplace on the 6th of November, 1671, of Colley Cibber, and long afterwards numbering among its residents—at No. 17—Cardinal Newman; the corresponding street on the north is Bedford Place, leading to the largest and finest of these Bloomsbury squares, that which bears the family name of the ducal proprietor of Bloomsbury, built round an

umbrageous enclosure on the south side of which, looking down Bedford Place towards

the figure of Fox, is a statue, by the same sculptor, of the fifth

Russell Square.

Duke of Bedford, with one hand resting on a plough and the other holding some ears of corn, in allusion to the duke's furtherance of agriculture. Like Bloomsbury Square, Russell Square has been a favourite haunt of lawyers. At No. 21, on the north side, Sir Samuel Romilly died by his own hand; Lord Chief Justice Abbot, afterwards Lord Tentenden, died at No. 28 on the same side, and Lord Denman lived at No. 50, on the opposite side; Lord Chief Justice Vicary Gibbs died at No. 67, on the east side of the square, which was afterwards the residence of Judge Talfourd, man of letters and philanthropist as well as lawyer. No. 67, at the south-east corner of Guilford Street, originally formed part of Baltimore

House, which was built about 1760, before the square was formed, for the profligate Lord Baltimore, who

Baltimore House.

a few year later was tried for having decoyed hither a young Quaker milliner to her ruin, but on technical grounds was acquitted. He, however, had the grace to remove himself to Italy, where three years afterwards he died. Baltimore House was afterwards occupied by the eccentric Duke of Bolton, and was then known as Bolton House; later it was occupied by Lord Chancellor Loughborough, as a tablet now testifies. No. 65, also on the east side of the square, bears a tablet which records that it was the residence of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., who occupied it for a quarter of a century, dying here in 1830. One of the houses which were swept away to make room for the great Hotel Russell was that in which Frederick Denison Maurice lived from 1856 to 1862. This hotel, which occupies the whole of the east side of the square lying north of Guilford Street, is elaborately ornamented with designs in terra-cotta and with medallions of statesmen and of members of the ducal house to which Bloomsbury belongs, and it was opened in 1898. More recently there has been built on the same side of the square the Imperial Hotel. Since the Hotel Russell was built many of the houses in the square have been re-faced with terra-cotta to match it.

On the eastern side of Southampton Row, which runs from the south-eastern corner of the square to Holborn, is the

Southampton Row.

Central School of Arts and Crafts of the London County

Council, reared under the superintendence of Mr. W. E. Riley, F.R.I.B.A., and opened in 1908. This important institution, founded in 1896, had occupied temporary premises in Regent Street and the neighbourhood, and its work had been cramped by lack of proper accommodation. In these pages it would be an unpardonable oversight not to mention that the school is carried on under the direction of Professor W. R. Lethaby, who has acquired fame not only in the applied arts but also by investigations which have thrown light on the remoter history of London. Adjoining the school on the south is the London Day Training School of the same authority, and a little lower down, on the same side of the row, is the Baptist Church House, opened in 1903, with a statue of John Bunyan at one of the angles.

Among the host of legal luminaries who have dwelt in Bedford Square* are Lord Chief Justice Tindal, at No. 43, on the south side, and two Chancellors, Lords Loughborough and Eldon, both at No. 6, the large pedimented house in the middle of the east side. While

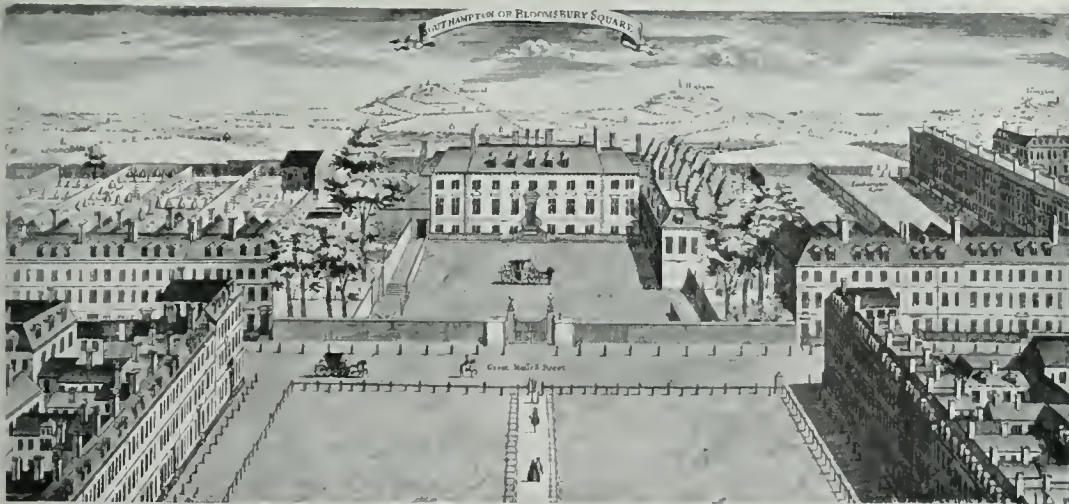
Bedford Square.

* They will all be found enumerated in Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor's "History of the Squares of London" (1907), a mine of information on the subject with which it deals.

Lord Eldon was living here the house was broken into by a Corn Law mob, and Lady Eldon had to take refuge in the British Museum gardens at the back of the house. From this house, in 1817, Lord Eldon's daughter flew away on wings of love to marry George Repton, the architect, just as her mother, the charming Bessie Surtees, had fled from the parental roof at Newcastle-upon-Tyne to marry her father. No. 25, on the north side of the square, was the house of "Barry Cornwall," and here his daughter, Adelaide Procter, was born.

Between the three squares of which some account has been given lies the chief feature of Bloomsbury, the British Museum, occupying the site of Montagu House. The first mansion of this name, built for Lord (afterwards Duke of) Montagu, in 1678, by Robert Hooke—"a stately and ample palace" it is called by John Evelyn—was burnt down thirteen years later, but was at once rebuilt by a French architect, Pierre Puget. The first Duke of Montagu, who married the proud heiress of Henry, Duke of Newcastle, died in 1709, and with the death of his son in 1749 all the honours became extinct. Four years later was passed an Act of Parliament under the powers of which the mansion was acquired from the Earl of Halifax, for the sum of ten thousand guineas, in order to house the collection of Sir Hans Sloane, the Harleian Collection

The British Museum.



BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.

From a Print of 1710.

of MSS., and the Cottonian Library, to which George II. added the large library that had been collected by various sovereigns from the time of Henry VII. Of Sir Hans Sloane, physician to George I. and George II., who at his house in Bloomsbury Square, and afterwards at Chelsea,

teenth centuries, and, after augmentation by his descendants, was presented to the nation in 1700 by his grandson, Sir John Cotton, and was stored at Ashburnham House, Westminster. The Harleian Collection was formed by Lord Treasurer Harley, Earl of Oxford, who died in 1724, and by his son



Photo. Penola Machels.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM (*p.* 872).

formed an assemblage of works of art, objects of natural history, and books and MSS., we have spoken in one of our Chelsea chapters. His collection, upon which he is said to have expended £80,000, was offered to the nation in his will for the sum of £20,000, and the offer was at once accepted, the Act of Parliament of which we have spoken being passed in the year of his death. The Cottonian collection of ancient MSS. was formed by Sir Robert Cotton at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seven-

Edward, the second earl, whose heiress, the Duchess of Portland, received for it £10,000, a sum which, as in the case of the Sloane Collection, did not approach its actual value.

These three collections formed the original British Museum, and in 1754 they found a home in Montagu House, money having been raised by lottery for the purchase of the Sloane and Harleian Collections, for the acquisition and repair of the mansion, and for the formation of a capital fund. From

time to time, as bequests accrued and purchases were made, the mansion was extended, but at last, when in 1823 George IV., who had little love for books, presented the King's Library, formed by his father, it was found necessary to begin the construction of a new building, and Sir Robert Smirke was appointed architect. He first built the present King's Library, but the work was carried out

stage by stage, and it was not until 1845 that the four sides of the present Museum were completed and that the last remnant of Montagu House vanished. The portico was finished two years later. In 1857 was added in the centre of the quadrangle, at a cost of £150,000, under the supervision of Sydney Smirke, who had continued his brother's work, the huge Reading Room with its vast dome. But still the collection grew, and in

1883 the Natural History collections were removed to a separate building in Cromwell Road, South Kensington. In the following year, under a bequest made by Mr. William White, accruing on the death of his widow, who had survived him fifty-six years, a new gallery was built on the west side for the Mausoleum marbles, and a wing, named after the donor, on the east side for the Prints and Drawings Department. The Museum has not ceased to outrun the accommodation provided for it, and on the 27th of June, 1907, King Edward laid the memorial stone of a new wing on the

north side. Land for a great extension of the buildings was acquired from the Duke of

Extension. Bedford so long ago as 1895, at a cost of £200,000, and when the whole scheme is completed the Museum will have a façade on each of its sides. The original front, that which looks down upon Great Russell Street from behind a spacious courtyard, divided from

the street by a handsome railing, partly gilt, is of the Ionic order with a portico in the centre supported by eight double columns, and a projecting wing on each side also supported by Ionic columns. Massive without being ponderous, this façade is, perhaps, the most dignified piece of classical work in London. Externally the dome has no beauty of outline, but this is a matter of little consequence, for though it is considerably

larger in diameter than that of St. Paul's, and slightly larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome, it is much less lofty than either of those structures, and is so hemmed in by other buildings that there are few points of view in the immediate vicinity from which it can be seen.

The Museum, apart from its literary contents, mainly comprises antiquities in the form of sculptures and works

Antiquities. of art and objects of domestic use of the ancient nations of the world—the Egyptians, the Babylonians and Assyrians, the Phœnicians, the Greeks



Photo Pictorial Agency.

THE STEEPLE OF ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY (*p.* 872).

and Romans, and the Etruscans; but there are also collections of Anglo-Saxon and American and Oriental antiquities, there is a multitude of prehistoric implements and weapons, and in the Ethnographical Gallery is a wealth of the productions of primitive and semi-civilised nations. It is to the sense of antiquity that the Museum makes its strongest appeal, but how much there is also that ministers to the sense of

**Things of
Beauty.**

beauty! There is the Elgin Room, where one may see those glorious remains of the Parthenon of which the ill-fated Haydon, one of the first to recognise their supreme loveliness, said that if they were lost "there would be as great a gap in art as there would be in philosophy if Newton had never existed"; there is the Ephesus Room, with its fragments of the Temple of Diana; the Mausoleum Room, with its remnants of that tomb of Mausolus, to which we owe the word mausoleum; there are the Phigaleian and Nereid Rooms, the collections of vases and terra-cottas, of pottery and glass, of gold ornaments and cameos. On its æsthetic side the Museum has been enriched in recent years by one of the most valuable bequests ever made to it, the collection of works of art, chiefly of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, willed to it by the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, and estimated to be worth £300,000. To this noble gift, which came to the Museum in 1899, a special room, styled the Waddesdon Bequest Room, has been devoted. The Library, too, contains many things of exquisite beauty—illuminated MSS. and specimens of the bind-

The Library.

ings of MSS. and books; and the collection of prints, engravings and etchings is recognised to be the finest in the world. The Library, which also contains a magnificent collection of autographs and original documents, now numbers some two million volumes. Immense as it is, the Reading Room, under the dome, is none too large, and on Saturday afternoons, and at other times as well, its accommodation is taxed to the utmost. The boon which this department of the Museum confers upon hundreds of those who live by the pen was never more felt than in 1907, when for several months the Reading Room was closed for renovation and re-decoration.

In Great Russell Street is a house (Nos. 100-2) that bears a tablet setting forth that it was the abode of Topham Beauclerk, who died here in 1780, and of the Lady Diana. In this street also Sir Christopher Wren lived.

**Great
Russell
Street.**

No. 62, on the south side, has distinguished modern associations, for Edward Burne-Jones had a set of rooms here in 1861, removing hither from Russell Place, where he and his wife had lived since their marriage the year before. When in 1865 they migrated to Kensington Square their rooms were occupied by E. J. Poynter, the future President of the Royal Academy.

In Hart Street is one of the most singular churches in London, St. George's, Bloomsbury, the work of that original and masterful architect, Nicholas Hawksmoor, who for spire placed on the tower an obelisk consisting of a series of steps surmounted by a statue of George I. in Roman costume. One wit declared that the steps were left there to show how the King got to the top; another, who has been identified with Horace Walpole, achieved the following epigram:

"When Harry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,
The Protestants made him the head of the Church;
But George's good subjects the Bloomsbury people,
Instead of the Church made him head of the steeple."

At the south-eastern angle of Bloomsbury is the great block of buildings, covering two acres of ground, which bears the familiar name of Meux's Brewery, founded so long ago as 1764 by Messrs. Blackburn and Bywell, whose name it bore until in 1809 it was acquired by Mr. Henry Meux, created a baronet by William IV. Meux's became famous for its artesian well and its huge porter vats, and especially for a vat constructed by Mr. Meux which was 22 feet in depth and was able to hold 3,555 barrels of Meux's "entire." In 1814 the huge vessel burst, and the foaming porter, racing along Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street, flung down walls and drowned or suffocated eight persons, while scores of others imbibed the seductive flood until they became incapably drunk.

**Meux's
Brewery.**



VIEW OF ST. MARYLEBONE FROM THE BASIN, 1756.
From a Drawing by Chatelain.

CHAPTER LXXX

ST. MARYLEBONE

St. John's, Tyburn—The Manor—The Successive Parish Churches—Berners Street—The Middlesex Hospital—Castle Street East—James Barry and Edmund Burke—Margaret Street—Street Names—Little Portland Street and James Martineau—Great Portland Street—Boswell—Hallam Street and Rossetti—Portland Place—Harley Street—Queen Anne Street—Wimpole Street—The Hallams and the Brownings—Welbeck Street—Cavendish Street—Holles Street—Vere Street

THE borough of St. Marylebone, identical save for some slight modifications with the old parish of that name, is not one of the more extensive of the metropolitan municipal areas, for, 1,473 acres in extent, it is only a little larger than its western neighbour Paddington. Of its nine wards, five—the Cavendish, Langham, Park Crescent, Portman, and Bryanston

Square Wards—lie almost entirely Wards. between Oxford Street and the Marylebone Road, while to the north of the latter thoroughfare are the Church Street, the Hamilton Terrace, the St. John's Wood Terrace, and the Dorset Square and Regent's Park Wards. The Council has not chosen to adopt the Public Libraries Act, in spite of an offer of £30,000 from Mr. Carnegie; but it has large public baths in the Marylebone Road, and in 1904,

having bought out the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company, it set about the erection of a generating station of its own in Richmond Road and the laying of new cables. The borough arms have for crest a figure of the Virgin and Child, in allusion to the first part of the name of the borough, and the *bourne* is represented by the wavy lines in the lower part of the shield.

Originally, the parish was called Tyburn, from the stream which ran through it from the high ground at Hampstead to the Thames at Westminster and Vauxhall, and its first church, near the Oxford Street end of Marylebone Lane, was known as St.

John's, Tyburn. But in 1400 St. John's, Tyburn. Bishop Braybrooke allowed this church to be superseded by a new one a third of a mile or so higher up the stream, and nearer the village. This

new church was dedicated to St. Mary, from the Abbey of St. Mary at Barking, to which the manor belonged, and to distinguish it from other churches of the same dedication in this part of Middlesex, it was

styled St. Mary's "le-bourne," that **The Name.** is, St. Mary's on the brook. The village was now glad, as Mr. Loftie says in his "History of London," to turn its back upon the *via dolorosa* of the gallows and to adopt the name of the new church, by which it has ever since been known. The name has gone through various mutations. Pepys renders it grotesquely enough as Marrowbone, and Maitland, writing in the next century (1739), gives it as Marybone. If in these days the spelling is fixed, the same can hardly be said of the pronunciation, though we do not know that anyone now calls it "Marrilbone," as the late Mr. Gladstone did when on the eve of his great triumph of 1880 he addressed a meeting of his "fellow-electors."

At the beginning of the eighteenth century St. Marylebone was still a small village, a full mile away from the nearest part of London, and it did not enter upon its career of expansion and incorporation with the Metropolis until about the year 1720, when Cavendish Square was being

The Manor. built. In 1611 the manor, which, as we have seen, in more ancient days belonged to Barking Abbey, was acquired from James I. by Edward Forset, and from the Forsets it passed by marriage to the Austens, from one of whom it was bought in 1710 by that John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, whom Burnet declared to be "the richest subject that had been in the kingdom for some ages." By the marriage of his only daughter, Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, to Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, it passed to the Harleys, and by marriage also it was in the next generation (1734) conveyed to the Bentincks, Dukes of Portland, who, early in the next century, gave it up to the Crown in exchange for land elsewhere.

The manor-house, demolished in **The Manor-house.** 1791, stood on the south side of what is now the Marylebone, but was then known as the New, Road, where is now the Devonshire Mews, in Devonshire Street, midway between the

north end of Harley Street and the top of Portland Place. The park attached to the manor-house was not sold when the house itself was acquired by Edward Forset, and though parts of it were leased at various times, the leases all fell in during the Regency, and the ground was then laid out as the Regent's Park. Behind the manor-house—that is, on the south side, where now are Devonshire and Beaumont Streets and Devonshire Place—were gardens which, under the name of Marylebone Gardens, were famous as a place of recreation and entertainment for about a hundred years, until in 1778 they were closed.

The original church of the parish, that of St. John, stood, as we have said, near the foot of Marylebone Lane, **The Churches.** which, originally a footway leading from what is now Oxford Street to the south end of the High Street, is still a curiously narrow and winding thoroughfare for so central a part of London. The site of the adjoining graveyard is indicated by the present Town Hall, and when this building was reared, as the Vestry Hall, human remains were unearthed which were supposed, and are still sometimes said, to have been those of criminals who suffered at Tyburn, whereas they were those of early parishioners who ended their lives in the course of Nature and, let us hope, in the odour of sanctity. The church of St. Mary, which superseded St. John's about the year 1400, survived until 1741, when, having become dilapidated, it was demolished to make way for a new St. Mary's, which is still to be seen on the west side of the High Street, not far from the junction of that thoroughfare with the Marylebone Road. But this second St. Mary's is no longer the parish church of St. Marylebone, for in 1813-17 there was built a little to the north of it, facing the Marylebone Road, from designs by Thomas Hardwick, father of Philip Hardwick, a third St. Mary's, and the older church was then relegated to the rank of a chapel-of-ease. The present parish church, a semi-classical building, is not without architectural merit, but it has no great interest, except that the altar-piece, by Benjamin West, was a gift from the painter, that here are buried James Northcote and Richard Cosway the artists,

and that here, on the 12th of September, 1846, was celebrated the marriage of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett, an event which was commemorated by a service on the same date in 1896. The older St. Mary's, poor and dingy as it is, abounds in associations. Here Byron and Horatia, the daughter of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, were christened, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Miss Linley, Sir James Mackintosh and Miss Catherine Stuart, were married. Here, too, is a tablet that commemorates James Gibbs, the gifted architect of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and St. Mary-le-Strand, who was buried within the walls. In the graveyard lie Charles Wesley, author of "Jesu, Lover of my Soul,"

Allan Ramsay the portrait painter, Rysbrack the sculptor, Ferguson the astronomer, and Lord George Bentinck, who became the leader of the Protectionists when the Corn Laws were repealed, and whose sudden death at Welbeck in 1848 left clear the course to Benjamin Disraeli.

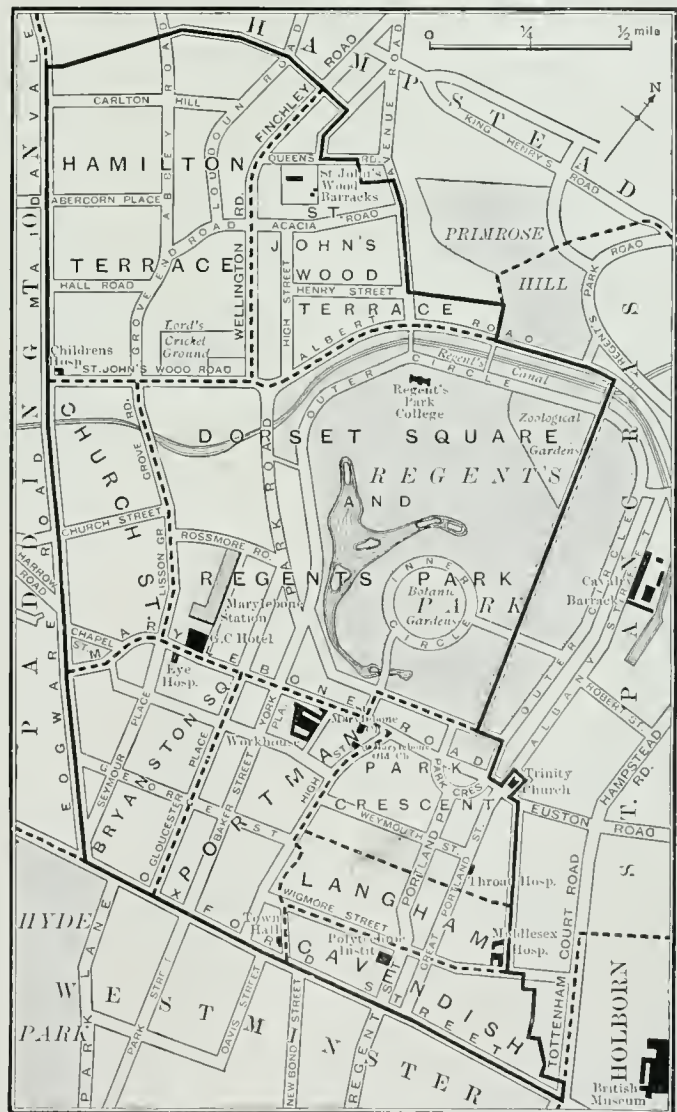
Having thus briefly sketched the history of St. Marylebone and its successive parish churches, let us now wander about its streets and touch upon their more notable memories, beginning at its eastern end, where it joins St. Pancras. Berners Street, like Newman Street and other thoroughfares hard by, has had among its residents not a few artists of note. Fuseli, and after him Sir Robert Smirke, lived at No. 13, on the east side; Opie at No. 8, on the same side; and No. 53, on the opposite side, which has now broken out into terracotta, was built for himself by Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House. But the only house which has yet been distinguished by a tablet is No. 71, on the west side, near the Oxford Street end, where Coleridge resided for about eighteen months in 1812-13. The Berners Hotel, the large house on the east side with a sombre front supported

by engaged columns, has associations of a different kind: it was the house of business of the bank to which Fauntleroy the forger belonged, and the northern part of it was that in which Fauntleroy dwelt. It was while walking down this street that David Roberts, the painter of so many fine architectural pictures, was stricken with apoplexy, and was carried to the Middlesex Hospital.

This great institution, of which the centre looks down Berners Street towards Oxford Street, has occupied the present site for more than a hundred and fifty years. It was founded ten years before, in 1745, in Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, but a lease of its present site having been acquired from Mr.

Old St.
Mary's.

Middlesex
Hospital.



PLAN OF MARYLEBONE, SHOWING THE WARDS.

Charles Berners, a member of the family after which the street is named, it was transferred thither. From the year 1792, when Samuel Whitbread endowed the first of its cancer wards, it has made special provision for sufferers from that dire scourge. Up to the year 1899 the incurable cancer patients were accommodated in a portion of the general hospital, but in that year a special cancer wing was opened in Nassau Street, adjoining the hospital, to which the female patients were transferred, the male patients being retained in the main building. Attached to the cancer wing are Cancer Research Laboratories, where systematic inquiry into the cause of the disease is pursued. These laboratories are maintained by a fund subscribed for the special purpose. The hospital now numbers some 350 beds, and its income averages about £24,000, of which rather less than a third is derived from invested property. For the Medical School, founded in 1835, new buildings in Cleveland and Union Streets were provided in 1887. Among the eminent men who have been connected with the hospital as physicians or surgeons we must not overlook Sir Charles Bell, whose beautiful painting of the human brain is one of the treasures of the Medical School.

Castle Street East, which runs westwards from Newman Street, is associated with that wayward but gifted and disinterested artist James Barry, whose story we have touched upon elsewhere (p. 621). His house, No. 36, where he lived in solitude and squalor, is marked by one of the commemorative tablets of the Society of Arts. It was here that he entertained his fellow-countryman Edmund Burke to dinner, promising him "a steak tender and hot, from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford." This market stood until 1880 at the western end of Castle Street East.

Margaret Street is overshadowed by the lofty but formal spire of All Saints' Church, built in the Decorated style by William Butterfield in 1850-59, plain as to its exterior but with an ornate interior, enriched with frescoes by Dyce, among other adornments. Nearly opposite is the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, connected with which is the Parkes Museum of Hygiene, a collection of sanitary

appliances and of analytic food exhibits which originated at University College. This street is called after that Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, heiress of the second Earl of Oxford, who carried the manor of St. Marylebone to the Bentincks Dukes of Portland. If the reader will turn to the paragraph (p. 874) in which we traced the descent of the manor from the Austens to John Holles Duke of Newcastle, thence to Edward Harley second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, and thence to the Bentincks, he will be able to explain for himself the names borne by most of the group of streets which we shall now explore. But it may be added that Wimpole Street owes its designation to a country seat of the Harleys, Wigmore Street to the barony of Wigmore held by the same family, Vere Street to the family name of the Earls of Oxford of the first creation, Weymouth Street to a son-in-law of the second Duke of Portland, Bulstrode Street to Bulstrode Park, near Gerrard's Cross, once the seat of the Bentincks, Bolsover Street to the barony of that name held by the same family, and Great Titchfield Street to the marquise. On the death of the fifth Duke of Portland, a bachelor, in 1879, the estates in the parish of St. Marylebone which had passed under the will of his father devolved in equal shares to the four daughters of the fourth Duke—Lady Howard de Walden, Lady Charlotte Denison, afterwards Viscountess Ossington, Lady Harriet Bentinck, and Lady Mary Topham. As Lady Ossington, Lady Harriet Bentinck, and Lady Mary Topham all died without leaving issue, the whole of the St. Marylebone estates eventually, under the provisions of the fourth Duke's will, became subject to the life interest of Lady Howard de Walden, and on her death passed to the late Lord Howard de Walden, whose successor in the ownership is the present Lord Howard de Walden.

Little Portland Street is chiefly of note for its Unitarian Chapel, the scene of the ministry of James Martineau. Here for thirteen years this great thinker, a philosopher among divines and a divine among philosophers, gathered around him hearers fit though few, who came from far and near to listen

Street Names.

Castle Street East.

Margaret Street.

James Martineau.

to preaching which was perfect art, though it was also much more than art. Matter, manner, voice, elocution—everything was of the choicest, and everything had the nicest congruity. The sermon would be read from beginning to end. But what reading! As the noble thoughts re-inspired the mind that had first in poetic or prophetic rapture conceived them, the finely chiselled face would glow with chastened feeling, the most melodious voice grow in volume, the tall, slender form tower and dilate. Dr. Martineau,

arches, it has an imposing interior, with clerestory, lofty vaulted roof, and tiers of columns decorated with Saracenic capitals. This street has had not a few distinguished residents—men of letters, artists, and composers. In a house on the east side, rebuilt in 1898, and now numbered 122, James Boswell spent the last unhappy years of his life, dying here on the 19th of May, 1795, and in the present century the same house was the abode of Louis Kossuth. At No. 79, on



MARYLEBONE MANOR-HOUSE IN 1786.

let us add, came to Little Portland Street in 1859 as joint minister with the Rev. J. J. Tayler, another honoured and saintly name in Unitarian annals, and from 1860 to 1872 he was in sole charge. We must not quit this unpretending little chapel without mentioning that at one time Charles Dickens had sittings here.

In Great Portland Street the most conspicuous buildings are the new St. James's Hall and the Central Synagogue, both on the west side, the former opened on the 25th of April, 1908, the latter dating from 1870, when

Great
Portland
Street.

it was reared for the community founded in 1855 as a branch of the "Great Shool," the synagogue in Duke's Place, Aldgate. Oriental in character, with crescentiform

the west side, also rebuilt, Mendelssohn lodged during his first visit to London in 1829 and on several later occasions. It was in Great Portland Street, too, at the house of Sir George Smart, No. 103, now rebuilt, that, worn out by his labours in conducting and performing, Weber died suddenly on the 5th of June, 1826. Nor is it beneath the dignity of history to record that one of the most entertaining of the writers on London, "Rainy Day Smith," was born in Great Portland Street in 1766, in a hackney coach which was conveying his mother to her home.

Between Great Portland Street and Portland Place runs a street which used to be known as Charlotte Street. But there is another Charlotte Street just over the eastern

border of the borough, close to Fitzroy Square, and the name has therefore been changed to Hallam Street, which

Hallam Street.

perpetuates the memory of the association of St. Marylebone with the historian of the Middle Ages, who, as we shall see, was long a resident of Wimpole Street. No. 110, Hallam Street, the last house but one northwards, on the east side, bears a tablet commemorating the fact that here, on the 12th of May, 1828, was born

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, famous
D. G. Rossetti. both as poet and as painter.

Nor is this St. Marylebone's only association with her famous son, for in Cleveland Street, which forms its eastern border, he shared a studio with Mr. Holman Hunt and Millais, and afterwards he had one of his own in Newman Street.

The part of Regent Street which lies north of Oxford Street is in the borough of St. Marylebone, but it has already been noticed in one of our City of Westminster chapters, and we may, therefore, at once enter Langham Place, named after the ground landlord, Sir James Langham, a Northamptonshire baronet, whose mansion occupied a part of the site of Langham Hotel. Here is the elegant Queen's Hall, London's chief concert hall, built in 1893 from designs by Mr. Knightley, who made the most of a difficult site; and close by is St. George's Hall, which holds no mean place in the annals of London entertainments. By the side of All Souls' Church, and on the site of the parish school, is the British Radium Institute, founded under the auspices of His Majesty the King in 1909 to provide facilities for the study and practice of radiotherapy, that marvellous addition to the healing resources of the medical profession.

The stately houses which form Portland Place, one of the broadest roads in London, having a width of 125 feet, were for the most part built by the brothers Adam, and in spite of later alterations the street still has more architectural unity and symmetry than most of our London streets can pretend to. It owes its great breadth, twenty-five feet wider than that of Kingsway or the Victoria Embankment, to the necessity imposed upon the Duke of Portland not to block the

Portland Place.

view from Lord Foley's house in Langham Place—not the present Foley House in Portland Place itself. The northern end was to have been terminated by a circus, but only the southern half of the circle, which bears the name of Park Crescent, was built, though the foundations of the north-western quadrant were laid and the arches of the coal cellars were turned. The bronze statue at the south end of Park Crescent, looking down Portland Place, a representation of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was the work of George Gabagan. Many have been the distinguished residents of Portland Place—ambassadors and judges and members of the aristocracy. Before the fireplace in the library of No. 29, on the west side, Lord Byron proposed to Miss Milbanke, unfortunately not in vain. Among the diplomatists who have dwelt here were Talleyrand and the James Monroe who lived to become President of the United States and to formulate the doctrine that bears his name. No. 49, on the west side, formerly the Spanish Embassy, but now the Chinese Legation, was the scene, in 1896, of the detention of Sun Yat Sen, a Chinese doctor whose reforming principles had made it prudent for him to seek asylum in England. He either called at the Embassy voluntarily or was hustled into it, and being there was forcibly detained. He contrived to communicate his plight to the outside world, and strong remonstrances were made by the Marquis of Salisbury, at that time Prime Minister, against the conversion of the Embassy into a prison, but it was not until some time had elapsed that the captive was released.

Near its northern end Portland Place is crossed by Devonshire Street, where is a house—No. 56—that bears a London County Council tablet associating it with Sir John Herschell, who lived here from December, 1824, to about the end of 1827. Only less famous than his father, Sir John Herschell was the first to use the terms "positive" and "negative" in photography, and to employ a sensitised film for the reception of images upon glass. In Beaumont Street, which Devonshire Street crosses, is a house (No. 4) that was once the abode of John Richard Green, the historian, as another London County Council tablet informs the passer-by. Mansfield

Devonshire Street.

Street, which lies between Portland Place and Harley Street, must be mentioned because it was built by the **Mansfield Street.** brothers Adam about the year 1770, and because at No. 13 there lived and died that accomplished architect John Loughborough Pearson, whose name has frequently been mentioned in these pages.

Our perambulations have now brought us to the street which has come to be regarded as the medical centre of London, though it is not more given up to the doctors than **Harley Street.** Queen Anne Street, or Wimpole Street, or Welbeck Street. Of the distinguished physicians and surgeons who have lived or still live here the name is legion, and no enumeration of them can be attempted. But Harley Street was not always so much in favour with the faculty as it is now. It has numbered among its residents many **Famous Residents.** artists of renown—Allan Ramsay, portrait painter to George III., Sir William Beechey, and Turner. The great landscape painter settled here in 1803, in the early days of his prosperity, when he left the parental barber's shop at the back of the Strand, and here he was joined by his father, who used to tramp the country delivering the masterpieces to those who had bought them. Other famous names associated with Harley Street are those of Lady Nelson, widow of the great sailor hero, who died here in 1831; the Duke of Wellington, who lived here in 1807-9, when he was known among men as Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and the 7th Viscount Strangford, diplomatist and poet. At No. 38 (east side) lived Barry Cornwall and his daughter, Adelaide Procter; at No. 86, on the same side, Sir Stafford Northcote, afterwards Earl of Iddesleigh; and No. 73, on the west side, about half-way up the street, was once the town house of W. E. Gladstone, where, on a Sunday afternoon in February, 1878, his windows were broken by a mob of rowdies who did not approve of his attacks upon the pro-Turkish policy of the Government of which Sir Stafford Northcote was a member. Mr. Gladstone took refuge in the house of his friend Sir Andrew Clark, 16, Cavendish Square, and it was

only the timely arrival of a force of police that saved his own house from being wrecked. His only comment upon the demonstration was that the behaviour of his assailants was "not quite Sabbatical." His predecessor at No. 73, which has now been rebuilt, was Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, who lived here from 1854 until his death in 1875, the year in which Gladstone's tenancy began. By 1880 the statesman was back in Downing Street. We must not pass from Harley Street without noting that on the west side, a little north of Queen Anne Street, is Queen's College, one of the most important institutions in London for the higher education of women, founded in 1848, and incorporated by royal charter in 1853.

When Turner, the painter, left Harley Street in 1812, it was to take up his abode in Queen Anne Street, by which **Queen Anne Street.** it is crossed, in a house on the south side, which was pulled down in 1882, and was succeeded by a building that is now used as the Howard de Walden Estate Offices, and that bears a portrait tablet. In this street, in what was called his "den," he dwelt in loneliness and squalor for the rest of his life, though, as we have already related, not long before his death at the end of 1851 he mysteriously disappeared, and was found living under an assumed name in obscure lodgings at Chelsea (p. 792).

Wimpole Street, though as "long" is not quite so "unlovely" as it was when Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam," for its **Wimpole Street.** monotony, as in the case of others of these streets in the doctors' region, has been broken by the re-fronting which many of the houses have undergone. No. 67, on the west side, has a double interest, for it was for many years the residence of Henry Hallam, the historian, who here wrote his "Constitutional History" and his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," and this was the home **The Hallams.** also of the son whose death on his way from Pesth to Vienna in 1833 inspired the noblest threnody in the English language. The historian lived here from 1819, when he returned from his sojourn on the Continent, until 1840, when he migrated to Wilton Crescent. His son's death was not the only bereavement he

sustained while here, for in 1837 he lost his daughter Ellen, and in 1840 his wife. No. 67 is marked by a tablet, and so, too, is No. 50, on the same side of the street, though in this instance it has been placed so high up that it is not easy of decipherment. No. 50 was the house in

Their first meeting took place in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 20th of May, 1845 "Miss Barrett," to quote from Mr. Edmund Gosse's article on Browning in the Dictionary of National Biography, "received Browning prone [sic] on her sofa, in a partly darkened room; she 'instantly inspired him with a



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ALL SAINTS', MARGARET STREET.

which Robert Browning made the acquaintance of Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett and became her lover. Miss Barrett, who had already achieved the fame which did not come to Browning till later, was six years his senior, but looked much younger than her years, although she was a confirmed invalid, who saw no one and never left the house. The two poets already admired each other's work, and this mutual admiration had brought about correspondence between them.

The Brownings.

passionate admiration.' They corresponded with such fulness that their missives caught one another by the heels; letters full of literature and tenderness and passion; in the course of which he soon begged her to allow him to devote his life to her care. She withdrew, but he persisted, and each time her denial grew fainter. He visited her three times a week, and these visits were successfully concealed from her father, . . . who thought that the lives of all his children should be exclusively dedicated

to himself, and who forbade any of them to think of marriage."

Miss Barrett's health was not improved by the embarrassing situation in which she now found herself. The knot was cut—in one sense—on the 12th of September, 1846,

also on the west side, William Wilkie Collins, the novelist, died on the 23rd of September, 1889; and—to go much further back—Admiral Lord Hood lived in this street, first at No. 12 and afterwards at No. 37, both on the east side, in the early years of the



Photo: Pictoria Agency.

NO. 50, WIMPOLE STREET, WHERE MRS. BROWNING LIVED BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

when in company with her maid she stole out, engaged a fly, and drove to St. Marylebone Church (p. 875), where she and Browning were privately married. Then she returned to her father's house, but that day week quitted it with her maid and Flush her dog, and drove to Vauxhall Station, where she was met by her husband, who took her to the Continent. Mr. Barrett, unhappily, was never reconciled to his daughter.

Nor are these the only associations of this singularly fortunate street. At No. 82,

last century, and about the middle of the eighteenth century Edmund Burke settled here.

Wigmore Street has of late years been largely rebuilt and converted to business uses, and now contains some of the finest specimens of street architecture in this part of London—among them Bechstein Hall, and, opposite, the new and handsome premises of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, completed in 1907. Welbeck Street displays but one tablet—

**Wigmore
Street.**

at No. 48, on the west side, where from 1800 to 1826 dwelt Thomas Young, the physician and physicist who developed the undulatory theory of light. But the street has other associations also—with Edmund Hoyle, of whist celebrity, who died here in 1769, and with Lord George Gordon, whose followers burnt down Newgate Jail. At No. 7, Bentinck Street, on the north side, Edmund Gibbon, who lived here from 1772 to 1783, and here wrote much of the "Decline and Fall," is commemorated by a tablet of the Society of Arts.

But we must not wander further westwards until we have visited the square which is the central feature of this part of St. Marylebone. The building of Cavendish Square, at first sometimes styled Oxford Square, was begun, as we have seen, early in the eighteenth century, and the north side was reserved for a mansion which the "princely" Duke of Chandos, the lord of Canons, intended to build for himself. It was also his design to buy the whole of the land between the square and Edgware, so that he might ride from his town to his country palace through his own estate. But the Duke's heart was broken by the death of his son and heir at the baptismal font, and nothing but the wings of the mansion were built. The western wing was taken by the Princess Amelia about 1769, and here she lived until her death in 1786. It was this masculine but mischief-making woman who, when an officer had the temerity to take a pinch from her snuff-box, lying open on the table at the Pump Room at Bath, bade her servant empty the box into the fire. The heavy house which until 1906 occupied the west side of the square, built by Benson, Lord Bingley, in 1722-23, was the first to be completed; and was purchased in 1732 by the Earl of Harcourt, whose name it continued to bear to the end, although in the interval it became the town house of the Dukes of Portland. Harcourt House was undoubtedly the Gaunt House of "Vanity Fair." No. 32, on the south side of the square, rebuilt in 1904, was an artists' house, for it was built for himself by Francis Cotes, the portrait painter; its next tenant was George Romney, who came here in 1775,

lived here for twenty-one years, and was referred to by Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose rival he had become, as "the man of Cavendish Square." Here he remained until, his vogue as a portrait painter gone, he built himself at Hampstead a studio large enough for the huge pictures he was now bent upon painting. No. 32 was next occupied by Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, and, afterwards by Sir Jonas and Sir Richard Quain, the eminent physicians. No. 20, on the west side, the residence of the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith until he removed to Downing Street, was formerly occupied by the Barrington family, and let into the wainscoting of the staircase that leads to the drawing-room was a silver cross which denoted the spot at which a Lady Barrington slipped and received fatal injuries. According to a writer in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the cross was restored to the Barringtons by Mrs. Asquith. The bronze statue on the south side of the square, looking down Holles Street, is a memorial of Lord George Bentinck.

In a house on the west side of Holles Street—which leads out of the square southwards—Byron was born, on the 22nd of January, 1788. The whole of this side of the street has been absorbed in the drapery emporium of Messrs. John Lewis and Co., but Mr. Lewis has had placed on the site of the poet's birthplace a canopied bust in bronze, designed after the family portrait at Newstead Abbey. At the top of Vere Street, a little to the west of Holles Street, stands the chapel of St. Peter, a stiff, nondescript building of brick which is attributed, and justly, it is to be feared, to James Gibbs, who built it to the order of the Lord Harley of that day (1724). It has an altar-piece by Burne-Jones and is further notable because from 1860 until 1869 the incumbency was held by Frederick Denison Maurice. It is no easy thing to associate such soaring, expansive preaching as Maurice's with this formal, lifeless structure. His successor was Dr. Page Roberts, now Dean of Salisbury, who worthily maintained the great traditions he had inherited.

Welbeck Street.

Bentinck Street.

Cavendish Square.

Holles Street and Byron.

St. Peter's, Vere Street.



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

IN THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK (*p.* 887).

CHAPTER LXXXI

ST. MARYLEBONE (*concluded*)

The Portman Estate—Hertford House and the Wallace Collection—Baker Street—Portman Square—Montagu House—Oxford Street—Marylebone Road—Madame Tussaud's—Devonshire Terrace—Regent's Park—The Zoological Gardens—St. Katharine's Hospital—St. John's Wood—Lord's—Herbert Spencer—Richard Wagner

IN the part of St. Marylebone which lies west of Marylebone Lane and the High Street we shall find the names of the principal streets and squares explained by reference to the ground landlord and his country residences, Viscount Portman, Baron Portman of Orchard Portman in Somersetshire, and of Bryanston House, near Blandford, Dorset, whose ancestor in the eighteenth century acquired land—some 270 acres—in this part of the parish of St. Marylebone which was once the property of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Of the three squares which are the chief features of this part of the borough, the names of Portman and Bryanston Squares are thus accounted for, but Manchester Square, to which we come first, built on the site of Maribone Gardens, is named after that Duke of Manchester who in 1776, having bought the ground that was lying waste, began

the building of the mansion which is now known as Hertford House, and which, much enlarged by the late Sir Richard Wallace in 1873-4, now occupies the whole of the north side of

Hertford House.

the square. After the Duke's death in 1788, Manchester House, as it was originally called, became the Spanish Embassy, and then, or at some later time, it is said to have been the French Embassy, but the statement, though accepted by Sir Walter Besant, is very doubtful, and Mr. Beresford Chancellor was unable to find confirmation of it. In the days of the Regency it was acquired by the second Marquis of Hertford, one of the Prince's friends. But it was the third

The Wallace Collection.

Marquis—Thackeray's Lord Steyne—who began the magnificent collection of pictures and objects of art which, continued by the fourth Marquis and by Sir Richard Wallace, was bequeathed to the nation by the latter's

widow, who died in 1897, and who, herself a French lady, thus fulfilled the intention which had been cherished by her husband. The collection was mainly formed in Paris, where, after his succession to the title, the fourth Marquis lived, spending most of his vast income by adding to its treasures, and finding in victories over rival collectors his chief solace in a painful malady from which he suffered. When Lord Hertford died he had been an absentee from his estates and his country for close upon thirty years, and the fact was rather severely commented upon by some who little thought that the public spirit of those who inherited his wealth would secure that his native land should profit from his absenteeism.

The collection remained in France until the siege and the destructive rage of the Commune impelled Sir Richard Wallace to transfer it to a place of greater safety. In 1872, therefore, it was installed in the Bethnal Green Museum, where it remained until in 1875 Hertford House was ready for its reception. Lady Wallace bequeathed this gift to the nation on the condition that the Government provided for it a museum in a central part of London and maintained it as a separate collection. The former of these conditions was fulfilled by the purchase from Sir John Murray Scott, Sir Richard and Lady Wallace's heir, of Hertford House, and the adaptation of it to the uses of a museum, the whole cost to the public funds being about £80,000. The collection, the finest gift ever made to the British nation, has been computed to be worth from four to five millions sterling. The objects of art include a collection of Sèvres porcelain which is equalled only by that of King Edward at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, a wonderful collection of French snuff-boxes of the eighteenth century, and a collection of French furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which is said to have no rival, even in France. In the same way, among the pictures the French masters of the eighteenth century, such as Watteau and Boucher and Greuze, are represented as they are nowhere else in Europe except at the Louvre.

Baker Street, so long familiar from its association with Madame Tussaud's Ex-

hibition, which occupied a part of the premises known as the Baker Street Bazaar until in 1886 it was transferred to the Marylebone Road, is named after a Sir Edward Baker, who was a Dorsetshire neighbour of Mr. Portman, and took part in the development of that gentleman's London estate. No. 31, on the east side, bears a London County Council tablet celebrating the association of the house with Lord Lytton the novelist, who was born here on the 25th of May, 1803, his mother at the time lodging at the house. At No. 69, on the west side, now incorporated with No. 68, lived John Braham the tenor. The street is continued northwards to the Marylebone Road by York Place, where, at No. 14, on the east side, William Pitt once dwelt, as a tablet records. He entered upon residence here in October, 1802, when he left Park Lane, and No. 14 remained his home until in May, 1804, he migrated to Downing Street as Prime Minister. In August of the preceding year he was joined here by his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, who acted as his secretary and presided at his table. Close by, on the same side, in the building which is now the Bedford College for Women, Cardinal Wiseman died in 1865, at the age of sixty-two, and was succeeded in the occupation of the house by Cardinal Manning, who lived here until 1872. Upper Baker Street, too, on the north side of the Marylebone Road, has had residents of renown. At No. 27, on the east side, now replaced by an extension of the Baker Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, Mrs. Siddons dwelt from 1817, when she left Westbourne Cottage, Paddington, until her death in 1831, at the age of seventy-five.

By way of Baker Street we reach Portman Square, so intimately associated with the memory of Mrs. Montagu, the most famous member of the Blue-Stocking Club, for whom, when after the death of her husband she decided to leave Hill Street, Berkeley Square, there was built on the north-west side of the square, standing askew so as to look into it, the large house, replaced in brick a few years ago, which still bears her name, though now it is the town house of Viscount Portman. She

**Baker
Street.**

**Portman
Square.**

**Montagu
House.**

entered upon occupation here in 1781, and until her death in 1800 the house was one of the great literary and fashionable centres of London. According to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, Mrs. Montagu was a woman of the strong-minded order, who, however, was fond of dress, though she had not the taste to dress well. Every May-day she entertained in her gardens here the little chimney-sweepers of London, by way of celebrating—so says an unauthenticated tradition—her having discovered Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's son in the guise of a chimney-sweep, when he had run away from Westminster School or had been kidnapped.

Bryanston Square, like Montagu Square to the east of it, has few notable associations, and the same may be said of Oxford Street, which borders on the south,

Oxford Street.

from Tottenham Court Road to the Edgware Road, the region we have been exploring. Following the line of the Roman road from Watling Street (the Edgware Road) to London Bridge, it appears to have been formed into a continuous street late in the seventeenth century, and to have been known under its present name—derived from that Earl of Oxford who married the daughter and heiress of the Duke of Newcastle—since the early years of the eighteenth century. Since then most of the shops and houses have been rebuilt, and among the most prominent buildings are the Restaurant Frascati, the Oxford Music Hall, the Princess's Theatre, the huge establishment of Messrs. Waring and Gillow, and that which bears the name of Selfridge, opened in the spring of 1909. All these buildings are on the north side; on the south side, with a heavy portico astride the pavement, is the "Pantheon," now used as wine stores, but formerly one of the chief places of amusement in London, long famous for its masquerades and concerts, and afterwards a bazaar. It was first opened in 1771, as a rival to Mrs. Cornelys' place of entertainment in Soho Square, but has been more than once rebuilt. Beneath Oxford Street and its continuations, eastwards and westwards, there runs the Central London Railway, familiarly known as the "Two-penny Tube" from its opening in 1900

until 1907, when the system of a uniform fare was abandoned. The minimum fare, however, continued to be twopence until 1909.

The Marylebone Road which forms the northern border of this part of St. Marylebone, as Oxford Street forms its southern boundary, is a pleasanter thoroughfare than the Euston

Marylebone Road.

Road, by which it is continued eastwards, and of late years blocks of handsome flats have been reared on both sides of it. Here, besides the parish church, are the handsome new workhouse of St. Marylebone, the Great Central terminus and hotel, and, towards the western end of the road, the Samaritan Free Hospital, a comely building of red brick, the Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, originally established at Bayswater, the Marylebone Police Court, the municipal Baths and Wash-houses, and other public buildings. But much the best known of the buildings in this thoroughfare is the spacious and well-proportioned structure of red brick, close to Baker Street, which houses Madame Tussaud's collection of wax models and historical relics. We have

Madame Tussaud.

already encountered Madame Tussaud in the Strand, where in 1802 she opened an exhibition on the same lines as the present one, but on a much smaller scale, at what is now the Lyceum Theatre. Later, the Exhibition migrated to several other quarters in London, then it was taken on a long tour in the provinces, next—in 1835—it found a home in Baker Street, where half-a-century later it was transferred to its present habitation, built specially for it.

Though Madame Tussaud is often assumed to have been of French nationality, her mother was the daughter of a Swiss clergyman, and her father a German-Swiss officer. Born about 1760, at the age of six she was adopted by her uncle, M. Curtius, who practised in Paris the then fashionable art of wax modelling, for which she early showed marked aptitude. She passed through the horrors of the French Revolution, and with her mother was flung into prison on account of their Royalist sympathies. As we have seen, she settled in this country in the early years of the nineteenth century, and survived until 1850,



when she had turned her ninetieth year. The management and modelling work of the exhibition have ever since been in the hands of her descendants, and the present manager and modeller, Mr. John Theodore Tussaud, is her great-grandson, and has made his mark by the spirited tableaux of historic events which he has executed in wax. The exhibition includes, besides the wax models, a series of portraits by David, examples of the work of various other artists, and an immense collection of historical relics, mostly associated with Napoleon the Great and with the actors in the French Revolution, but including also many that recall memories of men and women who have played great parts in our own rough island story.

One other spot in the Marylebone Road must we notice. Between the eastern side of the parish church and the **Devonshire Terrace.** High Street is a group of houses known as Devonshire Terrace, one of which, No. 1, bears a tablet recording its association with Dickens, who came here from Doughty Street, Mecklenburg Square, at the end of 1839, and remained here until 1851, when he moved to Tavistock Square.

Though not the most fashionable, Regent's Park, formed out of the pasture land known as Marylebone Park Fields, is one of the most attractive of the pleasantries of London, happily combining the sylvan and aquatic amenities of a private park. When the lease of Marylebone Park Fields, held of the Crown by the Duke of Portland, fell in, in 1811, the Crown procured the passage of an Act of Parliament and appointed a commission to lay out a park and let the adjoining land on building leases. The park was to have been the objective of Regent Street, for in its north-eastern part the Prince Regent intended to build himself a palace, and Regent Street and its continuations were to have afforded communication between it and Carlton House and St. James's Palace. The palace was never built—for which no regret need be felt—but the park was duly laid out, from designs by John Nash, the creator of Regent Street, and the name it has ever since borne commemorates the Prince's unfulfilled design. The laying-out was begun in 1812, and the park

was thrown open in the year 1838. Measuring 470 acres, it is roughly circular in form, and embraces in its south-western part a large sheet of ornamental water of very irregular formation, which includes a number of well-wooded islets. In the winter of 1866-67 this lake was the scene of a terrible calamity. While it was crowded with skaters a large tract of ice gave way and over two hundred of the skaters were immersed, nearly forty being drowned. After this the depth of lake was reduced to about four feet.

Running through the park from north to south, no great way from its eastern boundary, is the Broad Walk, adorned with flower-beds and lined with a double avenue—the inner one of fine chestnut trees, and the demesne is surrounded by another road known as the Outer Circle. The Inner Circle is the name given to the road which encloses the museum and the charming gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, the scene of many fashionable functions. To the south of these are the grounds of the Toxophilite Society, an institution which was established in Leicester Fields (now Leicester Square) in 1781, by the survivors of the old Finsbury archers, and which, after sundry migrations, settled here in 1834. In the northern portion of the park are the gardens of yet another institution, the Zoological Society, which was founded in 1826

mainly by the efforts of Sir Humphry Davy and Sir Stamford Raffles. The present

Gardens were opened two years later, and in 1830 the collection was strengthened by the addition of the royal menagerie at Windsor, and in 1831 by that of the menagerie at the Tower of London. At first the exhibition consisted only of mammals and birds, but afterwards reptiles were added, in 1853 place was found for fishes and the lower aquatic animals, both marine and fresh-water, and in 1881 an insect house was opened. In the book in which Mr. Henry Scherren tells the story of the Zoological Society and its Gardens not a few striking incidents are recorded. Thus, in October, 1894, the keeper left two boa-

constrictors in a cage one evening, and the next morning there was but one. The other had grown enormously in girth, and the fact was that it

Regent's Park.

The Zoological Gardens.

A Vanished Boa-constrictor.



OXFORD STREET IN 1815, LOOKING WEST FROM STRATFORD PLACE.

From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

had swallowed its mate. Thenceforth it was known as the "cannibal boa." Mr. Scherren's theory is that it was a case of accidental deglutition—that the larger boa, having swallowed its own pigeon, struck at the bird still within the jaws of its less voracious companion and enveloped not only the bird but also the head of its cage-mate. "Once its teeth were fixed the process went on mechanically, and there could be no other result." It took the snake nearly a month to regain its normal proportions and its appetite, and then it was able to swallow a pigeon.

On the east side of the park, between the Broad Walk and Gloucester Terrace, is St. Katharine's Hospital and Chapel, built to replace the ancient hospital of that name when, as we have related elsewhere, it was most unwarrantably made away with to provide a site for St. Katharine's Docks. A few years ago the Hospital was made to assume an aspect of usefulness by the connexion established between it and Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses. The association, however, was not a very intimate one, consisting only in the central offices of the Institute being at St. Katharine's and in the Master of the Hospital being

St. Katharine's Hospital.

President of the Institute, which derived no pecuniary benefit from its connexion with Queen Matilda's foundation; but the two institutions are now quite distinct, and the Queen's Nurses have their own offices—appropriately enough—in Victoria Street.

To the north and north-west of Regent's Park lies the region known as St. John's Wood, one of the artists' quarters of London. It is so called because in ancient days it was a

St. John's Wood.

possession of the Priory of St. John, Clerkenwell, whose manor here bore the name of Lilestone, which has been corrupted into Lisson: hence Lisson Grove, one of the thoroughfares leading out of the Marylebone Road northwards. St. John's Wood has no great wealth of notable associations, and of these some of the visible memorials were destroyed by the creation of the Great Central Railway, a work of which the London division was begun in November, 1895, the line being opened four years later. One of the first of such memorials to be destroyed was the house that Sir Edwin

Landseer built for himself on the south side of St. John's Wood Road, which runs from the south-east angle of Lord's to Maida Vale. It was here, in the studio fashioned according to his

Landseer.

own ideas, that many of his most popular pictures were painted, and that on the 1st of October, 1873, he breathed his last. Gone, too, is the house in Blandford Square—No 16.

—where George Eliot lived from 1860 to 1863. For a time

the much better known house in North Bank, The Priory, which was her home from 1864 until her marriage to Mr. J. W. Cross in 1880 and her removal to Chelsea to die, was spared, but the respite was only temporary. Harewood Square, the abode

Harewood Square.

of Sir George Hayter, the Court painter, and for the last thirty years of his life of John Graham Lough, the stonemason's apprentice on Tyneside who became famous as a sculptor of remarkable vigour, has utterly vanished to make way for the terminus of the railway. But the house in Elm-tree Road, No. 17, in which Thomas Hood lived from the end of 1841 to the end of 1843, and wrote "The Song of the Shirt," has survived, and now bears a London County Council tablet. Nor did the promoters of the railway, although they devastated an area measuring between seventy and eighty acres between Marylebone Road on the south and St. John's Wood on the north, between Lisson Grove and Grove Road on the west, and Upper Gloucester Place and Park Road

on the east, and abolished two squares and five-and-twenty streets, dare to lay hands upon Lord's. All that they presumed to

do was to cut a tunnel beneath Lord's. the cricket ground, and by way of compensation to the Marylebone

Cricket Club for this not very serious disturbance they added to the enclosure the site and grounds of the Clergy Orphan Asylum, which adjoined it on the east, and were computed to be worth some £40,000. The most famous of our cricket grounds owes its name to Thomas Lord, who, about the year 1780, acquired the land now known as Dorset Square, on the east side of the Great Central terminus, and converted it into a cricket ground. This he gave up about the year 1810 for another site, whence he migrated three years later to the present ground.

Among the eminent men of a later generation than that of Landseer and Hood who have dwelt in the St. John's Wood district was Herbert Spencer.

In 1856 he went to lodge at No. 7, Marlborough Gardens, near the Finchley Road, with the family of a solicitor, his doctor having warned him that solitary life in rooms of his own exposed him to abnormal mental activity. Here, as he curiously, though characteristically, says in



LISSON GROVE IN 1770.

his Autobiography, "two little girls of five and seven were just fitted to serve as vicarious objects of the philoprogenitive instinct." But his fondness for the children did not debar him from availing himself of the facilities for observation and experiment which afterwards proved of service to him when he came to write upon education, and he justifies himself, a bachelor, for dealing with questions connected with the management of children on the principle that bystanders often see most of the game.

From 1857 to 1859 the formulator of the evolution theory lived in Loudoun Road (No. 13, in the same part of St. John's Wood; but the road with which he is most closely linked is Avenue Road, on the eastern border of this district, close to Primrose Hill. In this broad and shady thoroughfare, at No. 64, on the east side, he lived from 1889 onwards. During the first eight years he shared the house with two ladies, who, in "Home Life with Herbert Spencer," have given, under the pseudonym of "Two," a most engaging account of his qualities and peculiarities. He had got tired of boarding houses, and wanted a house in which he might feel that he was master. Perhaps, too, he craved more sympathetic society than he could look for in a boarding-house. Of the six houses which the ladies looked out for him, he chose the one they least liked, a dwelling which they described as a mere man's house, with bright and lofty rooms and big windows, but with no corners or nooks, no lights and shadows, nothing homelike and cosy. They entered upon possession on the 23rd of September, 1889, the arrangement being that Spencer should pay the rent and taxes and the wages of the servants, but that the ladies should be responsible for the servants' board as well as for their own, and should furnish the house, except the three rooms which he reserved to himself. The philosopher's behaviour on the afternoon of his arrival was not encouraging. Having shaken hands with "Two," he entered the dining-room and sank in silence into an arm-chair. But they shortly learnt that he was only feeling his pulse, and its report being satisfactory, he entered into conversation. They were further reassured

to find that instead of the supper he had carefully ordered a week beforehand he desired a grilled whiting, "only it must *be* a whiting," and not a haddock which the fishmonger might send instead. This was proof to them that he was more than a mere philosopher—that they had, in fact, "a man in the house." Spencer was not long in concluding that it was pleasanter to lunch at home than at the Athenæum, and nicer to have meals with the ladies than alone. Intellectual conversation he did not seem to desire, but was always ready to enter upon homely everyday topics. He was ever ready, too, to enjoy a jest—the smaller, it would seem, the better—and in many ways, as in his preference for pretty maidservants, he showed himself to be quite human and manlike. For years the arrangement worked smoothly enough, in spite of the fact that in times of sickness the philosopher was not exactly a model invalid, but presently causes of friction developed and, after long waiting on each side for the initiative to be taken by the other side, Spencer in the spring of 1897 gave the notice that broke up the *ménage*. The friendship, however, did not cease with the departure of the ladies from Avenue Road, but lasted until his death.

Not far from Avenue Road, in Portland Terrace, running parallel with the Regent's

Canal, is a house which has associations with another great modern.

For at No. 22 in this road, where he could be near his friend Ferdinand Praeger, Richard Wagner stayed when in March, 1855, he came to London to conduct for the Philharmonic Society. His first visit to London was in 1839, and was limited to eight days: this in 1855 lasted nearly four months; his last visit was in 1877, when he came to conduct the Wagner Festival concerts at the Albert Hall. In his "Wagner as I Knew Him," Mr. Praeger relates how the composer would daily take his stand on the bridge over the ornamental water near the Hanover Gate of Regent's Park and feed the ducks with French rolls. "There was a swan, too, that came in for much of Wagner's affection. It was a regal bird, and fit, as the master said, to draw the chariot of Lohengrin."

Richard Wagner.



THE HEATH END OF WELL WALK (*p.* 900).

CHAPTER LXXXII

HAMPSTEAD

Attractions—The Manor—The Heath—Quaint Streets—Erskine House—"Jack Straw's Castle"—Heath House—The "Bull and Bush"—Wildwood—The Ponds—The Vale of Health and Leigh Hunt—Judges' Walk—The Grove—Bolton House and Joanna Baillie—Holly Bush Hill and Romney—Church Row—St. John's—Christ Church—Well Walk—John Constable—Flask Walk—Lawn Bank and Keats—Fleet Road—Haverstock Hill—Rosslyn Hill—Vane House—Stanfield House—Belsize—Finchley Road—Frogna—West End—Kilburn and its Priory

ALL things considered, Hampstead is perhaps the most highly favoured of all the metropolitan suburban boroughs. In past days, as in these, its charms have attracted to it artists and men of letters in such abundance that it were far easier to write a whole volume about its

Amenities. associations than to treat them within the exiguous limits to which this chapter must be restricted. In Hampstead Heath, breezy and beautiful with the wildness of nature, it possesses the finest open space in the County of London, and its pleasure grounds altogether measure nearly one-seventh of the total area of the borough. It is, perhaps, the most purely "residential" of all the London boroughs, with a population still well within ninety thousand; and running up to a greater altitude than any other London borough,

and, much of its soil being gravelly, it has the lowest corrected death-rate in the County of London. Bordered by Marylebone on the south and St. Pancras on the east, and on the west and north by parts of the county of Middlesex, it has an area of 2,265 acres, or three and a half square miles, and it is, therefore, about the same size

Area. as Kensington (2,291 acres) and rather smaller than the City of Westminster. It is divided into seven wards—the Town, Central, Adelaide, Belsize, Priory, Kilburn, and West End Wards. It has its own electric light works; it has established public baths in the Finchley Road, and, as befits a borough so rich in literary memories, it has no lack of free public libraries—a central one in the Finchley Road, with branches in the Rosslyn Hill, Belsize, West End and Kilburn districts.

The name of the borough is no doubt derived from the Saxon *ham* (home) and *stede* (place), and at first probably denoted the farm of some Saxon who made a clearance for himself in this elevated part of the Middlesex forest. In 986 King Ethelred granted the manor of Hampstead to the

The Manor.

Abbot of Westminster, in whose hands it remained until at the dissolution it was transferred by Henry VIII. to the newly-founded bishopric of Westminster. Two years before the death of Edward VI. it was surrendered to the Crown, and in the same year was conferred upon Sir Thomas Wroth, by whose family it was sold, seventy years later, to Sir Baptist Hickes, the Cheapside mercer who became Viscount Campden, and lent his earlier name to the Sessions House at Clerkenwell, as we saw in one of our chapters on the borough of Finsbury. In 1707, by his descendant, Baptist Noel, third Earl of Gainsborough, it was sold to Sir William

Langhorne, Bart., and from the Langhorne it went by marriage in or about 1780 to the family of the present owner, Sir Spencer Pocklington Maryon-Wilson. Some ancient usages in connexion with this manor are still observed. The freehold is vested in the lord, but there are under him a number of copyholders who, though they are at liberty to alienate their land, can only do so on first making formal surrender of the property to the lord or his steward, the name of the new copyholder being then entered upon the court roll. One of the privileges of the lord of the manor is to seize the land of any deceased copyholder in lack of heirs to claim it, and recently a General Court Baron was held at "Jack Straw's Castle" at which the bailiff announced that unless the heirs of a certain copyholder, whose death had been thrice proclaimed, appeared without further delay the lord of the manor would take possession of the property. To

Ancient Usages.

his steward, the name of the new copyholder being then entered upon the court roll. One of the privileges of the lord of the manor is to seize the land of any deceased copyholder in lack of heirs to claim it, and recently a General Court Baron was held at "Jack Straw's Castle" at which the bailiff announced that unless the heirs of a certain copyholder, whose death had been thrice proclaimed, appeared without further delay the lord of the manor would take possession of the property. To

the history of the manor it may be added that though, as we have seen, the manor itself has been in lay ownership since the sixteenth century, a good deal of land at Hampstead is still the property of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, the successors of the Abbot who was dispossessed at the dissolution, and that, as is pointed out by Mr. E. E. Newton in his interesting paper on "Hampstead in the Olden Time," the boundaries of Hampstead to-day remain almost precisely as they were a thousand years ago.

The first of the Wilsons to own the manor and advowson of Hampstead, Sir Thomas,



PLAN OF HAMPSTEAD, SHOWING THE WARDS.

was a man of foresight, who set about converting the Heath into a great building estate. The story is told with a good deal of interesting detail by Colonel Sexby in his work on the Municipal Parks of London, and by Mrs. White in "Sweet Hampstead." The copy-

**The Heath
in Danger.**

and enabled him to grant building leases. The Bill aroused bitter opposition, which secured its defeat, but still the Heath was not safe, and from time to time meetings were held to protest against threatened encroachments. In 1866 was passed the Metropolitan Commons Act, which forbade



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

WILDWOOD, HAMPSTEAD, WHERE LORD CHATHAM LIVED (*p.* 896).

holders and other residents of Hampstead protested time after time against the injury Sir Thomas Wilson was doing to the Heath by digging up the sand and gravel, a work of barbarism of which the evidences are still plainly to be seen in the pits that abound near the Spaniards Road and elsewhere. But he paid no heed to their remonstrances, and presently, without even giving the customary notice to the copyholders, he promoted a Bill in Parliament which would have abrogated their privileges

the enclosure of commonland within fourteen miles of Charing Cross, but when the Chairman of the late Metropolitan Board of Works sought to negotiate with Sir Thomas Wilson for the surrender of his rights in the Heath, the latter claimed to be paid at rates varying from £5,000 to £10,000 per acre. In December of that year he actually began to build on two different parts of the Heath, and on the loftiest part, near the Flagstaff, the foundations of a house were laid. Headed by Mr. J. Gurney Hoare,

the banker, the copyholders brought an action to stop these proceedings, but the lord of the manor died before it could be decided, and his successor, Sir John Wilson, at once showing a more accommodating disposition, consented to surrender his rights in the Heath for an inclusive sum of £47,000, and on the 13th of January, 1872, the Board of Works entered into possession and the Heath was dedicated to the public for ever.

Even now, however, this magnificent open space was not quite safe from invasion. The Board of Works, invested with the right of making grants of some portions of the Heath, was ill-advised enough to allow some of the choicest bits to be enclosed by adjoining owners, and further depredations were only prevented by the efforts of the Hampstead Heath Protection Society. In these days, happily, no such proceedings are likely to be attempted, and the tendency is rather to restore to the Heath, as opportunity offers, estates that once formed part of it. Thus in 1898, when the house and picturesque grounds of the late Sir Spencer Wells, the eminent gynaecological

Extensions. surgeon, at Golder's Hill, adjoining the Heath on the western side, came into the market, they were acquired at a cost of £40,500 by a local committee, with help from the London County Council and the local authorities, and so some thirty-six acres were added to the Heath, while the house, an ancient structure much altered in the seventies, was converted into a place for shelter and refreshments. More recently, thanks to the exertions of the Hampstead Heath Extension Council, a part of the Wylde's estate on the North End side has been added to the Heath. Even without this addition, the Heath measures 256 acres, and if Parliament Hill Fields, which are continuous with it, be added, we have in this fortunate part of the County of London, divided between Hampstead and the neighbouring borough of St. Pancras, an open space of upwards of 520 acres, larger than the whole area of the borough of Holborn, and not very much smaller than the one square mile of the City.

The perambulation of Hampstead is a particularly pleasant occupation, for though parts of the High Street and of Heath Street, the

two chief business streets, have been modernised, there are still left here and elsewhere many comely old houses, and the "walks" and "squares" and "streets" in which they

are to be found are delightfully
Quaintness. quaint and irregular and devious, so that the stranger, unless he has acted upon the late Lord Salisbury's hint and provided himself with a large scale map, is very likely to be constantly losing himself. Of the modern buildings, many are admirable in design and in colour, and are congruous with those that have survived from an older day; and many of the roads and gardens are so abundant in foliage as to recall the distant past when Hampstead was largely made up of forest land.

Let us begin our pilgrimage at the north-eastern angle of the borough, at the Hampstead Lane end of the Spaniards Road. The ugly stuccoed house next door to the Spaniards Tavern, with a long porch, bears the name of Erskine House, it having been for some years the residence of Thomas

Lord Erskine, the Lord Chancellor, who had for neighbours two other eminent law lords, Lord Mansfield, who dwelt at Caen Wood, just over the St. Pancras border, and Lord Loughborough, who resided first at Branch Hill and afterwards at Rosslyn Hill. Lord Erskine took this house, which he enlarged, in 1788, some years before his elevation to the woolsack, and here he remained until 1823, beguiling the leisure which his dismissal from office forced upon him by planting trees and hedges, and laying out his grounds. Under the Spaniards Road was a tunnel connecting the house with that part of the grounds which lay on the Highgate side of the road, but after he had left and resigned his copyhold to Lord Mansfield the passage was filled up.

Among the stories told of Lord Erskine in connexion with his sojourn at Hampstead is one which has behind it the authority of Twiss, the biographer of Lord Eldon. One day, in the neighbourhood of the Heath, he came upon a ruffian who was mercilessly flogging a miserable hack horse. When Erskine expostulated he wanted to know whether he couldn't do as he liked with his own, and went on with his pastime. Thereupon Erskine laid his walking-stick

sharply over the fellow's shoulders. "What business have you to touch me with your stick?" growled the man. "Mayn't I do what I like with my own?" was the reply.

Among Lord Erskine's visitors at Hampstead was Edmund Burke, who on one

The house next to Erskine House on the Hampstead side was in Erskine's day occupied by Parry, the Arctic explorer, who once remarked that when frozen up in the Arctic regions they lived much on seals. "And very good living, too," grimly observed



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

BOLTON HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD, WHERE JOANNA BAILLIE LIVED.

occasion treated him to a sally which left no obvious opening for retort. Lord

**A Sally
of Burke's.**

Erskine conducted him through the tunnel into the grounds, which commanded a magnificent view of the beauties of Caen Wood and of a wide prospect beyond. "Ah," said Burke, "this is just the place for a reformer. All the beauties are beyond your reach; you cannot destroy them."

the ex-Lord Chancellor, "if you keep them long enough."

Spaniards Road has a famous tavern at either end. That at the Hampstead end, where is the flagstaff which marks the spot where the widest view from the Heath can be had, a view that stretches westwards past the spire of Harrow Church to Windsor Castle and beyond, is "Jack Straw's Castle," named

**"Jack
Straw's
Castle."**

after a probably fictitious association with Wat Tyler's lieutenant. Jack Straw may, however, have led his followers as far as Hampstead, and this possibly is the foundation-in-fact for the story. The house, dating probably from the eighteenth century, appears to have been originally known as the Castle, and the first reference to it under the title by which it is now known is not older than the year 1822. In 1898 the house was "brought up-to-date internally," but happily

is to be gratefully remembered for having opposed the designs upon the Heath of the lord of the manor, entertained on a long visit Crabbe, the poet, and the acquaintance grew, as the poet's son tells us, into "an affectionate and lasting intimacy." Under this hospitable roof Crabbe met Rogers and Campbell, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Lucy Aikin and Joanna Baillic.

The North End Road, which runs past "Jack Straw's Castle" Hendon way, passes,



CHURCH ROW, HAMPSTEAD.

it was allowed to keep its old face, and one may still therefore recall with pleasure that it was at "Jack Straw's Castle" that Charles Dickens and John Forster and other boon companions would refresh themselves with "a red-hot chop and a glass of good wine" when they came to enjoy a tramp over the Heath. It is here, as we have seen, that the courts in connexion with the manor are held, on which occasions the lord of the manor's flag waves from the flagstaff hard by.

Opposite "Jack Straw's Castle," at the angle formed by the Spaniards and North End Roads, is Heath House, a large square structure of red brick, which was for long the residence of members of the Hoare family, the Fleet Street bankers. Here Mr. Samuel Hoare, an ancestor of the Mr. Gurney Hoare who

just on the northern boundary of the borough, another famous inn, the "Bull and Bush," which has not yet been modernised, and which still boasts its arbour and

its pleasant tea gardens, profuse of flowers. It claims to have been a resort of Addison and Sterne, of Hogarth and Gainsborough and Sir Joshua, of Garrick and Foote. A few yards along the road that runs by the side of the tavern to the Heath is the unpretentious house, now styled Wildwood, and in part modernised,

but formerly known as North End House, in which Lord Chatham secluded himself in 1766 and 1767, when, broken in health, and unable to bear the strain of the House of Commons, he had accepted the Privy Seal and ceased to be "the great commoner."

North End has other famous memories

Heath House.

GEORGE DU MAURIER'S GRAVE (*p.* 899).

also, but they would carry us beyond the boundary of Hampstead, and we must return to the Flagstaff, where is Whitestone Pond, the first of the ponds on the

The Ponds. Heath which we have encountered.

All of them are artificial, though one of them was in existence as far back as 1680, and at least two others in 1745, nor were they made to add to its amenities but for the more prosaic purpose of draining off waters which in olden times reduced parts of the Heath to the condition of a bog. The hollow immediately at our feet as we look down upon Christ Church, with the spire which one sees from so many distant points, is known as the Vale of Health, and the modern hotel with its merry-go-rounds, which is one of the

Vale of Health.

rallying-points of Bank Holiday crowds, and is not to be reckoned among the charms of Hampstead, is said to stand on the site of a house in which Leigh Hunt dwelt in 1816, and which he described as "our little packing-case here, dignified with the name of house." In later years, writing to a friend, he says, apparently referring to this cottage, "I defy you to have lived in a smaller cottage than I have done. Yet it has held Shelley and Keats, and half-a-dozen friends in it at once; and they have made worlds of their own within the rooms."

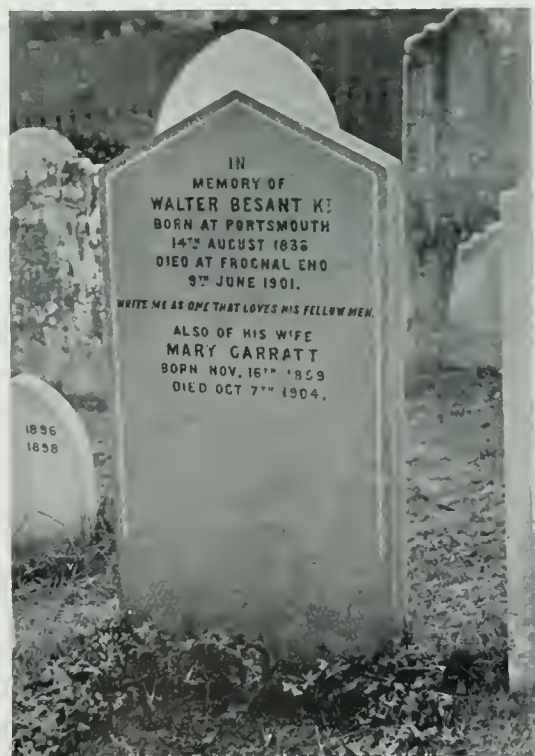
A few yards to the west of the Flagstaff the Heath is bordered by a path shaded

by a double row of trees, and known as the Judges' Walk, from a tradition that while the Plague was raging in London, in 1665, the judges at Westminster held their sittings here, and slept in tents put up on the Heath. The legend has often been questioned, but according to Baines's "Records of the Manor, Parish and Borough of Hampstead," the late Sir Francis Palgrave accidentally came upon a document in the Record Office which substantiated it, but unfor-

tunately lost the reference.

At the beginning of Heath Street, opposite the reservoir which lies between the pond and the town, is a little brick house with area steps which was the "Upper Flask" tavern where Clarissa Harlowe took refuge in her flight from the house to which Love-

"Upper
Flask"
Tavern.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S GRAVE (*p.* 899).

lace had decoyed her. Here, too, the Kit-Kat Club held some of its meetings, and Dr. Garth uttered one of the most famous of his *mots*. He had quite casually spoken of the patients who were waiting to see him—as doctors will—when Steele, with polite banter, asked him why he didn't at once visit them. "Oh, it's no

and New Grove House, adjoining each other, the one obviously Georgian, the other perhaps Early Victorian, with Gothic windows. **The Grove.**

Grove House, which stands on the site of an old windmill that possibly gave name to Windmill Hill, bears a tablet proclaiming that it was the residence of George du Maurier, who dwelt in it for the twenty years from 1874 to 1895. Pursuing our way southwards from the Grove, we come to Windmill Hill, where, looking down Holly Bush Hill, stand some comely and substantial red-brick houses of which one, Bolton House, marked by a tablet, was the home of Joanna Baillie and her sister

Agnes. They came to Hampstead with their mother in 1802, and on the latter's death, in 1806, they settled at Windmill Hill, where Joanna continued to live until her death in 1851, at the age of eighty-nine. It is difficult to think of this reserved little gentlewoman, who, according to Lucy Aikin, had learnt in her stern Presbyterian home the repression of all emotion, as the author of "Plays of the Passions" and still more to understand how Sir Walter Scott, when asked whether he preferred Burns or Campbell, could have spoken of her as now "the highest genius" of Scotland.

A few paces to the south of Bolton House is the "Holly Bush" Tavern, behind which is a building, now occupied by the **Romney's Studio.**

Constitutional Club, which is certified by a tablet of the London County Council to have been the residence of Romney, the artist. The rather complicated story of Romney's association with Holly Bush Hill, where he settled on leaving Cavendish Square in 1796 or 1797, is set out in detail in one of the County Council's booklets relating to historical houses. From this it appears that the house which Romney purchased is now known as The Mount, and that on the site of stables which he pulled down he built for himself a large studio-gallery with a few living rooms attached. Here he dwelt until, in 1799, his health broken down, he went to Kendal to the wife whom he had deserted many years before, lingering on, a physical and mental ruin, until the 15th of November, 1802, and tended to the last by



BUST OF JOHN KEATS IN HAMPSTEAD PARISH CHURCH (p. 900).

great matter," he replied; "for one half of them have got such bad constitutions that all the doctors in the world can't save them, and the others such good ones that all the doctors could not possibly kill them." By the middle of the eighteenth century the "Upper Flask" had become a private house, and for many years before his death, in 1800, it was the abode of George Steevens, the annotator of Shakespeare.

In the Grove, leading southwards from Whitestone Pond, are Old Grove House

his "ministering angel." Afterwards the gallery and house which he built at Holly Bush Hill were converted into Assembly Rooms in which another great artist, Constable, delivered a series of lectures on the Origin of Landscape Painting. Mrs. White's enquiries led her to believe that the conversion of the building into Assembly Rooms was virtually a reconstruction; but the report of the London County Council declares that the alteration was not such as to "destroy the identity of the building."

Descending Holly Bush Hill until it joins Heath Street, one comes, a few paces lower down, to Church Row, which, with its pleasant old houses of red brick and its limes flourishing in the middle of the road, still has about it a delightful old-world savour, although on the north side a block of flats has seen fit to spring up. On this side of the street lived, from 1785 to 1802, Mrs. Barbauld, her husband keeping a school here, and ministering to a Unitarian congregation on Red Lion (now Rosslyn) Hill. In 1802 they left Hampstead for Stoke Newington, where we shall again meet them. From 1822 to 1830 the house was occupied by the daughter of Mrs. Barbauld's brother, Lucy Aikin, who presently removed to the opposite side of the road, remaining there for fourteen years, and then migrating to London, but returning to Hampstead in her last years, and dying, in 1864, at the house of a relative in John Street, now styled Keats Grove.

The graves in which niece and aunt lie may be seen close together beside the path that skirts the eastern wall of the older part of the churchyard of St. John's, the parish church.

St. John's Churchyard.

If one follows this path to its end one comes, in the south-east angle of the churchyard, to the tomb of Constable, the artist, incongruously inscribed "John Constable, Esq., R.A." Beneath a yew tree, nearer the centre of the churchyard, is the tomb of Sir James Mackintosh, historian, statesman and philosopher. In the same grave lie his daughter and his son-in-law, Hensleigh Wedgwood, with other relatives. Close to the roadway, under the shadow of a cedar, in the less ancient part of this God's acre, consecrated in 1812, is the chaste memorial which marks the spot where were buried the ashes of George du

Maurier. Though he did not die at Hampstead he lived here for twenty-five years, first in Church Row, and then, as we have seen, at New Grove House, and it was fitting, therefore, that when, in 1896, the year after leaving Hampstead, the end came, his incinerated dust should have been interred here. The memorial bears the couplet—

"A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing, and so—Good-bye."

In this newer part of the churchyard, too, within a few yards of the western path, but with its face turned eastwards, so that it may easily be missed by the curious wanderer among tombs, is the unassuming headstone that marks the grave of Sir Walter Besant; it is engraved with the words, "Write me as one that loves his fellow men." Sir Walter dwelt close by, at the top of Frogna! Gardens, in the spacious and pleasant house known as Frogna! End, and was one of the most enthusiastic of the great company of men of letters and artists who have ranked themselves as lovers of Hampstead, though he must also be reckoned as chief among those of his generation who loved London as a whole. He died in 1901, while his great "Survey of London" was still far from completion. Yet another name of literary note to be seen, close beside the western path, is that of Mrs. Rundle Charles, author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family," who was laid to rest here in the same year as the author of "Trilby."

It was not until after the Reformation, as we have seen, that Hampstead was erected into a parish, the old chapel of St. Mary, of which the date is unknown, being converted into the parish church. It survived until 1745, when, being outworn and quite outgrown by the parish, it was pulled down to make way for the present church of St. John. A poor specimen of Renaissance work, with the tower at the east end facing Church Row, none the less it sorts not ill with its peaceful and pleasant surroundings now that it is draped with ivy, and since the extensive restoration of 1878, when a chancel was added at the west end and the uncouth pews were replaced by benches, the interior has been comely and comfortable, and on the whole one need not regret

The Church.

that nothing but renovation and enlargement was attempted instead of the rebuilding which found many advocates. Within the church lies Incledon, the singer, but its most interesting feature is the exquisite bust of John Keats, to be seen on a bracket just outside the chancel. The work of Miss Anne Whitney, of Boston, in the United States, unveiled in 1894, it represents the admiration for the poet cherished by some of her compatriots. The intimate association between Keats and Hampstead which inspired this tribute to his "ever-living memory" has already been hinted at.

Christ Church, which lies on higher ground on the other side of the High Street, is a more conspicuous landmark than

Christ Church.

St. John's, and its sharp and not very graceful spire is sometimes supposed to be that of "Hampstead Church." Built by Sir Gilbert Scott, who lived at Hampstead, in Montague House, it was completed in 1852, and has since been enlarged. If we follow the road which bears its name we shall come to Well

Walk, a pleasant and shady thoroughfare which by its name commemorates the ancient glories of Hampstead as a spa. Nor by its name only, for there still bubbles up here the chalybeate spring whose waters were once drunk for their healing, covered by a granite memorial to the Hon. Susanna Noel, who in 1698, with her son Baptist Noel, third Earl of Gainsborough, gave the well and six acres of land for the benefit of the poor of Hampstead. So an inscription on the memorial avouches. Nearly opposite the fountain is a pleasant-looking house bearing the name of "Wellside," which, built in 1892, covers the site of the old Hampstead Pump-room. The wells of Hampstead came into repute towards the end of the seventeenth century, and at one time the waters competed with those of Tunbridge Wells for the favour of the frivolous and fashionable. Their intrinsic virtues were about as real, probably, as the maladies of most of those who came to drink them, and though, no doubt, wonderful cures were from time to time reported, they must have been the result of what is now called "suggestion," aided by the salubrious and bracing air of this

"northern height." They are said to contain only the faintest trace of earthy salts—about as much solid matter as is to be found in the water supplied by a company which has efficient filter-beds.

In Well Walk lived John Constable, who in 1827 took a house here in order that he might not be disturbed by idle callers, and that he might "unite a town and country life," and here in the following year his wife died. He then returned to his house in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, but used the one in Well Walk as an occasional residence, and here his children spent most of their time. The love he cherished for Hampstead is to be seen in several of his canvases, and of one of his dwellings here he declared that the little drawing-room commanded a view "unsurpassed in Europe." "The dome of St. Paul's in the air," he added, "seems to realise Michael Angelo's words on seeing the Pantheon, 'I will build such a thing in the sky.'" In Well Walk, too, John Keats took lodgings in 1817, having found out the charms of Hampstead while visiting Leigh Hunt in the Vale of Health.

It was in Well Walk, again, that Coleridge, then living with Dr. Gillman at Highgate, was introduced to Keats, when, turning to Leigh Hunt, he whispered, "There is death in that hand," as indeed there was. And Leigh Hunt has recorded that it was while sitting on a bench at the Heath end of this walk that Keats told him, "with unaccustomed tears in his eyes," that his heart was breaking. The actual bench, marked with the poet's name, was still to be seen in 1885, when Laurence Hutton published the first edition of his "Literary Landmarks," but its place has now been taken by seats that bear the name of the Hampstead Corporation!

At the other end of Well Walk is Flask Walk, named perhaps after the "Lower Flask" tavern, and at the junction of the two walks is a large building partly formed out of an old mansion known as Burgh House, and once used as the Middlesex Militia Barracks, but now in private occupation. In a house at the corner of Flask Row, opposite Burgh House, the late Lord Tennyson's mother spent her declining years and died, and here she was

John Constable.

Keats.

Flask Walk.

visited by her son, who might often in those days have been seen strolling over the Heath deep in meditation, and no doubt turning his verses.

Across the Heath and Parliament Hill Fields, East Heath Road commands delectable views of Highgate, with the steeple of St. Michael's, and the powerful dome of the church of St. Joseph's Retreat, and the slender spire of the Grammar

Dilke was a friend of the poet's. Keats first lived with Mr. Brown, but later, the western house having been taken by the Brawnes, with one of whom—Fanny—he had fallen desperately in love, he took up his abode there, and here he continued to dwell until in 1820 he set out upon that journey to Italy from which he was never to return. Some time afterwards the two houses were taken by Miss Chester, a lady who made her *début* on the



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

SOLDIERS' DAUGHTERS' HOME, WITH VANE HOUSE (ON THE RIGHT) (p. 902).

School. Following this road to South End Road, we come to Keats Grove, which, though it has parted with its old name of John Street, is still something of the rural lane that it was in the days when Keats, after leaving Well Walk, was resident here. On the south side of the road, standing back in pleasantly wooded grounds, is Lawn Bank, which bears a commemorative tablet put up by the Society of Arts in 1896. It originally consisted of two houses, which bore the common designation of Wentworth Place, the one on the west side being the abode of Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke, grandfather of the present baronet, while the other was occupied by Charles Armitage Brown, who like Mr.

Dilke was a friend of the poet's. Keats first lived with Mr. Brown, but later, the western house having been taken by the Brawnes, with one of whom—Fanny—he had fallen desperately in love, he took up his abode there, and here he continued to dwell until in 1820 he set out upon that journey to Italy from which he was never to return. Some time afterwards the two houses were taken by Miss Chester, a lady who made her *début* on the London stage in 1822, and for her they were made into one under the name which the house still bears. That a good deal of the poet's life between the years 1816 and 1820 was spent at Hampstead, though he travelled much at intervals, is not questioned. Nor is it to be doubted that much of his finest work was done here, or that some of his happiest descriptive touches were inspired by the lovely scenery which surrounded him.

Fleet Road, at the foot of South End Road, reminds us that along this declivity ran the Fleet, which rose at various points on the Heath and Parliament Hill Fields. Between Fleet Road and Haverstock Hill is the North Western Fever Hospital, one of the gigantic institutions

Fleet
Road.

maintained by the Metropolitan Asylums Board. Haverstock Hill, partly in Hampstead and partly in St. Pancras, a broad and shady thoroughfare lined with villas, owes its name, if Professor Hales's suggestion may be

accepted, to *averia*, the Low Latin word for cattle. Just before it passes from Hampstead into the neighbouring borough there comes into it on the western side Steele's Road, which is a reminder that Sir Richard Steele was living here in 1712, just opposite the "Load of Hay," in a two-storied cottage that survived until the seventies. Ascending Haverstock Hill we come at the corner of Belsize Avenue to the Town Hall of Hampstead, a building of red brick and stone, reared in 1876-77 as the Vestry Hall. A little further up the hill—now Rosslyn Hill—at the corner of Lyndhurst Road, is the Congregational Chapel, beautiful without and yet more beautiful within, which was built in 1880 for the church founded by the Rev. Dr. Horton, who came to Hampstead fresh from his Oxford Fellowship, has ministered to the same congregation ever since, and has long lived down the suspicions provoked by his acceptance of views on the Scriptures which in the 'eighties were regarded as "advanced."

Rosslyn Hill was formerly known as Red Lion Hill, from a public-house that stood on the site of the police-station, next to Old Vane House. Its present name is derived from Rosslyn House, which, until 1896, stood a little way back from the main road, between Lyndhurst and Wedderburn Roads. The mansion, approached from the road by a fine avenue of Spanish chestnuts, was of some antiquity, and was formerly known as Shelford House, a name not improbably conferred upon it, in allusion to their manor of Shelford, in Nottinghamshire, by the Earls of Chesterfield, to whom it belonged until it was acquired by Alexander Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough, afterwards first Earl of Rosslyn.

Before it was demolished Rosslyn House was for four or five years the abode of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, an institution which, founded in 1855, towards the end of the Crimean War, trains the daughters of soldiers, not necessarily orphans, for domestic service. On a summer's day in

1860, Prince Albert led the girls, in their scarlet dresses, up the hill to the habitation which is still theirs, a comely building of red brick in the Tudor style, which occupies part of the site of Vane House and embodies some of its features. A bit of Vane House still stands, adjoining the Soldiers' Daughters' Home. Here, in July, 1660, Sir Harry Vane was arrested and hence he was haled to the

Tower, where two years later he suffered for his devotion to the principles of liberty. The house was afterwards owned and occupied by Bishop Butler, who is said to have written here a considerable part of the "Analogy," the most masterly contribution ever made by an English Churchman to the literature of apologetics.

A few paces further up the hill, at the corner of Prince Arthur Road, is an old house of red brick which was once the abode of Clarkson Stanfield, the marine and landscape painter, who died in 1867 at Belsize Park, a few months after leaving the house which, now used as a Library and Reading-room, bears his name. Prince Arthur Road was named in commemoration of the visit of the present Duke of Connaught to Hampstead, in 1869, to open the new buildings of the Sailors' Orphan Girls' School and Home, in Fitzjohns Avenue, a little to the west of the High Street.

If, having glanced at the many new buildings in the High Street, including the fire-station and the chocolate-coloured station of the Hampstead Tube, we follow Fitzjohns Avenue, with its fine mansions and its avenue of trees, and its memories of Frank Holl and Edwin Long and other artists, to the Finchley Road, it will take us through the wealthy district which bears the pleasant sounding name of Belsize Park. The manor of Belsize was the property of the Abbot of Westminster at least as far back as the reign of Edward II. At the

dissolution it was leased to one Armigal Waad, and from a descendant of his it passed by marriage to the Wottons, one of whom was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Wotton by Charles II. At his death it came into the hands of his half-brother, Lord Chesterfield, who, how-

Haverstock Hill.

Sir Harry Vane.

Stanfield House.

Rosslyn Hill.

Belsize.



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, FROGNAL.

ever, did not care to live in the manor-house, which stood at the lower end of Belsize Avenue, on or about the site now occupied by St. Peter's Church. In 1720 the house and park became what a writer of a slightly later date terms "a place of polite entertainment, particularly for music, dancing and play," but after a time the amusements degenerated, and the place went to ruin. From 1798 to 1807, until he took office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Spencer Perceval dwelt at Belsize Park. The mansion survived until about the middle of the nineteenth century, when it was pulled down and the park, about a mile in circumference, was cut up into building estates.

Fitzjohns Avenue ends in College Crescent, where, facing the Finchley Road, but separated from it by a pleasant

New College. space of greensward, is New College, a building in the Late Gothic style, erected about the year 1853 for the training of students for the Congregational ministry. It originated in the union, effected three years before, of Homerton and Coward Colleges, dating respectively from 1696 and 1738, with Highbury College, founded in 1778, and is one of the Divinity Schools of the reconstituted University of London. Following the Finchley Road northwards we pass the Hampstead Baths on the left, and on the right, at the corner of Arkwright Road, the handsome Central Public Library of the borough, completed in 1897, the generous gift of Sir

Henry Harben. Yet further along, on the left, is Hackney College, another institution for the training of Congregational students, founded in Well Street, Hackney, in 1803, and transferred to West Hampstead in 1887. In deciding to move the institution from Hackney the committee were influenced in part by a desire to co-operate educationally with New College, and this object has been attained, for while the theological classes of each college continue to be taught by their own Professors, the Arts students are taught in common by lecturers appointed by both. As the result of this co-operation the Hackney curriculum, both in Theology and in Arts, is now adjusted to the requirements of the London University, of which the college is another of the Divinity Schools.

On the east side of the Finchley Road, on the slope between that thoroughfare and the High Street, lies the Frognal district, which, until a few years ago, consisted of old mansions standing in their own well-timbered grounds, but is now for the most part cut up into broad roads lined with well-built houses. The old manor-house, at the north-east corner of West Lane, where used to be held the Court Leets, has gone; so, too, has Frognal Priory, which need not be regretted, for it had no right to its name, was not older than about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and was nothing but a piece of Cockney Gothic; but Frognal

Hall, at the west end of St. John's Church, once the residence of Isaac Ware, the accomplished architect, and afterwards of Lord Chief Justice Alvanley, still remains, though, at the time of writing, unoccupied and forlorn. On the eastern side of the chief thoroughfare of this region, styled simply Frogna, are the new buildings of University College School (p. 912), opened by King Edward in 1907, and just opposite the central block is Greenaway House, the charming dwelling which, designed for Kate Greenaway by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., was her home from 1885 until her death in 1901.

On the other side of the Finchley Road, between it and the main road to Edgware Road, which forms the western

West End. border of Hampstead, lies the hamlet of West End, which still preserves something of its rural character. In this part of the borough, at its northern extremity, is the Hampstead Cemetery, of which the Church of England portion was consecrated in 1876. The main road, before it passes out of Hampstead and takes on the name of Edgware Road, is known as Shootup Hill. Further south, under the name of Kilburn High Road, it runs through

the Kilburn district, which is partly **Kilburn.** in Hampstead and partly in Willesden. The name is probably derived from a head stream of the West Burn (Westbourne), which appears variously in

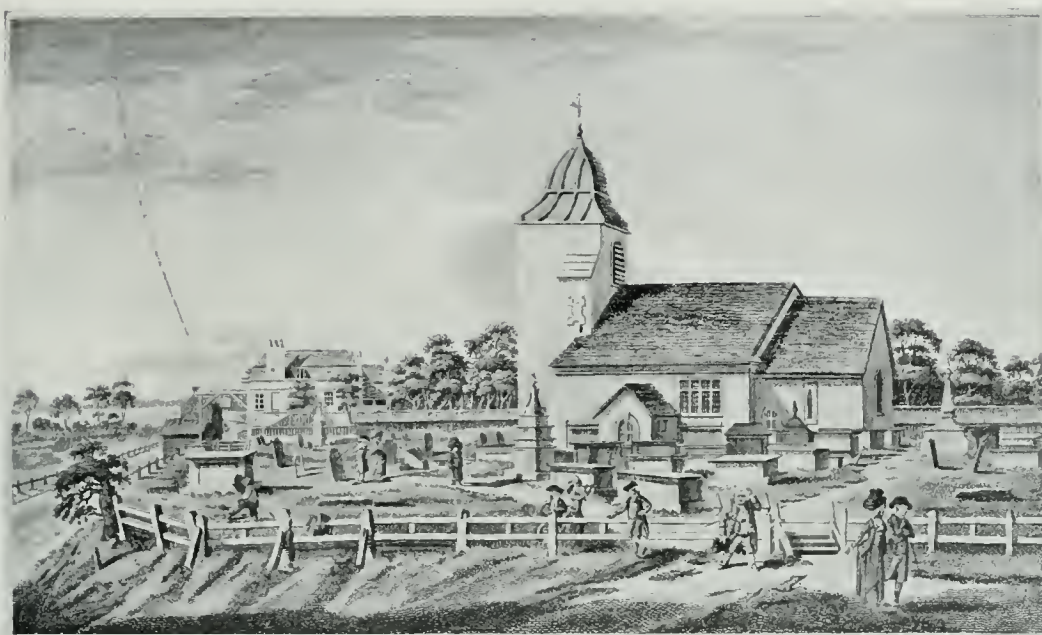
ancient records as the Cuneburne, Keelebourne, Coldbourne, and Kilbourne. Here, in the twelfth century, one Goodwyne founded a hermitage that presently grew into a Priory, which is believed to have stood, until towards the end of the eighteenth century,

The Priory. in the neighbourhood of the present Kilburn station of the London and North-Western Railway, and of which the memory is preserved by the names of Priory, Abbey, and other roads. At the dissolution the Priory lands, about forty-six acres in extent, were added to the St. John's Wood estate of the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, but four years later it was the turn of the Knights Hospitallers to be dispossessed, and then Kilburn Priory passed into private ownership. Apart from its Priory, Kilburn has little history, but in the eighteenth century a mineral spring, credited with saline properties, came into some vogue, and Kilburn Wells was for half-a-century or so a popular place of entertainment.

We must not leave Hampstead without making mention of two of its most important medical institutions. One of these, the Mount Vernon Hospital for Consumption, founded in 1860, it owes to its salubrious and bracing air. The other, the Hampstead General Hospital, established in 1882, is built in part on the site of Bertram House, a residence of Sir Rowland Hill, the postal reformer.



KILBURN PRIORY, AS IT APPEARED IN 1722.



ST. PANCRAS CHURCH, FROM THE SOUTH, IN 1789.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

ST. PANCRAS

The Name—Dimensions—The Old Church and its Associations—The Present Church—The Foundling Hospital—Brunswick and Mecklenburg Squares—Doughty Street—Sydney Smith and Charles Dickens—Hunter Street and John Ruskin—Judd Street—Regent Square—Cartwright Gardens—Tavistock Place—The Catholic Apostolic Church—University Hall—Gower Street and Charles Darwin—University College and School—University College Hospital

A PARISH of great antiquity, St. Pancras is named after the young Phrygian who, according to the "Lives of the Saints," suffered martyrdom at Rome at the age of fourteen, in the fourth century, and accordingly the borough coat-of-arms shows in the first quartering a fimbriated cross, the second and third quarterings are taken from the arms of Lewes, in Sussex, as the first town in England to consecrate a church to the youthful saint, while the crest, depicting the sun rising in his splendour, has reference to the early rise of Christianity in the borough. Of the metropolitan boroughs north of the Thames, St. Pancras is the third largest in size, being exceeded only by Hackney and by Islington, and is the third largest in population—about a quarter of a million, the boroughs which surpass it in

this respect being Islington and Stepney. Measuring 2,694 acres, it has an average breadth of about a mile from east to west, and it stretches from the south end of Tottenham Court Road northwards to the Hornsey border of the county of London. Except that there has been some rectification of frontiers, the borough is made up of the ancient parish of St. Pancras, and it includes the four ancient prebendal manors of St. Pancras-in-the-Fields, Totenhall (Tottenham Court), Cantelows (Kentish Town), and Rugmere, and embraces within its span a part of Bloomsbury, Agar Town, Camden Town, Kentish Town, Chalk Farm, Gospel Oak, and a large part of the Highgate district. Not till 1904 did St. Pancras adopt the Public Libraries Act, the first free library, in the Chester Road, being opened in 1906; it was, however, the first parish in the

Metropolis to equip itself with the electric light. It is divided into eight wards, which are distinguished by numbers only.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, St. Pancras, extensive as is its area, had less than 32,000 inhabitants, but it is a parish of great antiquity, for there is a reference to its church in the year

The Old Parish Church. 1183,* and how long it had then been standing no man knoweth.

Much altered from time to time, it was practically rebuilt in the Norman style in 1847-48, and afterwards its interior was taken in hand, so that now there is little of the savour of antiquity about it. The churchyard, too, with the adjoining burial-ground of the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, has been partly appropriated by the Midland Railway, and for the rest converted into a recreation ground; but both church and churchyard are unusually rich in associations. At the altar of old St. Pancras William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," who had such curious notions of matrimonial life, married Mary Wollstonecraft, that early pioneer of women's rights, on the 29th of March, 1797, and they were both buried in the churchyard. And it was at her mother's grave here that, in 1813, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin had a fateful meet-

ing with the youthful poet who ran away with her, and whose wife she afterwards became.

He was now about two-and-twenty, she a beautiful and highly impressionable girl of sixteen. "Shelley's anguish, his isolation, his difference from other men, his gifts of genius and eloquent enthusiasm," as we read in Lady Shelley's "Memorials," had already made a deep impression upon her. When they met in this churchyard he "in burning words poured forth the tale of his wild past—how he had suffered, how he had been misled, and how, if supported by her love, he hoped in future years to enrol his name with the wise and good who had done battle for their fellow-men, and be true through all adverse storms to the cause of humanity. Unhesitatingly, she placed her hand in his and linked her

fortunes with his own." The plain stone monument which marked the grave of Mary Godwin's mother, and afterwards of her father, is still to be seen in the recreation ground, but in 1851 their remains were exhumed and reinterred beside those of their daughter at Bournemouth. Not far from the Godwin monument are the headstone of John Walker the lexicographer, who died in 1807, and the monument of Sir John Soane the architect, who was buried in the cemetery of St. Giles.

St. Pancras Churchyard was a favourite burial ground of Roman Catholics after the Reformation, and in later days there were interred here many members of the French aristocracy, who fled to these shores for refuge from the terrors of the French Revolution. Here also were buried General Pasquale de Paoli, the hero of Corsica, who died on the 5th of April, 1807; Ned Ward (1731), author of the "London Spy"; Jeremy Collier (1726), the nonjuring bishop and castigator of the stage; and Governor Wall, who, in 1802, was hanged for the judicial murder of an insubordinate soldier in Goree. A less reputable person who was buried here after suffering at the hands of the hangman was Jonathan Wild the thief taker, who had married his third wife in the church; but after a few days the mob dug up the coffin and it was cast into the road at Kentish Town. Lord Ferrers, again, the nobleman who was hanged in 1760 for the murder of his steward, was buried under the old belfry tower of the church, in a grave fourteen feet deep, lest the enraged populace should howk up his coffin. In 1783 his remains were exhumed and re-interred at Staunton Harold. It is a relief to turn away from these dismal associations and record the fact that some of the late Cecil Rhodes's ancestors, who first settled in this parish early in the eighteenth century, coming here from Staffordshire, were laid to rest in St. Pancras Churchyard, and that in the year 1890 the founder of Rhodesia replaced two decayed family tombs with a massive monument of Aberdeen granite inscribed with their names and with his own initials, "C. J. R." The lofty memorial in the St. Giles's portion of the recreation ground, inscribed with the names of the more famous of the persons

* See Mr. Walter E. Brown's "St. Pancras Book of Dates" (revised edition, 1908), a valuable compilation published by the Borough Council.

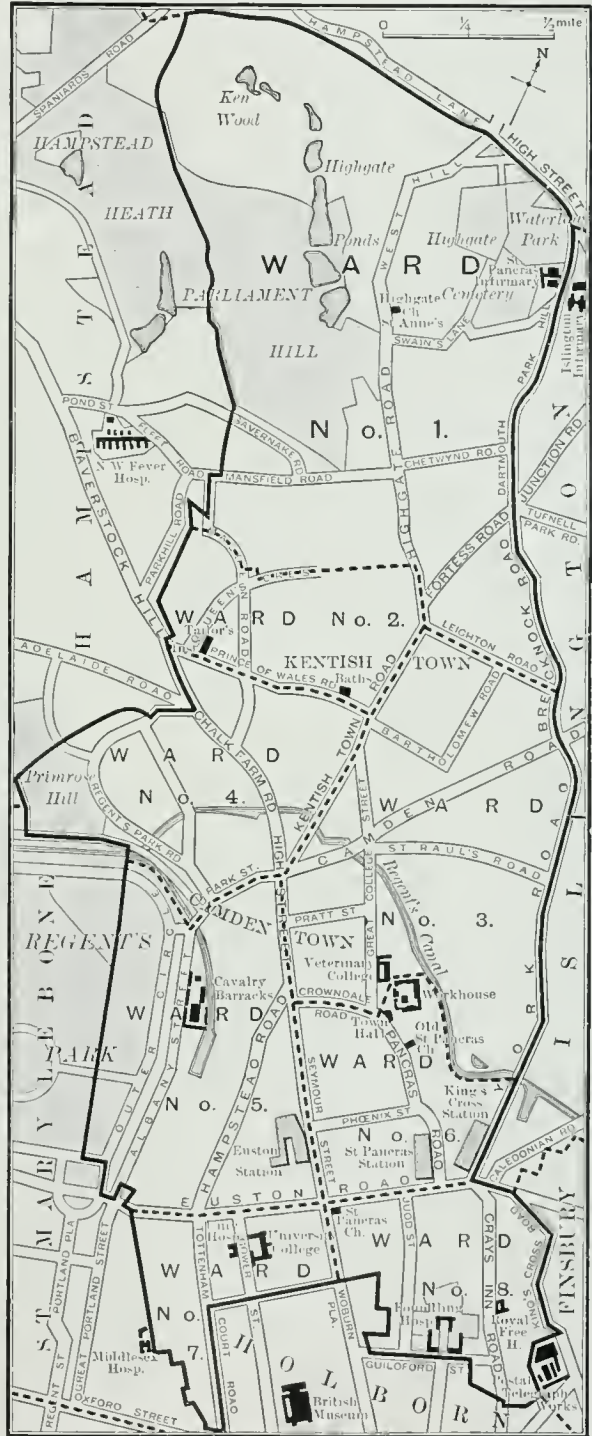
who were buried here, was erected at the charges of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts in 1877, when the garden was opened. This part of the grounds is bordered on the north side by an extension of the St. Pancras Workhouse, which abuts upon the King's Road. Here, too, is the Town Hall, a mean-looking structure which, built in 1847, and extended in 1874, is unworthy to be the municipal centre of this important metropolitan borough.

The old church of which we have briefly told the story was in 1822 supplanted as the parish church of St. Pancras by a large classical structure half a mile or so away to the south-west, in the Euston Road, designed by William and Henry Inwood. According to Mr. Hare, the cost, over £80,000, and the little favour the building found, strengthened the reaction in favour of the Gothic.

In the south-eastern corner of the borough, on the border of Holborn, and no great way from the present parish church, is an institution which holds a unique place among the multifarious charities

of London—the Foundling Hospital. It was established in 1739 by Thomas Coram, a master mariner, for "exposed and deserted children," but it soon came to be a home for illegitimate children without distinction, and in these days admission to it is only granted upon the personal application of the mother. At first it was housed in Hatton Garden, but in the course of a few years the present site, in what was then known as Lamb's Conduit Fields, was bought, and by 1754 the new building, of brick with stone dressings, and consisting chiefly of a centre and wings, with spacious gardens behind and a playground in front, where the boys in their red waistcoats and the girls in their aprons may be seen at their games, was ready for occupation. From its early days this charity has attracted the sympathy of distinguished men, such as Gainsborough and Hogarth, and, foremost of all after the founder himself, large-hearted Handel, who in the chapel often presided at performances of his *Messiah* given for its benefit, and be-

queathed to it the score of that oratorio. It also numbers among its treasures Hogarth's portrait of Captain Coram, his "March to Finchley" and "Finding of Moses," and Raphael's cartoon of the "Massacre of the Innocents." The altar-piece in the chapel,



PLAN OF ST. PANCRAS, SHOWING THE WARDS.

with "Christ Blessing Little Children" for its most appropriate subject, is by West. The organ is another of Handel's gifts, and it is but fitting that the Sunday services should still be famous for their fine music, as they were in the great maestro's time. Beneath the chapel lie Captain Coram and Lord Chief Justice Tenterden.

South of the Foundling Hospital runs Guilford Street, which in the first half of

lived here from March, 1837, when he left Furnival's Inn, to nearly the end of 1839, when he flitted to Devonshire Terrace. It was here that his wife's youngest sister, MARY, died, an event by which he was profoundly affected; and here he finished "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist," wrote a part of "Nicholas Nickleby," and made a start with "Barnaby Rudge."

Coram Street, formerly Great Coram Street



THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

the last century was the dwelling-place of not a few eminent lawyers. On the western side is Brunswick Square, which Macaulay, when he was living in Great Ormond Street, would pace round and round with his sisters Margaret and Hannah for a couple of hours at a stretch monologizing on history and politics and literature, and the universe at large. At No. 32, John Leech, one of the gentlest and most graceful of caricaturists, was living in the 'fifties. On the eastern side is

Mecklenburg Square, out of which runs Doughty Street, containing two houses bearing the London County Council's tablets, one affixed to No. 14, the residence of Sydney Smith from 1803 until 1806, when he removed to a better house in Orchard Street, the other linking No. 48 with Charles Dickens, who

running out of this square westwards, and named, of course, after the founder of the Hospital, once numbered among

Coram Street. its residents Thackeray, who came here in 1837, soon after his marriage, and lived here until 1843. Here the shadow that darkened his life first fell across his path, for after the birth of a third child in 1840 his wife became a victim of a melancholia which issued in permanent mental derangement. Hunter Street, running northwards from Coram Street, plumes itself upon its association with

Hunter Street : another great master of prose, **John Ruskin.** for at No. 54, on the west side, marked by a tablet, John Ruskin was born on the 8th of February, 1819, and here he spent the first four years of his life. His mother was an evangelical Puritan of the strictest sect, who is said to have turned



Photo: Pictorial Agency.
NAVE AND CHOIR OF THE CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC CHURCH, GORDON SQUARE.

the pictures to the wall on Sundays. To her toys were sinful, and her child was allowed nothing to play with but a box of bricks. Nor had he any playfellows, and the lonely child would sit for hours together gazing at the colours of the nursery carpet.

Judd Street, the northern continuation of Hunter Street, named after Sir Andrew Judd, Lord Mayor in 1551, who founded the Skinners' Company School at Tonbridge, his native town, and endowed it *inter alia* with land in this part of London which, then described as "sandhills on the back side of Holborn," and let for grazing purposes, now yields an income of several thousands a year. Marchmont Street, which bisects Coram Street, has memories of Shelley and Mary Godwin, who, according to the late Mrs. E. T. Cook's "Highways and Byways in London," lodged here in 1815, before poor Harriett Shelley's death enabled them to be married, and here was born and died their first child. This street has been largely rebuilt of late years.

A little to the east of Hunter Street is Regent Square, where, in the south-west corner, is the Presbyterian Church of which Edward Irving was the minister at the time his mind was captivated by the notion of a "gift of tongues." Deposed by his presbytery, he disputed its authority, but in 1831 he was ejected from the building by force, and two years later was formally suspended.

Burton Crescent, on the other (the western) side of Judd Street, now Cartwright Gardens, was originally named after the builder, who was associated with Nash in the laying-out of Regent's

**Burton
Crescent.**

Park, and was also the builder of Russell Square, Bedford Place, and other streets in this part of London. A daring speculator, he lost a good deal of money in some of his building ventures, and finally came to grief over his scheme for developing the new town of St. Leonard's. He was the father of Decimus Burton the architect. Here, on the eastern side of the garden around which the crescent is built, is a seated statue of Major Cartwright, the strenuous Parliamentary reformer, who died at his house here (No. 37) in 1824, and is buried at Finchley.

In Tavistock Place, we find ourselves once

more in the Bloomsbury region, with the greater part of which we have dealt in one of our Holborn chapters.

**Tavistock
Place.**

Here is the Passmore Edwards Settlement, an institution which may be regarded as an outgrowth of Mrs. Humphry Ward's theological novel "Robert Elsmere." Originally accommodated in University Hall, Gordon Square, it was provided with this uncon-



CAPTAIN CORAM.

From the Portrait by Hogarth in the Foundling Hospital.

ventional but not uncomely building mainly by the generosity of the philanthropist whose name it bears, and was opened by Mr. John (now Viscount) Morley early in 1898.

In the south-west corner of Gordon Square, which is named after the Lady Georgiana Gordon, second wife of the sixth Duke of Bedford, is the Catholic Apostolic Church, a building which, though unfinished, is one of the finest modern achievements in the Gothic. Begun in 1853 by Raphael Brandon for the followers of Edward Irving, who was expelled, as we have

**Catholic
Apostolic
Church.**

seen, from the Presbyterian Church in Regent Square, it is a noble specimen of late Early English, with a singularly impressive interior of cathedral-like proportions. On the north side are cloisters which give access to a group of domestic buildings connected with the church. Adjoining this is University Hall, built in 1849 from designs by Professor Donaldson, in a form of the Gothic, and formerly the

byterian minister, and removed hither in 1880 from Grafton Street, on the west side of Gower Street, where it had been installed since 1873 in a commodious building which has been absorbed by the firm of Maple and Co. Rich in theological and especially in Non-conformist works, the library was intended mainly for members of the Presbyterian, Independent and Baptist denominations,

**Dr. Williams's
Library.**



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

home of Manchester New College, where students are trained for the Unitarian Ministry. The college took up its quarters here in 1853, and here it remained until in 1889 it migrated to Oxford. It was to fill the chair of Mental, Moral, and Religious Philosophy in this college that James Martineau, most philosophical of divines, most spiritual of philosophers, came to London in 1857, and he was appointed Principal in 1869, retiring in 1885, and dying at No. 35 in this square on the 11th of January, 1900, in his ninety-fifth year. University Hall is now in part occupied by Dr. Williams's Library, founded in the City in 1711 by Dr. Daniel Williams, a Pres-

**University
Hall.**

but from the first its treasures have been available to all.

Gower Street, one of the most monotonous of London streets, denounced by Ruskin as the *ne plus ultra* of ugliness in street architecture, runs for some three-quarters of a mile from Bedford Square northwards to the Euston Road. Two of the houses, both on the eastern side of the street, are distinguished by memorial tablets—No. 54, where Sir Samuel Romilly lived, and No. 110 (formerly 12, Upper Gower Street), where Charles Darwin, greatest of English naturalists, and most modest and most unaffected of men, settled in 1839 when, after his return from his famous voyage in the *Beagle*, he

**Gower
Street.**

married his cousin, Emma Wedgwood. Here, when he and Mrs. Darwin had given up parties, which suited neither of them, he lived a life of placid contentment, testifying that "if one is quiet in London, there is nothing like it for quietness." He saw a grandeur even in London's "smoky

University College, the large building on the east side of Gower Street, with a Corinthian portico looking down upon a broad courtyard, was founded in the year 1826 by the efforts of Lord Brougham and Thomas Campbell the poet, and other men

**University
College.**



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

fogs" and in "the dull, distant sounds of cabs and coaches." "In fact," he informed a correspondent, "you may perceive I am becoming a thorough-paced Cockney." The greater part of his time was devoted to his "Coral Reefs," which, as he himself said, cost him twenty months of hard work, for he had to read "every work on the islands of the Pacific and to consult many charts." The house is now appropriated to business purposes. In this street, at No. 83, Millais lived with his parents when a boy.

of liberal views, to afford at moderate cost a literary and scientific education to students of all denominations. The foundation-stone was laid by H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex in 1827, and the building, designed by William Wilkins, who was not on this occasion trammelled by such conditions as those which spoil the National Gallery, was opened in 1828 under the title of the University of London. A few years later, when the present University of London was founded, the name was altered to that by which it has ever since been known,

and when, in 1900, the University of London was re-organised and became a teaching as well as an examining body, University College was affiliated with it as one of its "schools." In the great hall of the college, beneath the cupola which rises behind the central pediment, is a public museum containing original models and drawings by Flaxman, presented to the institution a few years after his death (in 1826) by his sister-in-law. Chief among the works to be seen here is the heroic group of "Michael Vanquishing Satan." The buildings have undergone extension, and in 1892 new laboratories were built between the main building and the street. In 1908 a bronze portrait plaque, by Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., of the late Mrs. Craigie, "John Oliver Hobbes" (p. 829), of which the cost was borne by subscription, was unveiled in the College Library by Viscount Curzon, and out of the same fund an English Literature scholarship named after that brilliant writer was created.

University College School, which used to be carried on in buildings on the south side of the college, has now been

**University
College
School.**

transferred to new buildings at Frognal, in the adjoining borough of Hampstead (p. 904). Among the famous men who have been educated at this school are Professor Jevons the economist, Sir Michael Foster the physiologist, Lord Leighton, Viscount Morley, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Viscount Selby, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord Lindley, Sir William Collins, Sir Arthur Charles, Mr. Rufus Isaacs, and Sir George Lewis. Mr. Chamberlain's connexion with it lasted for two years only. He entered it at fourteen, and left it at sixteen to enter his father's wholesale boot and shoe business at Milk Street. At University College School, says Mr. Jeyes in his biography of Mr. Chamberlain, he was "taught Greek and Latin, but showed most proficiency in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and French—subjects in which he gained prizes. Though he was thought clever by his masters, and showed great

earnestness and industry in his work, there is no tradition that he was singled out by the judgment of his contemporaries as destined for future distinction." When, in November, 1902, Mr. Chamberlain revisited the school to unveil a tablet commemorating twelve old boys who had fallen in the South African War, he allowed his mind to revert to the last occasion when he had passed through its portals—fifty years before almost to a day—when he received from the hands of the Lord Mayor of that day prizes which still held a place on his bookshelves.

On the other side of Gower Street is a large block of buildings of red brick and terra cotta which is the habitation of an

**University
College
Hospital.**

institution connected with the college. — University College Hospital, founded soon after the college itself, with Lord Brougham for President. In 1897, Sir John Blundell Maple, head of the great furniture emporium in the Euston and Tottenham Court Roads, hard by, devoted a sum of two hundred thousand pounds to the rebuilding of the hospital on an enlarged scale, as a memorial of Queen Victoria's reign. The munificent donor died in 1903, three years before the new buildings were opened by the Duke of Connaught, who at the same time unveiled a bust of the late baronet in the entrance hall, which exactly faces the entrance to the college on the other side of the road. The hospital takes the form of a central tower with radiating wings—an arrangement which provides ample air-space for each block. It numbers 280 beds, and its average income is some £14,000, of which about one-fourth is derived from invested property. To the south of the hospital, with the chief entrance in University Street, is the new Medical School, and adjoining it is a Home for Nurses, both completed in 1907, and both built at the charges of the late Sir Donald Currie, who also endowed the school, while his three daughters, Mrs. Marrielees, Mrs. Molteno, and Mrs. Wiseley, furnished the Home. Sir Donald Currie's gift amounted to a hundred thousand pounds.



Photo: Charles Martin Publishing Company.

THE OLD "FOX AND CROWN," HIGHGATE.

CHAPTER LXXXIV

ST. PANCRAS (*concluded*)

Tottenham Court Road—Whitefield's Chapel—Charlotte Street and John Constable—The Prince of Wales's Theatre—La Scala—Fitzroy Square—Euston Road—Euston Station—St. Pancras Station and Hotel—King's Cross Station—Battle Bridge—The Working Men's College—Bayham Street and Charles Dickens—Camden Town—Dibdin's Grave—Hampstead Road—Primrose Hill—The Murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey—Chalk Farm—Gospel Oak—Kentish Town—Parliament Hill Fields—Traitors' Hill—The Tumulus—Caen Wood—Holly Lodge—West Hill—The Grove—Highgate Church—The Cemetery—Waterlow Park—Lauderdale House

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, the broad thoroughfare of which the southern half forms the boundary between the boroughs of St. Pancras and Holborn, is named after Toten or Tottenham Hall, the manor-house, which stood at the northern end of the present street on the site occupied by a modern public-house, the "Adam and Eve," lineal successor of a celebrated tavern of the eighteenth century. The manor, described in Domesday as belonging to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, was in the occupation of one William de Tottenhall in the reign of Henry III., and when it was demised for ninety-nine years to Queen Elizabeth, it came to be known as Tottenham Court. Later, it was inherited by the Fitzroys, Dukes of Grafton, and then the fee-simple was vested in the Fitzroys, Lords Southampton.

About midway down Tottenham Court Road, on the west side, is the large building

of red brick which has succeeded George Whitefield's second chapel in London. His first regular preaching place was the Tabernacle, in Moorfields; this, the second, was always known, by way of distinction from the first, as "the chapel" until somewhere about the year 1880, when for the first time the name "Whitefield's Tabernacle" was placed across the front. The chapel, which a neighbouring physician dubbed Whitefield's soul-trap, was opened in 1756, was enlarged three years later by the addition of an octangular structure in front, was "restored" after fire in 1857, and, having become unsafe, was pulled down in 1889. The old building was associated not only with Whitefield, but also with John Wesley, who preached his friend's funeral sermon here, with Matthew Wilks, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, with James Parsons, "Parsons of York," with Dr. John Campbell, eminent in religious journalism as well as for his power as a preacher, with Dr. Joseph

Parker, who was Dr. Campbell's assistant for a few months in 1852 and 1853, with Dr. Bevan, now of Melbourne, who was minister from 1869 to 1876, and with the late J. Jackson Wray, pastor from 1880 to 1891. Whitefield used to tell his congregation that he had prepared a vault in which he and his friends the Wesleys were to be buried, but he died in America and was buried near Boston; nor were the Wesleys buried here. Mrs. Whitefield, however, was interred under the chapel, and so too were John Bacon, the sculptor, and Augustus Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages." All the human remains were removed to Chingford Cemetery before the present chapel was built, except those of Toplady, which repose underneath the hall that bears his name, the spot being marked by a cross. In 1903, by the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A., the church was converted into a great mission centre, and in the following year there was built in the rear of the new tabernacle the "Whitefield Institute," where a vigorous and many-sided social and religious work is carried on; and since then the buildings have undergone extension. The burial ground has been transformed into gardens controlled by the London County Council.

Running parallel with Tottenham Court Road on the west side is Charlotte Street, on the east side of which is the house, formerly No. 35, but now No. 76, and marked by a

London County Council tablet, in which John Constable spent the last fifteen years of his life, dying there suddenly on the 31st of March, 1837. In the same

house an earlier Royal Academician, Joseph Farrington, died in 1796. In this street is a frontage of one of the largest and best-equipped theatres in London, La Scala, opened in December, 1904, by Lady Bancroft, who in her speech recalled the fact that the house stands on the site of the "dear little theatre" over which she used to preside, the Prince of Wales's. Originally a concert-room, dating from the eighteenth century, the earlier

building was fitted up as a theatre early in the next century, and after a chequered career and several changes of name, was taken in 1865 by Lady Bancroft (then Miss Marie Wilton) and H. J. Byron, and reopened as the Prince of Wales's. For fifteen years the little house enjoyed a career of unmitigated prosperity, and here the Bancrofts produced a series of Robertson's comedies—*Society* (which had already been presented at Liverpool), *Ours*, *Caste*, *Play*, *School*, and *M.P.* When in 1879 they migrated to the Haymarket, the Prince of Wales's fell upon evil days, and it ceased to be a theatre in 1882; but this dismal stage of its career was signalled by the first appearance in London of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in Burnand's *The Colonel*, in 1881. When finally the building was demolished the

ungainly portico was preserved and now forms the stage entrance of La Scala, in Tottenham Street. The new theatre, named in allusion to the broad staircase of white marble which, visible from every part of the house, occupies the space usually given to the boxes, has not yet repeated the successes of which the Prince of Wales's was the scene.

Charlotte Street leads, by way of Fitzroy Street, to Fitzroy Square, named after the ground landlords, and laid out in 1790 by Robert and James Adam, whose work may



TOTTEN HALL.

From a Drawing by Scharf

easily be recognised in the large houses on the south and east sides. Many of the houses are now in the occupation of philanthropic societies. Here also is the College for Working Women.

The Euston Road, made about the middle of the eighteenth century, at first formed part of what was styled the New Road,

Euston Road.

which ran from Islington to the

Edgware Road, but its name was presently altered to one of the titles of the ground landlords, the Fitzroys, who besides being Dukes of Grafton are Earls of Euston. In the course of the next century it degenerated until it became one of the dingiest thoroughfares in London, although the trees and green-sward of Euston Square and Endsleigh Gardens, the new St. Pancras Church, and the hotel and terminus of the Midland Railway did something to mitigate its look of squalor. Of late years it has been undergoing improvement, and on its northern side have sprung up several large public and commercial buildings, among them the New Hospital for Women, and the head offices of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society, opened by King Edward in 1906, while Euston Square, abutting upon the Euston Road, is dignified by the new offices of the London, Edinburgh and Glasgow Assurance Company. The entrance to the terminus of the London and North Western Railway, in Drummond Street, is marked by a massive Doric arch

which is said to have cost £30,000.

Euston Station.

The Stephensons are much in evidence here: facing the Euston Road is a statue of Robert, and in the large and lofty entrance hall is one of George, "the father of railways," by Baily. A curious fact in connexion with this hall—which was designed by Philip Hardwick—is that George Frederick Watts volunteered to decorate it gratuitously with a series of frescoes illustrating the progress of commerce, and that the generous and public-spirited offer was rejected!

The London and Birmingham Railway, as the line was at first called, was opened in 1838. For some years the trains between Chalk Farm and Euston were worked by a stationary engine and a rope nearly three inches thick, for it was feared that the locomotive engines would frighten the horses in the streets, and it was not until 1845 that



GEORGE WHITEFIELD PREACHING.

they were allowed to come to Euston. In the following year the London and Birmingham, the Manchester and Birmingham and the Grand Junction Railway were amalgamated under the title of the London and North Western Railway. In Seymour Street, on the eastern side of Euston Station, is the Railway Clearing House, established in 1842 for the settlement of accounts between the various railway companies.

The Midland Railway terminus is the handsomest railway station in London.

The Gothic hotel, of rich, red brick, with its lofty clock tower, its gleaming spires, its gabled roof, its tier upon tier of pointed windows is contemptuously dismissed by Mr. Hare as Sir Gilbert Scott's "tawdry masterpiece." Perhaps Mr. Hare meant little more than the architect meant when he admitted that it is "possibly too good for its purpose." Scott excused himself on the ground that, having been disappointed, through Lord Palmerston, of his hope of building the Government offices in Whitehall in the Gothic, as related earlier in these pages, he was "glad to be able to erect one building in that style in London." But few of our readers, probably, especially when they compare St. Pancras with its next-door neighbour, King's Cross, will be disposed to think any such apology necessary. The station itself, designed by Mr.

St. Pancras Station.

W. H. Barlow, consulting engineer to the Company at the time of its erection, is spanned by what was then, and perhaps is still, the largest roof in the world, stretching to a width of 243 feet, and measuring a length of 690 feet, without receiving the support of a single pillar. The twenty-four girders of the roof spring directly from the nethermost foundation, and the whole is held together by the iron floor, which answers the purpose of a series of ties. The daring idea of spanning the station with a one-arched roof, in which by a clever manipulation of girders and ties the use of intermediate columns might be dispensed with, was suggested to Mr. Barlow by a change of plan that made it obviously desirable to reduce to a minimum the weight resting upon the passenger platform. The original intention had been to raise the station to a level suitable to the contemplated line by building it upon an embankment. Afterwards, however, it was determined to dispense with any such foundation, and to have beneath the station an open area, available for storage and traffic, and accessible to the surrounding roads. Moreover, even this area does not rest upon the solid earth, for beneath its cellars is the Midland branch line down to the Metropolitan.

The Midland Railway was formed in 1844 by the union of the Midland Counties, North Midland, and Birmingham and Derby Companies, but it was not until long afterwards that it found its way to London, and St. Pancras Station was not opened until 1871. To prepare the way for it and the adjacent warehouses, the squalid region known as Agar Town, after one William Agar, to whom much of it belonged in the middle of the nineteenth century, was almost abolished. But the works stand partly in the district known as Somers Town, upon which the London and North Western Railway also made considerable inroads.

Of the terminus of the Great Northern Railway little need be said. Built in 1852 by Lewis and Joseph Cubitt in the grounds of the Small-Pox Hospital, which was transferred to Highgate, it is obviously not "too good" in an æsthetic sense "for its pur-

pose," but it is spacious, and there is an agreeable absence, even at busy times, of the confusion which reigns at some great railway stations. King's Cross, the name by which this neighbourhood is so familiar, was not applied to it until after 1836 when an octagonal structure, bearing a ridiculous statue of George IV., was reared at the meeting-point of the Euston, Pentonville, and Gray's Inn Roads, to be made away with, none too soon, in 1845. This

spot, and the region round about, had before then been known as **Battle Bridge.**

Battle Bridge, a name which has survived in the road that runs from York Road to Pancras Road. It is a reminiscence of a bridge that here crossed the Fleet, and of the tradition that at this place was fought the battle between the legionaries of Suetonius Paulinus and the fierce hordes of Boadicea. Of this tradition there is no evidence, and Dr. Sharpe, in his "London and the Kingdom," concludes, on the authority of Tacitus, that London was not of sufficient importance in the estimation of the Roman general to induce him to defend it against the Icenian queen.

By Pancras Road we may find our way north-westwards to Crowndale Road, where are the handsome buildings of the Working Men's College, which was transferred hither from Great Ormond Street in 1906. The new buildings, reared by Mr. Caröe at a cost, including the land, of £30,000, contain eighteen class-rooms, hall, library, museum, laboratories, and other requirements of an educational centre, and there is ample accommodation for a thousand students. Hard by, in Great College Street, is another educational institution, the Royal Veterinary College, from which the street takes its name. Another street which runs out of

Crowndale Road, Bayham Street, is memorable because it was the first London home of Charles **Bayham Street: Charles Dickens.** Dickens, when the family came to London from Chatham in 1821.

It is described by Forster as "then about the poorest part of the London suburbs, and the house was a mean, small tenement, with a wretched little garden abutting on a squalid court." On one occasion Dickens

King's Cross Station.

told his biographer how "in the little back garret in Bayham Street," he thought dismally of all he had lost in leaving Chatham. It has been alleged by some who remembered the street in 1821 that at that time it was a quiet street in a rural village, although the houses were but small, and that the biographer has put too much shadow into his picture. However this may be, the street is dingy enough now, though in its northern portion is an agreeable looking group of almshouses belonging to the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and built in 1817.

Bayham Street, named after Bayham Abbey, the Marquis Camden's Sussex seat, is in the Camden Town district, which began to be developed towards the close of the eighteenth century, building leases being granted in 1791 by the ground landlord, Lord Camden, the Charles Pratt who was Attorney-General and afterwards Lord Chancellor in the reign of George III. Another street which by its name reminds us of the ground landlord, is Pratt Street, on the north side of which is an old burial ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, converted by the St. Pancras Vestry in 1889 into a public garden, dignified by avenues of well-grown plane-trees, with its chief entrance in Camden Street, almost opposite the ugly parish church of Camden Town. In this pleasant enclosure, which was dedicated to the public by the late Countess of Rosebery, is to be seen the plain tombstone of Charles Dibdin, the prolific author of farces and other plays which have all been forgotten, but whose memory is still kept green by his nautical ballads, among them "Poor Tom Bowling," a stanza of which is inscribed on his tomb. Close by is a memorial which was reared in 1880 by the Kentish Town Musical Society and other admirers, and at the head of the names that appear on the column are those of two vocalists who often charmed their

audiences with Dibdin's songs—Sir Charles Santley and the late Sims Reeves. In this burial ground also rests all that is mortal of George Dawson, of Birmingham, whose pungent and brilliant lectures did much to popularise the transcendentalism of Emerson and Carlyle.

The Camden Road has been mentioned in another chapter, for it is partly in the borough of Islington, and it only remains to add that on its north-western side, in Sandall Road, is



CHARLES DIBDIN'S TOMB IN ST. MARTIN'S BURIAL GROUND, PRATT STREET.

the North London Collegiate School for Girls, of which the late Frances Mary Buss was for many years headmistress, being succeeded at her death by Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D.Sc. Like the allied Camden School, a little distance westwards, in the Prince of Wales Road, the North London School is under the patronage of the Brewers' Company. Extensions of the buildings of both schools were opened by Sir William Collins, M.P., in 1909.

In the High Street of Camden Town, at its junction with the Camden Road, is the "Mother Red Cap," the successor of an old tavern which, according to one story, was named after a witch of the Commonwealth period, known as "Mother Damnable." The house has been more than once rebuilt since the middle of the last century. Opposite, on the west side of the High Street, is the "Britannia," a tavern which is one of the traffic centres of this part of London, and a little lower down the street is the Bedford Music

**Dibdin's
Grave.**

**Frances Mary
Buss Schools.**

**Familiar
Taverns.**

Hall. In the rear of this part of the High Street, facing Arlington Road, is the largest of all the Rowton Houses, opened at the end of 1905, and having eleven hundred bedrooms. One of the houses in Arlington Road, No. 34, bears a London County Council tablet associating it with Charles Dibdin, who, as we have seen, is buried not far away.

At the southern end of the High Street is the Royal Camden Theatre, and here looking down Eversholt Street and the Hampstead Road, is the only statue of Richard Cobden of which London can boast, erected by public subscription in 1868, one of the contributors being Napoleon III., with whose Government the English statesman had negotiated a commercial treaty.

In Hampstead Road, leading from the High Street to the Euston Road, there is little that need detain us. But No. 263, the house at the southern corner of Mornington Crescent, bears a tablet associating it with George Cruikshank, who died here on the 1st of February, 1878; and at No. 225, on the same (the western) side, Lord Tennyson once lived. On the east side is the London Temperance Hospital, founded in 1873 to show that alcohol can be dispensed with even as a drug, and several times since then enlarged. It has a hundred beds and an ordinary income of about £8,000, of which about one-fourth is yielded by invested property. Close by are the St. Pancras Female Charity School and St. James's Church, the latter formerly a chapel-of-ease to St. James's, Piccadilly, with a graveyard which is now a public garden. Here lie George Morland and John Hoppner, the painters, and Lord George Gordon, who died in Newgate in 1793.

West of the Hampstead Road, about midway between it and the strip of Regent's Park

which belongs to St. Pancras, is the Cumberland Hay Market, the property of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, removed in the reign of George IV. from the Haymarket at Piccadilly.

Albany Street.

Not far to the north, in Albany Street, facing St. Katharine's Hospital, are barracks which are used, in turn with those at Knightsbridge, by a regiment of the Household Cavalry. Trinity Church, at the south end of this street, but just over the Marylebone border, may be

mentioned here because, unimpressive as it is in itself, it was the work of Sir John Soane, the architect who designed the Bank of England and founded the Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Primrose Hill, the eminence to the north of Regent's Park separated from it by the Regent's Canal, is partly in the borough of St. Pancras and partly in that of Hampstead. Rising to a height of 206 feet, and extending over an area of about 50 acres, this pleasant open space, famous for its views of London on the south and of Hampstead and



SIR EDMUND BERRY GODFREY.

Highgate on the north, is, like the Park, under the control of H.M. Office of Works. In the reign of Henry VI. this part of London, which had long

Primrose Hill.

been the property of the Leper Hospital of St. James, was transferred to the Provost and Fellows of Eton College, in whose hands it remained until early in the reign of Queen Victoria it was secured by the Government in exchange for certain lands at Eton. The names borne by several of the streets in the neighbourhood, such as Provost, Fellows, Oppidans, and Eton, still commemorate the connexion between it and the college near the royal castle. At the bottom of the southern slope is a large open-air gymnasium.

It was in a ditch at the foot of this

slope of Primrose Hill that the body of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey was discovered on Thursday, the 17th of October, 1678. Member of an old Kentish family of repute, Godfrey, according to Bishop Burnet, who knew him well, was esteemed "the best justice in England." He was,

An Historic Tragedy.

adds the Bishop, "a zealous Protestant, and loved the Church of England, but had kind thoughts of the Nonconformists and was not forward to execute the laws against them." Still more to his credit is it that in those days of furious hatred of everything Roman Catholic he interfered with Romanists as little as possible. At nine o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 12th of October, 1678, he left his bachelor's home in what was known as Green's Lane, at the Charing Cross end of the Strand. Soon afterwards he was at Marylebone, and about mid-day he called upon a churchwarden. After that nothing more was seen of him until the Thursday night, when two men came upon a pair of gloves and a scabbard in a lonely field close to Primrose Hill, and on searching about discovered his lifeless body in the ditch, transfixed with his own sword.

The news of the discovery spread like wildfire, and soon half the town was hastening towards Primrose Hill. From Bishop Burnet we learn several highly significant circumstances which he himself noticed when he viewed the remains of his murdered friend. In the first place there was no blood on the clothes or on the body, so that the sword must have been thrust through him after death. It was clearly, therefore, no case of suicide, as was suggested in the interests of the Roman Catholics, who were naturally unwilling to believe in a crime which was sure to be laid to their account. Death, as was afterwards declared by two surgeons who had examined the body, was due to strangulation, which was the cause of the mark, "an inch broad," that Burnet saw all round the bare neck. The murdered man had evidently made a desperate fight for life. His assailants had only effected their diabolical purpose by using the most brutal violence, for his breast was covered with contusions, and his neck was broken. There was a good deal of money and jewellery found in his possession, so that robbery was not the motive of the crime. Nothing, in fact, was missing

except the cravat, which had no doubt been removed to make way for the instrument of strangulation.

Two months afterwards, one Prance, a Roman Catholic silversmith, who had been employed as a silversmith in the Queen's Chapel at Somerset House, was arrested as a Catholic conspirator at the instance of a man who owed him money, and was soon brow-beaten and tortured into confessing that he had had a hand in the murder, though he was careful to represent himself as having played a strictly subordinate part. His story was that the crime originated in the scheming brains of priests connected with the Queen's household, who determined upon Godfrey's destruction because of the support he was giving to Titus Oates. The instruments of their bloody purpose were Robert Green, cushionman in the Queen's Chapel, Lawrence Hill, servant to Dr. Godden, treasurer of the Chapel, and Henry Berry, the porter at Somerset House. Having dogged their victim for several days in vain, these men, on the day of his disappearance, the 12th of October, induced him to step into the courtyard of Somerset House on the pretence that a dangerous quarrel was raging, and there, in the presence of the three priests at whose behests they had entered into the business, they strangled him. Afterwards the body was removed in a sedan-chair to Soho, and thence to Primrose Hill.

This story, wildly improbable as it appears now, was considered quite good enough to warrant the arrest of the unfortunate men, Green, Hill, and Berry; and the priests also would have been seized but that they had sought safety in flight. Before the trial Prance abandoned his story, and told the King and Council that it was all an invention; but as soon as he got back to Newgate he withdrew his retraction, and sent word to the Council that his original confession was true in every circumstance. The accused persons all stoutly and consistently denied their guilt, and when put upon their trial called witnesses to prove an *alibi*. They also called the soldiers who were on duty at the gate of Somerset House on the night when, according to Prance, the body was taken away in a sedan chair, and these men swore that though a sedan chair was brought in that night—a common enough occurrence—none went out.

The only confirmation that Prance's story found was in the evidence of Bedloe, an accomplice of Titus Oates, and almost as great a scoundrel. Yet upon this ill-concocted tale, wrung from a wretch by torture and the fear of death or transportation, all three men were found guilty and hanged at Tyburn. That they were victims of a most lamentable miscarriage of justice was afterwards clearly proved. Prance was pardoned, and was soon found

accuser and the innocent magistrate, had taken a revenge of which the history of persecuted sects furnishes too many examples." Yet we know from Burnet that Godfrey had never excited the hostility of the unpopular party, and his attitude towards the plot was not at all likely to have that effect. The nature of the injuries, too, suggests that the murder was not the impulsive act of a crazy fanatic, but the calculated deed of a band of ruffians, who



CHALCOT, OR CHALK FARM.

defending his tale in pamphlets. But in 1685 the bubble blown by Oates was pricked, and that arch-liar was pilloried and whipped at the cart's-tail, and in 1686, seven years after the murder, Prance's turn came. Brought to trial for perjury, he confessed that he had invented every part of the story which had sent three men to the gallows, and he, too, was pilloried, and scourged all the way from Newgate to Tyburn. So far the case admits of no doubt whatever. But here certainty ends, and in all human probability the veil of mystery that hangs over the affair will never be raised. Lingard favours the theory of suicide. Macaulay thought the most probable supposition was that "some hot-headed Roman Catholic, driven to frenzy by the lies of Oates and by the insults of the multitude, and not distinguishing between the perjured

first strangled their victim, and then, it may be from sheer delight in brutal violence, or in order to give a touch of irony to their work, ran him through with his own sword. It was Oates and his crew who profited from the crime, and on the whole, though it is no case for dogmatic assertion, the probability is, as Mr. Sidney Lee concludes in his article in the Dictionary of National Biography, that Godfrey was done to death by this gang of scoundrels, or some among them, who at once rid themselves of a possible obstacle to their nefarious designs and stirred up prejudices which caused their calumnies to fall upon greedy ears.

On the eastern side of Primrose Hill is the district known as Chalk Farm, an undoubted corruption of Chalcot, the name borne by the manor, and afterwards by a

farmhouse which later became a tavern with tea gardens, and was at one time styled the

Chalk Farm.

White House from its being white-washed. It was to the White House that the body of the murdered magistrate was conveyed after its discovery as related above. Nor is this the only tragic memory of Chalk Farm, for this sequestered spot was, in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the scene of frequent duels, some of them, like the encounter between Moore and Jeffrey in 1806, bloodless, but

improbably called after a tree under which a portion of the Gospel was read when, on Ascension Day, the "beating of the bounds" was carried out by the parochial authorities.

Kentish Town, which lies to the east of Gospel Oak, is mentioned in Domesday as a manor belonging to St. Paul's, and it gives title to the Prebendary of Cantelows, as the name came to be written, although, according to Lysons, an older form was Kentistoune. In 1670 the manor was acquired by the

Kentish Town.



ANDREW MARVELL'S HOUSE, WATERLOW PARK (p. 924).

others with less fortunate endings. One of the most recent of the fatal encounters here was that between Lockhart's friend Christie and John Scott, the avowed editor of the *London Magazine*. The latter, severely wounded, was carried to the "Chalk Farm" tavern, where he died. His antagonist was put upon trial at the Old Bailey but was acquitted.

Between Chalk Farm and Gospel Oak, in the Maitland Park district, are the Orphan Working School—founded in the East of London in 1758, and removed to this pleasanter situation about a century later—some groups of almshouses, and a Dominican monastery, in the Early English style, built in 1863-67, though the church was not added until 1883. The Gospel Oak district, situated as it is on the western border of St. Pancras, is not

Gospel Oak.

Jeffreys family, and afterwards it passed to Earl Camden. North of Kentish Town lies a large tract of the Highgate district, including Parliament Hill Fields, an extension of Hampstead Heath on the west, which measures 267 acres, and is famous for the magnificent views it commands not only of London but right across the Thames valley to the Surrey hills, where gleams the Crystal Palace. This splendid addition to the open spaces of the Metropolis was acquired at a cost of £301,702, under the powers of an Act of Parliament passed in 1886, by the late Metropolitan Board of Works, with the co-operation of the St. Pancras and Hampstead Vestries and other local authorities, and the Charity Commissioners, whose grants were supplemented by a public subscription that amounted to £46,000. One

Parliament Hill Fields.

of the highest points is that from which the open space takes its name—Parliament Hill, otherwise 'Traitors' Hill—which rises to a height of 319 feet, near the Hampstead border of St. Pancras. The theory that the eminence derives its more reputable name from its having been fortified by the Parliamentary forces may be dismissed as unsupported by evidence and as intrinsically improbable. A more likely derivation is one that is supported by Professor Hales, that the place was connected with the Hundred-moot or Folk-moot, or some other primitive form of Parliament. The name "Traitors' Hill" also has a legend to account for it, and we are invited to imagine the

Traitors' Hill.

Gunpowder Plot conspirators assembling here to have a good view of the Houses of Parliament being blown into the air. Here, again, Professor Hales comes to the rescue with a suggestion which is at any rate ingenious, though it can hardly be regarded as anything more—that the "traitors" who contrived to get themselves associated with the hill were the Fifth Monarchy men who, when early in January, 1661, they took to arms, "hastened to Cane Wood, between Highgate and Hampstead, where they reposed themselves for the night."

Another eminence in Parliament Hill Fields is styled the Tumulus, and is identified by yet another legend with the burial-place of Queen Boadicea and with the scene of a battle in which the people of London routed the inhabitants of Verulamium (St. Albans), who attacked them out of jealousy of the growing importance of the settlement on the banks of the Thames. In 1894 the London County Council, who in many ways have shown themselves regardful of the archaeological interests of the Metropolis, opened the mound, but discovered nothing that could supply confirmation of the legends that have attached themselves to the place. The conclusions arrived at by Mr. C. H. Read, F.S.A., who superintended the operations, were that the Tumulus is an artificial mound, raised at a spot where there was originally a slight rise in the ground, and that "very probably" it was an "ancient British burial mound, of the early Bronze period." Not so much as a bone was unearthed, but this was regarded

as "a circumstance by no means uncommon."*

In Parliament Hill Fields are three large ponds which, with two others on the Caen Wood Estate, were formed by William Paterson, the ingenious founder of the Bank of England, to collect the water from the springs hereabout in order to supply Hampstead and Kentish Town. The company, which was formed in 1690, did very well at first, but went down before the competition of the New River Company. The larger part of the Caen Wood Estate, with the mansion, is in the borough of St. Pancras, but the rest of it is in Hornsey, and so outside the County of London. It formerly included the greater part of Parliament Hill Fields. One form of the name is Ken Wood, and this is probably the older form, and may very well be connected with the first syllable of Kentish Town. In the eighteenth century the property belonged to the Dukes of Argyll, by one of whom it was devised to the Earl of Bute, the unpopular Minister of the early part of George III.'s reign, and by him, in 1755, it was sold to the great Lord Mansfield. The present mansion, built by the brothers Adam, had a narrow escape from destruction by the Gordon rioters in 1780, for, after they had burnt Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square, they came to Highgate to vent their fury upon Caen Wood, but the landlord of the "Spaniards" Tavern in the road of that name (p. 895) plied them so generously with his liquors that by the time they sallied forth to their work a detachment of Horse Guards had arrived, and they thought it more prudent to make their way back to London.

Some little distance to the east of Parliament Hill Fields is Holly Lodge, for many years the country house of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, purchased by Mr. Thomas Coutts, the banker, and bequeathed by him to his widow, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans, who at her death left it to the lady who acquired such wide renown by her benevolence. The estate was offered for sale by auction in 1907,

Holly Lodge.

* Readers who may desire to go more deeply into these questions will find them discussed at considerable length in Colonel Sexby's "Municipal Parks, Gardens, and Open Spaces of London." 1905. (Elliot Stock.)



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

LAUDERDALE HOUSE, WATERLOW PARK.

shortly after the Baroness's death, but was not sold, the reserve price for the whole sixty acres, regarded as building land, being as much as £260,000. Here is another Traitors' Hill, but why it is so called is a matter of the merest conjecture and need not detain us.

The road which borders Holly Lodge is known as West Hill, near the brow of which there stood until 1898 a picturesque old tavern known as the "Fox and Crown," the front of which was decorated with the royal arms, presented to the landlord by Queen Victoria in the year of her accession as an acknowledgment of his timely help in stopping the horses of her carriage when they had bolted down the hill. The pretty private house which has superseded the old inn bears an inscription recording the fact that it stands upon the site, and the coat of arms itself is preserved in the library of the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution.

Close to the site of the "Fox and Crown" is the Grove, a row of substantial, well-built houses of mellowed red brick, dating probably from the early Georgian period. In one of them, the third from the south or West Hill end, unmarked by any tablet,* Samuel

West Hill.

The Grove, Highgate.

Taylor Coleridge spent the last eighteen years of his life as the honoured guest of his friend and biographer, James Gillman, dying here in 1834, and being buried in a graveyard which is now almost entirely covered by the dignified new buildings of Highgate Grammar School. His grave is preserved in the crypt of the school chapel.

Close to the south end of the Grove, occupying a commanding site which makes it one of the most prominent landmarks of North London, is the spired church of St. Michael, built by Lewis Vulliamy and consecrated in 1832, when it superseded the old chapel that, occupying part of the site of the present buildings of the Grammar School, had up to this time served as the church of Highgate, though attached to the school. With little architectural merit, St. Michael's makes an agreeable landmark. It overlooks what is perhaps the most attractive of the cemeteries of London, the North London or, as it is more generally styled, Highgate Cemetery, which was laid out by Mr. Ramsay, the landscape gardener, with so much

Highgate Church.

Highgate Cemetery.

skill that it looks at least twice its actual size. Here, among many others eminent in various walks of life, lie Michael Faraday; Lord Lyndhurst, thrice Lord Chancellor; Frederick Denison Maurice; Dr. James Hamilton, who succeeded Edward Irving at Regent's Square Church; James Martineau; "George Eliot" whose grave,

* The London County Council abstained from securing permission to affix a tablet because it was informed that the house would be demolished early in 1905. Happily the threat has not yet been fulfilled.

marked by a shaft of granite, is to be seen in the lower part of the cemetery, near the entrance from Swain's Lane; George Jacob Holyoake the historian, if not the founder, of the Co-operative movement; Christina Rossetti; and Lillywhite the cricketer, who is commemorated by a monument erected by the members of the Marylebone Cricket Club. Here, too, were laid to rest the father and mother of Charles Dickens, and the novelist's little daughter, Dora. And here, in 1864, was buried Mr. T. C. Druce, of the Baker Street Bazaar, in a tomb that was opened in 1907 in consequence of the allegation that Mr. Druce was really the fifth Duke of Portland, and that the funeral was a fictitious one. The coffin, however, was found to contain a body which was clearly identified as that of Mr. Druce, and since then nothing has been heard of the legend.

Separated from the cemetery by Swain's Lane is Waterlow Park, perhaps the prettiest municipal park in the County of London, so undulating that it appears to be much larger than its twenty-nine acres, and rejoicing in sheets of ornamental water and a great variety of trees and shrubs, as well as in charming herbaceous borders and most delightful old gardens, one of them planted with all the herbs and garden plants that are mentioned in Shakespeare. The little lakes are the haunt of gay-plumaged water-fowl, and in the grounds are aviaries which are a source of perennial delight to the young. The park was attached to Fairseat House, the residence of the late Sir Sydney Waterlow, who generously presented the demesne to the London County Council in 1889. The donor, who survived until 1906, is commemorated in the park by a statue which was unveiled by the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, in 1900. In it there stood until 1869, on the spot now covered by the circular aviary, the unpretentious cottage in which for many years lived

Andrew Marvell; and the grounds still contain Lauderdale House, built early in the Restoration period for the "Cabal" nobleman whose name it bears, but interesting much more because it was often borrowed by Charles II. from its owner for the use of Nell Gwynne. This, indeed, is the reputed scene of an incident which ought to be true if it is not. When, as the story goes, her royal lover was walking in the gardens, she held her child out of an upper window and said, "Unless you do something for your son, here he goes!" whereupon he exclaimed, "Stop, Nellie, and save the Earl of Burford!" In 1843 Lauderdale House was the residence of Lord Westbury, before he became Lord Chancellor, and in 1872 Sir Sydney Waterlow placed it at the disposition of St. Bartholomew's Hospital as a convalescent home. By the time the park was presented to the public the house had become much dilapidated, but the destruction with which it was threatened was averted, and having been thoroughly repaired, and the stucco with which it had been daubed having been replaced by rough-cast, the ground floor was converted into a refreshment room and shelter.

In the High Street of Highgate, opposite Lauderdale House, is another relic of Stuart days, Cromwell House, which is said to have been built for General Ireton and his wife Bridget, Oliver's eldest daughter, and is now a Convalescent Home of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. But this and other features of interest of which Highgate boasts lie outside the borough of St. Pancras and the County of London, and we must resist the temptation to wander over the border. So end peregrinations in the borough of St. Pancras which have led us from the heart of London, within a few hundred yards of the border of the City, to the northern extremity of the administrative county.

Lauderdale House.

Waterlow Park.

Cromwell House.



GEORGE ELIOT'S GRAVE (MARKED BY A COLUMN).



ISLINGTON POUND, LOOKING NORTH.
From a Water-colour Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd, 1850.

CHAPTER LXXXV

ISLINGTON

Area—Wards—The Name—St. Mary's Church—Union Chapel—The Agricultural Hall—Duncan Terrace : The Lambs—Hugh Myddelton and the New River—Ball's Pond—Mildmay Park—Canonbury Tower—Highbury—Highbury Fields—Finsbury Park—Holloway—The Cattle Market—Pentonville and Holloway Prisons—The "Brecknock"—Holloway Road—The "Whittington Stone"—The Archway Road—St. Joseph's Retreat

THE most partial of recorders can no longer write of "merrie Islington," or pretend that a perambulation of the streets of the borough is a very exhilarating occupation. In respect of recreation grounds Islington is one of the poorest of the London boroughs, for though it has Finsbury and Clissold Parks on its north east border, and Parliament Hill Fields is no great distance away on the north-west, the largest of the open spaces actually within the borough, Highbury Fields, measures less than twenty-eight acres, and altogether they only aggregate about forty acres. How different this from the state of things in former days, when Islington was the pasture-ground of London, and the archers of Islington were among the most renowned in the land, and of a summer evening the citizens of London would stroll out to its tea-gardens to regale themselves with its luscious cream and its toothsome cheese-cakes, or to hunt the ducks of its ponds with their water-dogs.

Among the boroughs of the administrative county which lie on the north side of the Thames, Islington, with an area of 3,092 acres, is exceeded by Hackney alone, and in point of population it stands first of all the London boroughs, its inhabitants numbering not far short of 340,000. Stretching from the confines of Finsbury and Shore-ditch on the south, to the northern limits of the county, it is three miles in length and not far short of two and a-half miles in average breadth. It is divided

into eleven wards—St. Mary's, St. Peter's, Canonbury, Barnsbury and Thornhill on the south, Highbury, Mildmay and Lower Holloway in the centre, Upper Holloway, Tollington, and Tufnell on the north. The Baths and Wash-houses Act was adopted by the old vestry, which also undertook the supply of electricity, and had its works in Eden Grove, Holloway, but it was not until 1904 that the Council adopted the Public Libraries Act. The Council has

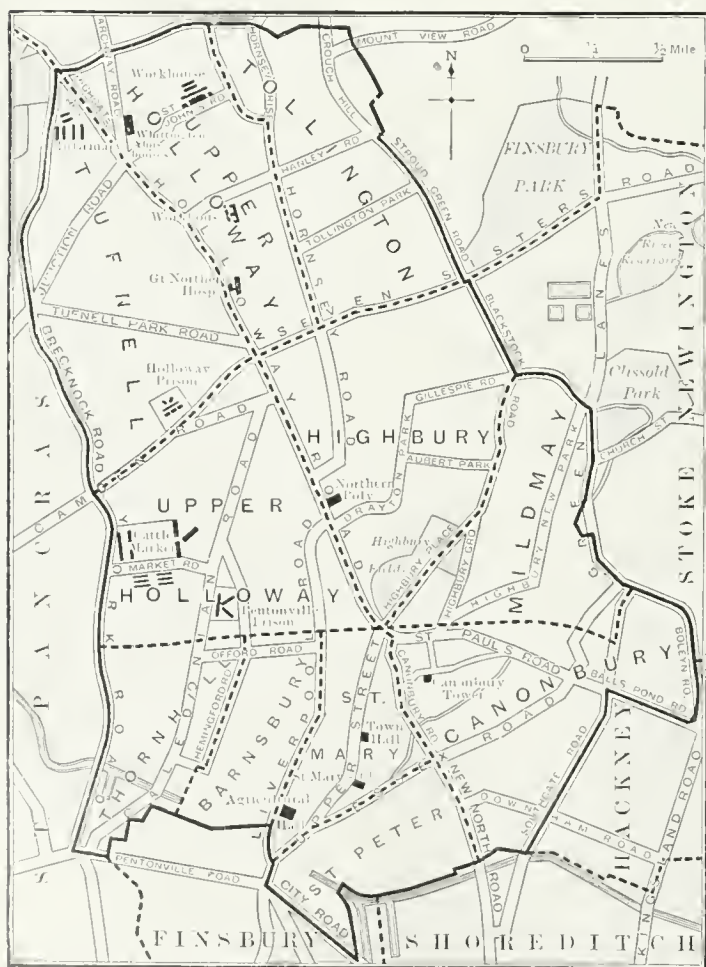
indulged in the luxury of armorial bearings, and the principal charges in the coat of arms represent the four chief manors of the borough — those of St. John of Jerusalem, Highbury, Barnsbury, and Canonbury, while the crest, a bow with fixed arrow, commemorates Islington's association with the warlike sports of the past.

To discuss the theories that have been started to account for the name of the borough were unprofitable, for

The Name. they are all the merest guesses, nor have they even the merit of plausibility; suffice it to say that among the forms in which Islington has been written in the distant past are Isendone, Iseldone, and Hisselton. The village which has borne these designations, and which did not lose its rural character until the nineteenth century—for in 1801 there were less than eleven

thousand residents in this extensive parish, clustered around the church of St. Mary.

The present church, in Upper St. Mary's. Street, of brick with stone dressings, and with a curious stone spire, resting upon many columns which look all too slender to support it, dates only from the middle of the eighteenth century, when it superseded a rambling and dilapidated structure of the fifteenth century. In the churchyard, now a public garden, were buried, in 1609, Sir George Wharton and Sir James Stewart, son of Lord Blantyre and godson of James I. The hot-headed young men had quarrelled at the gaming-table, and they had so little confidence in each other's honour that they are said to have fought in their shirts, for fear either of them might wear concealed armour. The weapons used were sword and dagger, and the duel ended fatally for both combatants, who, at the instance of the King, were buried in one grave. Near the church is a hall which forms a memorial of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, who before he succeeded Heber as Bishop of Calcutta was vicar of St. Mary's. On the other, the southern, side is the Islington Congregational Church, a seemly building in a very unecclesiastical form of the Tudor style, dating from 1888. Not far north of St. Mary's, on the same side of Upper Street, is the Town Hall, a poor structure of brick and stone, which is not worthy of a borough that has the largest population of all the boroughs in the County of London. Further north, on the opposite side of the street, is the Church Missionary College. Yet further north, and near the point where Upper Street joins the Holloway Road, the eastern side of the street is formed by Compton Terrace, where is the finest ecclesiastical building in the borough, the chapel—



PLAN OF ISLINGTON, SHOWING THE WARDS.

for it does not disdain to be so styled—which was built for the late Dr. Allon in the 'seventies, but was only finished, by the erection of the spire, in 1899. The massive tower, with its graceful spire, is its chief exterior feature, but it is by its interior, octagonal in form, with galleries all round except at the back of the pulpit, supported by large Gothic arches, that the building claims to be judged, and it must be allowed that in harmony of proportion, and in the success with which the Gothic has been adapted to a service of which an indispensable condition is that the preacher be within easy sight and sound of all, Union Chapel has no superior among modern places of worship. Built into the brickwork above the door leading from the chapel to the vestries is a small fragment of Plymouth Rock, the rock on which the *Mayflower* pilgrims set foot when they landed in New England on the 21st of December, 1620. This interesting relic was presented to the chapel in 1883 by the Pilgrim Society for the Preservation of Plymouth Rock.

The community which worships within these walls was founded in 1799, and for a while it assembled in a house in Highbury Grove. Then, in 1806, in what presently came to be known as Compton Terrace, was built a chapel, which was finally replaced by the present structure. The church was formed by an amalgamation between Evangelical Churchmen who were dissatisfied with their ministry, and certain Non-conformists who had no ministry to be dissatisfied with, and at first the Anglican liturgy was read in the morning and the Congregational use was followed in the evening, while the Lord's Supper was first administered to Anglicans at the Lord's Table, and then the sacred elements were taken round from seat to seat to the rest of the communicants. The first pastor of the church was the Rev. Thomas Lewis, who ministered to it from 1802 until 1852, and was succeeded by Dr. Allon, who had shared the burden with him from 1843, and whose connexion with the church only ceased at his death in 1892, when he was succeeded by the co-pastor, the Rev. W. Hardy Harwood. Few are the churches with such a

record of pastoral service, nor has any church in recent years enjoyed the advantage of a more gracious and winning ministry than that of Dr. Allon, who was twice Chairman of the Congregational Union, and was honoured far beyond the bounds of his own communion.

From Upper Street we pass by way of Highbury Station Road to Liverpool Road. It is one of the least interesting of the main thoroughfares of the borough, but near its lower end is the London Fever Hospital, founded in 1802, and adjacent to it on the south, with entrances both from Liverpool Road and from Upper Street, is the Agricultural Hall, a huge structure covering three acres of ground, which was built in 1861-62, at a cost of £53,000, mainly for the Christmas Shows of the Smithfield Club. Here, too, have been held the annual Horse and Dog and Dairy Shows, and a multitude of trade and other exhibitions, and until 1906 the hall was the scene of the Royal Military Tournament.

In High Street, Islington, formed by the union of Upper Street and Liverpool Road, is the Grand Theatre, which blossomed out of the Philharmonic Music Hall in 1870, has twice been burnt down since its conversion into a theatre, and was partly burnt for a third time in 1900. High Street ends at the "Angel," which, however, is just over the border, and is noticed in one of our Finsbury chapters.

West of the Liverpool Road lie the Barnsbury and Thornhill districts, of which there is little to record, save that the former, one of the ancient manors of Islington, is named after the Berners, in whose hands it remained for some three hundred and fifty years after the Conquest.

Running parallel with the High Street and the lower section of Upper Street is Colebrooke Row, a quiet line of houses separated by a strip of greensward from what is now styled Duncan Terrace, facing it on the north. But, formerly, both sides of the way bore the name of Colebrooke Row, and so it is that Charles and Mary Lamb, when they left Russell Street, Covent Garden, in 1823, spoke of the house in which they settled as in Colebrooke Row, although

Agricultural Hall.

Duncan Terrace: The Lambs.

now it is No. 64, Duncan Terrace. Its identity has been established by the investigations of the London County Council, one of whose tablets it now bears. When the Lambs dwelt in the house it was detached, and was described by "Elia" in a letter to Bernard Barton as "a white house with six good rooms in it." It was the first time he had ever rented the whole of a house, and it made him feel "like a great lord." It was here that George Dyer, the bookworm whom we have encountered in Clement's Inn, walked into the New River on leaving the house after a visit to the Lambs. Barry Cornwall chanced to call soon after Dyer had been fished out, and found Mary Lamb in a state of great distress. "I went upstairs aghast," he says, "and found that the involuntary diver had been placed in bed, and that Miss Lamb had administered brandy and water as a well-established preventive against cold. Dyer, unaccustomed to anything stronger than the 'crystal spring,' was sitting upright in bed, perfectly delirious. His hair had been rubbed up, and stood up like so many needles of iron-gray. . . 'I soon found out where I was,' he cried to me, laughing; and then he went wandering on, his words taking flight into regions where no one could follow."

At the point where Essex Road, formerly known as Lower Road, diverges from Upper Street is so much as is left of Islington Green, a small triangular open space with a poor modern statue of Hugh Myddelton, who, as we have seen, brought the waters of the Chadwell and Amwell springs, from the Lea Valley in Hertfordshire, to assuage the thirst of London, and styled the stream the New River, a name which it still bears. The river is close by, on its way to New River Head at Clerkenwell, and not so many years ago it could be seen flowing along by Colebrooke Row, near the Green, but now it is covered over, and the only water that is visible is a bit of the Regent's Canal. Myddelton is usually supposed to have made a good thing out of his spirited enterprise. But in "London and the Kingdom," Dr. Reginald Sharpe points out that the loan of £3,000 for three years at six per cent. which was granted

to him by the City in 1614, when his funds became exhausted, had not been paid at the time of his death in 1631. Three years after his death his widow was compelled to seek satisfaction from the City for losses due to breaches made in the pipes on the occasion of certain great fires. The Common Council took two years to consider the point, and then consented to raise for her a sum of a thousand pounds. The next year the thousand pounds had not been raised, and Lady Myddelton was then allowed to treat it as part payment of the loan of £3,000 due from her husband's estate to the City. From these circumstances it would seem, as Dr. Sharpe says, that Myddelton died worse off than many have supposed.

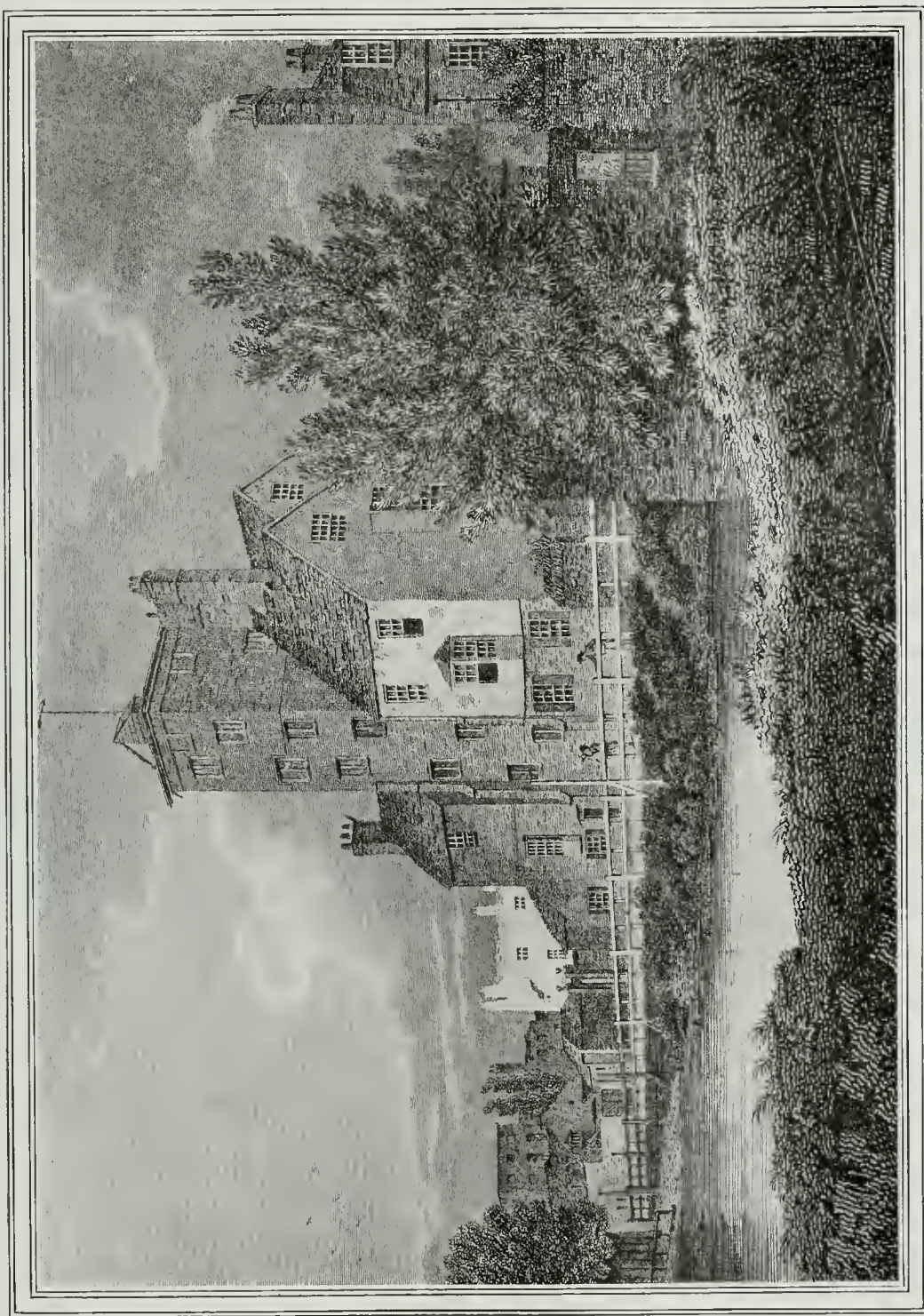
By way of the Essex Road we reach that part of Kingsland which is known as Ball's Pond, from one of those ponds for duck-hunting for which Islington used to be famous. In the Restoration period it was kept as an appanage of a tavern by one John Ball, whose memory is preserved by a penny token on which he figures as keeper of the "Boarded House." Here is quite a cluster of philanthropic institutions: on the north side of Ball's Pond Road are the Bookbinders' Provident Asylum and the Metropolitan Benefit Society's Asylum, both of them built in the quadrangular form; behind them are two blocks of almshouses, and a Jewish cemetery connected with a synagogue established as the result of the Reform movement of 1840.

Leading out of Ball's Pond Road is the thoroughfare known as Mildmay Park, a reminiscence of the mansion of Sir Henry Mildmay, who in the reign of Charles I. acquired the property by marriage with the daughter of Alderman Halliday. This house was situated at Newington Green, which, although it is within the borough of Islington, belongs by every tie of association to the borough whose name it bears, and is accordingly noticed in the chapter dealing with that borough. Midway between Mildmay Park and the Newington Green Road is the Mildmay Park Conference Hall, one of the chief Evangelical centres in London, connected with which are a Memorial Cottage Hospital and a Deaconess's House.

**Ball's
Pond.**

**Hugh
Myddelton.**

**Mildmay
Park.**



CANONBURY HOUSE.
From a Drawing by J. Storer, 1804.

The Ball's Pond Road is continued westwards by St. Paul's Road, which will conduct us to Canonbury, past Hare Court Congregational Chapel, a place of worship which traces its origin to a chapel at Hare Court in Aldersgate Street, built there in 1688 for a congregation formed by the Rev. George Cockayn, who had been ejected from the living of St. Pancras, Soper Lane. That

than one change of ownership it was bought by Alderman Sir John Spencer, the "rich Spencer" whose only daughter Elizabeth married young Lord Compton and so carried the manor into the family of the present lord, the Marquis of Northampton. If tradition may be believed—and it is said to be confirmed by a picture preserved at Castle Ashby, the Northamptonshire seat of the Comptons—Sir John Spencer's



Photo, Pictorial Agency.

UNION CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.

chapel was rebuilt in 1772, and in 1857 the site was sold, this building in St. Paul's Road being reared out of the proceeds. A little south of St. Paul's Road, in Canonbury Place, we reach the chief antiquity of Islington, the tower—of red brick of a venerable tinge—of Canonbury House, the mansion of the lord of the manor of Canonbury. Not long after the Conquest this manor was bestowed by Ralph de Berners upon St. Bartholomew's Priory in Smithfield, and in the hands of the Prior and Canons it remained until the dissolution, the manor-house being rebuilt by Bolton, the last of the Priors of that famous house. After more

daughter, her father being hard of heart, escaped from Canonbury House in a baker's basket and so joined her lover. It is also said that Sir John disinherited his daughter, and was only reconciled to her

A Romance. by a stratagem of Queen Elizabeth, who inveigled him into adopting his own grandson, by inducing him to stand sponsor for the first offspring of a discarded young couple. However this may be, certain it is that the son of the Earl of Northampton and Elizabeth Spencer inherited the great wealth of his maternal grandfather.

The tower of Canonbury House was either built or restored by Sir John Spencer.

**The
Manor.**



Inst. - Pictorial Agency.

WHERE CHARLES AND MARY LAMB LIVED: DUNCAN TERRACE, ISLINGTON (*p.* 927).

Of the mansion of which it formed part not a few interesting details are to be seen in some of the older houses in Canonbury Place, including the rebus—a bolt and a tun—of Prior Bolton, who is commemorated in the same punning way in his Priory church. For some time before 1907 the tower was rented by the Canonbury Constitutional Association, but in that year the lease ran out, and it was then announced that its noble owner had determined that in future it should be appropriated to uses not connected with party politics, but should be a social centre for the tenants of the Compton Estate, and in the following year he laid the foundation-stone of a new hall to be built beside the tower to enable it the more efficiently to fulfil this end.

Early in the eighteenth century Canonbury Tower was let out in lodgings, and later in that century—in 1762-64, and again in 1767

—it numbered among its tenants Oliver Goldsmith, who first stayed here as a visitor of John Newbery, the benevolent publisher, who had under his care Christopher Smart, the mad poet. In the next century the tower was a favourite resort of Charles Lamb, who, while living in Duncan Terrace (*p.* 927), would often stroll over and watch the setting sun from the summit. "He was intimate," as Hazlitt informs us, "with Goodman Symes, the then tenant of this venerable Tower, and a brother antiquary in a small way; who took pleasure in entertaining him in the antique panelled chamber where Goldsmith wrote his *Traveller* and supped frugally on butter-milk."

North of Canonbury lies the region of Highbury, of which the manor was presented in the thirteenth century to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell, who retained it, as the Prior and Canons of St. Bartholomew's

retained the Manor of Canonbury, until the dissolution. But their tenure of it was at least on one occasion rudely challenged, for in 1381 a section of Wat Tyler's rabble, headed by Jack Straw, having plundered the Priory of St. John, sallied out to Highbury and destroyed the manor-house, leaving it a heap of ruins which was long known as "Jack Straw's Castle." On the site of the Prior's barn was built an ale and cake house which came to be styled Highbury Barn, and which in the eighteenth century became

Highbury Barn.

a music-hall. It was only finally closed in 1871. The site is now occupied by a modern tavern which styles itself "Ye Olde Highbury Barn." The manor-house stood in that part of Highbury which is now known as Highbury Fields; the barn a little to the north of the Fields. This recreation ground,

Highbury Fields.

measuring twenty-seven and a-half acres, was acquired by the Metropolitan Board of Works

in 1885, the Islington Vestry contributing as much as £30,000, half the cost. At the south end is a rather striking monument which commemorates ninety-one Islingtonians who fell in the South African War—a standing figure of Glory with an image of Victory in her right hand and a wreath of laurels in her left. It is the work of Mr. Bertram MacKennal, and was unveiled by the Duke of Fife in 1905.

On the east side of the Fields is a row of substantial houses known as Highbury Place, where at No. 38, died, in 1807, Abraham Newland, the son of a Southwark baker, who was for many years chief cashier of the Bank of England, and whose name is taken in vain in the phrase, "sham Abraham." Highbury Place, too, has associations with a more recent celebrity, for a few doors lower down, at No. 25, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain spent some years of his boyhood. His parents came here from Camberwell in 1845, when he was nine years old, and he was now placed under the tuition of the Rev. Arthur Johnson, who superintended his studies until at the age of fourteen he was sent to University College School.

In the broad road known as Aubert Park, a little to the north-east of the Fields, is the London College of Divinity, which until 1850 was the Highbury Independent College for the training of Congregational ministers, transferred in that year to New College, South Hampstead. To the original college, a building which presents an Ionic façade to Aubert Park, extensive additions in a more ecclesiastical style have since been made, and on the opposite side are spacious grounds. Not far away, in the Highbury Quadrant, is one of the largest Congregational churches in the North of London, built from a design of Mr. Sulman's in 1882, during the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Bevan, since removed to Melbourne.

Between Highbury and the district known as Tollington, which stretches northwards to Crouch

End, runs the Seven Sisters Road, named after an old public-house at its Tottenham end, which in turn was so styled in allusion to seven ancient elms that formerly grew in a circle in front of it, with a walnut-tree in the centre. The recreation ground which bears the name of Finsbury Park is just beyond our

beat, being outside the County of London, but just inside the border are an important station on the

Great Northern Railway and the termini of two of the tube lines—the Great Northern and City Railway, opened in 1904, and running to Moorgate Street, and the Great Northern, Piccadilly and Brompton Railway, opened in 1906, to furnish direct railway communication between the North of London and Hammersmith.

Holloway, the last remaining section of Islington for us to deal with—for of Tufnell Park there is nothing noteworthy to record—is not improbably so called because it lies in a "hollow" between Highbury and Highgate; but of this derivation there is no conclusive evidence.

Finsbury Park.

Holloway.



Phot. by Great N. Ry.

CANONBURY TOWER (p. 930).

At Lower Holloway, in convenient contiguity to the Great Northern Railway, is the Metropolitan Cattle Market, the property of the City Corporation, who

Metropolitan Cattle Market. removed it to this spot from Smithfield in 1855, enclosing for the purpose some seventy-five acres of what had been known as Copenhagen Fields, and erecting, from designs by J. B. Bunning, buildings which cost nearly half-a-million of money. As things have turned out the accommodation provided here is in excess of requirements, owing to the development of the foreign meat trade and to other causes, and the area of the market is now less than half of what it originally was. But toll is still paid on some five hundred thousand animals every year, and, including the licensed drovers, many hundreds of "hands" find more or less regular employment here. An interesting "side show" of the Metropolitan Cattle Market is the scrap market, held every Friday, when there is a bewildering variety of second-hand things exposed for sale. In 1907 the first public abattoirs in London—constructed on the most approved principles, sanitary and humanitarian, at a cost of £32,000, from designs by the City Surveyor, Mr. Sydney Perks—were added to the market.

Lower Holloway also has the dubious distinction of possessing two jails, but only one of them has appropriated its name, the other, in the Caledonian Road, being known as Pentonville Prison. The

Pentonville Prison. latter was built as a model prison in 1840-42, on the separate and silent system, from designs by Major Jebb, and, including a later enlargement, has cost altogether upwards of £90,000. It has accommodation for over eleven hundred prisoners, and is now used for male prisoners sentenced to terms of not more than two years' imprisonment. Since the closing of Newgate, male prisoners sentenced to death at the Central Criminal Court have been executed here, while female prisoners so sentenced at that court—happily a

Holloway Prison. very rare event—are executed at Holloway's other prison. This, situate at the junction of the Parkhurst and Camden Roads, was built in 1850 by J. B. Bunning in the castellated

style, with strongly fortified gateways, and were it used for a different purpose the locality might be proud of it. It was formerly used mainly for the incarceration of debtors and first-class misdemeanants, and as a place of detention for persons awaiting trial, and here Dr. Jameson and his fellow-raiders served their term of imprisonment. Now, however, Holloway Jail has become exclusively a prison for women, those who have been convicted and whose terms do not exceed two years, and those who are on remand or are awaiting trial. Here, too, are incarcerated female offenders of the first division and female debtors. The jail contains nine hundred cells save one, and it was built at a cost of about £100,000.

Opposite the prison gates is the Athenæum, a pleasant building in the Italian style, erected in 1871 from designs by Mr. F. R. Meeson. Further along the Camden Road, at the point where it is joined by the Brecknock Road, is the

The "Brecknock." "Brecknock Arms," bearing a name which is reminiscent of the second title of the Marquises Camden, after whom Camden Town is named. Formerly there were tea-gardens and rifle-grounds attached to it.

The Last Fatal Duel. In 1843 this locality was the scene of the last fatal duel fought in England. The combatants, Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Munro, were not only brother officers but relatives by marriage, for they had wedded two sisters. The fight, which was fought just outside the rifle-ground of the "Brecknock Arms," ended in Colonel Fawcett being mortally wounded. Refused admittance to this tavern, the wounded man was taken to the "Camden Arms," where two days later he died. His antagonist fled the country, but four years afterwards surrendered to take his trial at the Old Bailey and was sentenced to death, the penalty, however, being commuted to twelve months' imprisonment. Even so the result of the encounter was not such as to encourage other choleric disputants to submit their differences to the ridiculous arbitrament of lethal weapons.

In the Holloway Road, the main thoroughfare of this part of Islington, leading from

Upper Street to Highgate, are several public institutions. Opposite the north end

Holloway Road.

Polytechnic, opened by the Lord Mayor of London in 1897.

Over against the "Nag's Head" tavern, a familiar traffic centre, is the Marlborough Theatre, and a few hundred yards north of this is the Holloway Empire. Close to this is the Great Northern Central Hospital, established in 1856, but rebuilt in 1892, while a new children's ward was opened by the Princess of Wales in 1909. Hard by

because, built in 1828, it was Sir Charles Barry's first essay in the Gothic.

In this northern part of the borough are several great eleemosynary and Poor-law institutions—the Alexandra Orphanage and the Asylum for Aged Pilgrims, two not unpicturesque groups of buildings which face each other across the Hazelvile Road at Hornsey Rise; the two workhouses of Islington, one in a commanding situation facing St. John's Road, and the other some distance to the south in Cornwallis Road;

Public Institutions.



HIGHBURY BARN IN 1792 (*p.* 930).

is the Upper Holloway Baptist Chapel, the scene since 1874 of the ministry of the Rev. J. R. Wood, who was President of the London Baptist Association in 1884 and of the Baptist Union of England and Wales in 1902. The chapel was opened in 1866, and its first pastor was Dr. Booth. In the street known as Manor Gardens, on the north side of the Holloway Empire, was built, in 1906, the first public library, in Islington, designed by Mr. T. Hare, F.R.I.B.A. Mr. Andrew Carnegie had placed at the disposition of the borough a sum of £40,000, and when the scheme has been fully carried out Islington will have a central library and four branches. Yet, further north, where the road begins to ascend to the foot of Highgate Hill, stands the church of St. John, a stiff and meagre specimen of the Perpendicular which is interesting

the Islington Infirmary, on the west side of Highgate Hill, and the Holborn Union Infirmary, situate in the angle between Highgate Hill and the Archway Road. Close to the Islington Infirmary is a large Small-pox Hospital, the successor of the Small-pox Hospital carried on at King's Cross until about the year 1850. Not far from this spot, near the foot of Highgate Hill, where now runs the Salisbury Road, there was built in the reign of Edward IV. a leper-house or hospital for lepers, of which the pious founder was one William Pole, a yeoman of the crown, himself a leper. The history of this institution is shrouded in obscurity, but it appears to have become in course of time an almshouse, which about the middle of the seventeenth century was broken up, the property then passing into private hands.

Close to the site of this lazar-house, at the corner of Salisbury Road, there stands, guarded by iron railings, a stone which is inscribed with the date of its restoration—1869—with the name of Richard Whittington, and with the dates of his three mayoralties. The legend is that the stone which this memorial replaced about the year 1795 marked the spot where Dick Whittington heard the bells of Bow Church in Cheapside singing to him to return to the city of which he was thrice to be Lord Mayor, and it would be pleasant to believe the story. That the present not very venerable looking stone was preceded by a memorial of some kind there is pictorial evidence to prove, but there is nothing but tradition to connect it with Whittington, and it is much more likely that its office was to attract the attention of passers-by to the lazar-house than that it had any connexion with an incident which probably never happened. A more authentic memorial of Whittington is the group of almshouses at the foot of the Archway Road, which was built by the Mercers' Company in 1822, with funds accruing from the Whittington Estates, to take the place of the Whittington Almshouses at College Hill, in the City, this spot being selected for the purpose because of its proximity to the supposititious Whittington College, as the place is called, is a group of stuccoed buildings in the Gothic style, forming three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth side being open to the Archway Road, over against

The
"Whittington
Stone."

the Holborn Union Infirmary. This thoroughfare, which begins at that well-known traffic centre the "Archway" tavern, was made in the early years of the last century to avoid the steep ascent of Highgate Hill, which it then supplanted as a part of the Great North Road, the two roads uniting at the foot of North Hill, Highgate, a mile or so further on. But it leaves the County of London, and so passes beyond our cognisance, at the Highgate Archway, which carries Hornsey Lane across it, and which was rebuilt in 1900 by the London County Council, in conjunction with other authorities, the Archway Road being at the same time widened.

At the spot where Highgate Hill passes out of the County of London there stands, in a position which enables it easily to dominate the northern part of London, the fine church of the monastic establishment known as

St. Joseph's
Retreat.

St. Joseph's Retreat, the headquarters of the Anglo-Hibernian province of the Passionist Fathers. The monastery, designed by Mr. F. W. Tasker, was opened in 1876 by the late Cardinal Manning; the church, rising into a powerful dome which forms a noble landmark, was only completed in 1891. The interior of the church is rather disappointing, but there is an imposing high altar which commemorates one of the founders of the monastery, the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, uncle of Earl Spencer, whose secession from the Anglican Church quite early in the Tractarian movement caused a great stir.



THE OLD WHITTINGTON STONE, HIGHGATE.

From an old Print.



ST. LEONARD'S, SHOREDITCH, IN 1735.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

SHOREDITCH

The Name—Area—The "Duke" of Shoreditch—London's Earliest Theatres—The Burbages—Shakespeare—St. Leonard's: The Actors' Church—The Town Hall—Shoreditch Tabernacle—Norton Folgate—Kingsland Road—Haggerston—Hoxton—Ben Jonson—William Godwin—Balmes House and the Lambs—The Aske Almshouses—Pitfield Street—Hoxton Street—The Britannia—Old Street—Great Eastern Street

A ROMANTIC tradition derives the name of the borough from Jane Shore, the City merchant's wife who was too com-
plaisant to Edward IV., and it
The Name. finds embodiment in an old ballad
to be found in Percy's "Reliques,"
in which the victim of royal passion sings—

"Thus weary of my life, at length
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent;

"The which now, since my dying daye
Is Shoreditch called, as writers saye;
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king."

Of this tradition there is still a reminiscence in the name of the "Jane Shore" tavern in Shoreditch High Street. But the name has nothing to do with a ditch nor with the

errant wife of the City goldsmith, but is that of a family—the Soerdiches—who were lords of the manor in the days of Edward III., and who also held the Manor of Ickenham, near Uxbridge, and resided there till our own times. Several members of the family still survive, and a few years ago the present writer received a communication from one of them settled in America, who informed him that the name is now spelt Shordiche. In the reign of Richard II. the manor was granted to Edmund Duke of York and his son the Earl of Rutland, and so it is that many members of the Manners family sleep in the parish church of St. Leonard, among them the Sir George of that ilk who fought beside Henry VIII. at the siege of Tournay.

Like the City of London, which it adjoins, Shoreditch is virtually one square mile

(640 acres) in extent, its precise area being 658 acres. After Holborn and Finsbury, it is the smallest of the metropolitan boroughs, and its area, with some slight rectifications of frontier, is practically the same as that of the ancient parish. With no open spaces worth the name, it is one of the most densely peopled of the London parishes, its inhabitants numbering about 115,000. The population, however, is not increasing, but very slightly declining. Shoreditch has always been one of the most enterprising parts of the Metropolis. Its vestry, before it was superseded by the Borough Council, was the first urban authority, not merely in London but in the country at large, to use the waste heat of burning refuse for the creation of electricity, and it is to this combination of a dust destructor with a generating station that the legend of the borough device, "More Light more Power," has reference. The device, showing the bodies of two lions with only one head, but that head wearing a crown, is that of John of Northampton, a former lord of the manor, who, in the later years of the fourteenth century was Mayor of London. The borough is divided into eight wards, the Moorfields, Church, Hoxton, Wenlock, Whitmore, Kingsland, Haggerston and Acton Wards.

In the reign of King Hal Shoreditch had its duke, for at an archery match at Windsor it pleased the jovial King to bestow the title of Duke of Shoreditch upon one Barlow, who hailed from this parish, and had carried off all the prizes. Hence it was, according to Strype, that the captain of the company of archers of London for long afterwards bore the title of Duke of Shoreditch. In the sixteenth century the place bore an evil reputation from the number of wanton women who lived within its borders. A passage in Dryden shows that late in the next century it still had this ill fame; and in Lillo's old ballad concerning George Barnwell, who robbed his master and murdered his uncle, this wicked apprentice is represented as being enticed to her house by one Mrs. Millwood, who lived "next door unto the Gun."

But it may be that Shoreditch owes something of its bad repute to a circumstance

which constitutes its chief claim to notice in any account of the history of London—the circumstance that here were built the first theatres ever reared in London. At first the players either ran up a scaffold for each performance on some convenient spot, or built a stage in some inn-yard like that of the Bell Savage. These dramatic entertainments the City Corporation, as we noted at Blackfriars, did its

**London's
Earliest
Theatres.**

utmost to suppress, and in 1576 it claimed that none but the Queen's players should be allowed to take part in them, and even so only under burdensome restrictions. In this same year James Burbage erected here in Shoreditch, where it would be within easy reach of the City and yet beyond the jurisdiction of the Corporation, the first of two theatres, and either this year or the next he built the second, the earlier one being known simply as The Theatre, the latter as the Curtain, for the reason, as is supposed, that it was the first house to use the green curtain. The Theatre is believed to have occupied a part of the same site as the present Olympia Variety Theatre, which is on the western side of Shoreditch High Street; and the Curtain stood close by, and is commemorated by Curtain Road, running parallel with the High Street a few yards to the east. One of the streets that connect the two thoroughfares is Holywell Lane, which bears the name of a Benedictine nunnery founded early in the fourteenth century by Bishop Graysend, and further endowed early in the sixteenth century by the Sir Thomas Lovell who built the gatehouse of Lincoln's Inn. It was upon part of the site of this priory that James Burbage built The Theatre, and it was in the houses which sprang up close by that place of entertainment, and within the liberty of Holywell, that the Burbages and others connected with the theatres lived.

The first two theatres built in London were of wood, and the central space was unroofed. In 1576, when The Theatre was opened, Shakespeare was a boy of twelve, and when nine years later he left Stratford-on-Avon and

came to London, they were still the only theatres on the Middlesex side of the Thames.

**Shakespeare
at Shoreditch.**

At one of these houses it was that his connexion with the theatre began. The story that

at first he played the humble part of holder of the horses of patrons who had ridden out from the City, has, as Mr. Sidney Lee says in his "Life of William Shakespeare," no inherent improbability, but it is not to be found in print before 1753, when it appeared in the "Lives of the Poets" compiled under the editorship of Theophilus Cibber. However this may be, it cannot be doubted that before long Shakespeare found employment within the theatre, and Mr. Lee concludes that at the time he joined one of the companies of licensed players, of which by this time there were several, it was playing in The Theatre, though before long it migrated elsewhere. The Theatre had no long lease of life, for in 1599 the sons of James Burbage, Richard and Cuthbert, took it down and used the timber for the erection of the Globe, on Bankside. As for the Curtain, it continued to be used as a theatre until the Civil Wars, when it is said to have degenerated into a sparring-room; but in his "London," published in 1772, Maitland speaks of some remains of the building as having survived until recently.

The mother church of Shoreditch, St. Leonard's, which stands at the point where the Hackney Road and Old Street meet the High Street of Shoreditch and the Kingsland

Road, is sometimes styled the actors' church, because to it were brought for burial not a few of the players who trod the boards of The Theatre and the Curtain; but

it was to the old church, not the present one, that the designation belonged. Here on the 3rd of September, 1588, was laid to rest Richard Tarleton, the original of Yorick in *Hamlet*, and hither, on the 2nd of February, 1596, he was followed by James Burbage, and the registers also record the burial of Gabriel Spenser, the player who was slain in duel by Ben Jonson (1598), of William Sly and Richard Cowley, two original performers in Shakespeare's plays, and of Fortunatus Greene, son of the Robert Greene who, in his posthumous "Groat's Worth of Wit" made the bitter attack upon Shakespeare that has so often been quoted. The Burbages, as Mr. Ordish points out in his "Shakespeare's London," clung to Shoreditch after their dramatic fortunes had led them to other parts of the town. About two years after Shakespeare's death there was a funeral at Shoreditch Church "to which people flocked from all parts of London, in honour of the Roscius of his time, the first sovereign of the English stage. Richard Burbage, who had achieved his great fame by acting in Shakespeare's plays, who was intimately associated with the



PLAN OF SHOREDITCH, SHOWING THE WARDS.



Photo—Pictorial Agency.

THE TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, HOXTON, FORMERLY THE ASKE SCHOOL.

poet during all his working years in London, was laid to rest on March 16, 1619. His death is recorded by Camden as an event of national interest."

Old St. Leonard's, which dated from the thirteenth century, and was the successor of a yet earlier church, was demolished in 1736, and the present church, by the elder Dance—a plain and unattractive specimen of eighteenth century work, partly redeemed however by its steeple, which is reminiscent of the spire of Bow Church in Cheapside—was opened in 1740. In the closing years of the last century, having fallen into decay from lack of funds, it was renovated under the direction of the late Sir Arthur Blomfield. The stained glass of the east window, an example of Flemish art, is a survival of the old church, and is said to have been packed away in a case to preserve it from Puritan iconoclasts and to have been reinstated after the Restoration. Another survival of the old church is the crypt, which extends under the churchyard as far as Shoreditch High Street. The parish is proud of its peal of bells, twelve in number, including some of those that hung in old St. Leonard's. The churchyard has been laid out as a recreation ground.

Almost in the shadow of St. Leonard's in the Hackney Road, but on the eastern side of that thoroughfare, and therefore in the borough of Bethnal Green, is one of the largest places of worship in this part of

London, the Shoreditch Tabernacle, the scene of the ministry of the Rev. W. Cuff, one of the most successful of C. H. Spurgeon's students. The foundation-stone was laid by the late Mr. Samuel Morley in 1898, and the architect was Mr. T. Lewis Banks. How Mr. Cuff conveyed to the architect his idea of

**Shoreditch
Tabernacle.**

what the building should be we learn from Booth's "Life and Labour." Unable to draw, and pondering how to describe his plans, he chanced upon a coster's barrow loaded with William pears, one of which he bought and cut in half lengthwise. "That," he said, "should be the shape of the interior, and there, in the centre of the thin part, near the stalk, will be my place." "After our talk," the writer continues, "Mr. Cuff took me into it [the building]. The room we had been in opened upon the lower platform, and we climbed to the upper level. Standing there, one could imagine what the effect would be if this place were filled with two thousand faces turned towards the minister. There is not a corner in either the body of the hall or the large galleries that his eye does not reach, nor where his voice would not easily be heard." The building presents to the Hackney Road a rather striking front of red brick, with a large circular window of stone under a deeply recessed semi-circular arch for its chief feature. Nearly opposite is an old burial ground, converted into a recreation ground in

1892, and in 1906 furnished with a drinking fountain by Mr. Passmore Edwards, to whom, as we shall see, Shoreditch is indebted for more munificent gifts.

Close to St. Leonard's, at the eastern end of Old Street, is the Town Hall, a large structure of stone which, built in 1866, and extended on the west side in 1901, was reopened in March, 1906, after renovation made necessary by a disastrous fire in August, 1904. At the same time the building was further enlarged, and altogether a sum of £23,000 was expended upon it. On the face of the tower is a figure of Progress holding aloft a torch. Opposite is the Police Court and Police Station, a building in the "official" style, which in 1905 superseded the police-court that had made the name of Worship Street, in the southern part of the borough, so familiar.

The main street northwards from the City begins at the termination of Bishopsgate Street Without, under the name of Norton Folgate, which in Stow's day, and long afterwards, was a liberty belonging to the Dean of St. Paul's, and so extra-parochial. In early days, as is shown by Hardy and Page in "London and Middlesex Fines," it was styled Norton Folyot, after a well-known family, and the second name

may have become corrupted into its present form by association with Bishopsgate. Then comes Shoreditch High Street, of which the greater part was widened by the Metropolitan Board of Works, at a net cost of £121,816, the thoroughfare being reopened in March 1877. Here on the west side is the huge National Standard Theatre, built in 1835, and rebuilt in 1868, after fire, and now known as the Olympia Variety Theatre; on the east side is the Shoreditch Empire, built in 1893 and extended in 1901. North of its junction with Old Street and the Hackney Road, Shoreditch High Street becomes the Kingsland Road, on the east side of which is a pleasant looking group of almshouses belonging to the Company of Ironmongers, and known as Gefferey's Almshouses and Charity, built between the years 1712 and 1715, under the will of Alderman Sir Robert Gefferey; and adjoining it on the north is a smaller group belonging to the Framework Knitters' Company, and founded by Thomas Bourne, by will dated 1727. Close to the former there stood until a few years ago Harwar's Almshouses, a foundation dating from 1704, and administered by the Drapers' Company, and the name of the pious founder is still kept in memory by Harwar Street. On the same side of the road is the Passmore

**Town
Hall.**

**Norton
Folgate.**

**Kingsland
Road.**



BALMES HOUSE, HOXTON, IN 1810.

From a Drawing by T. Fisher.

Edwards Library, the earliest of the Public Libraries of the borough, opened in 1893 by the late Duke of Devonshire, two years after the vestry had adopted the Free Public Libraries Act. On the opposite side of the road is the church of St. Columba, with clergy house adjoining, a large group of buildings of dull red brick; and close by is the Shoreditch Workhouse.

The library mentioned above forms the Haggerston branch of the Shoreditch Library, and serves the district of that name, lying on the east side of the Kingsland Road, and anciently a hamlet of the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, which figures in Domesday under the name of Hergotstane. Its most famous son is Edmund Halley the astronomer, who was born here, in a house of which the situation is not known, on the 29th of October, 1656. Nichols Square, which lies behind the almshouses already mentioned, and consists of little pseudo-Gothic "villas" in the centre, with plain dwellings around, perpetuates the name of John Nichols the antiquary, editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who was born in Islington and died in 1826, when his property at Haggerston descended to his son, John Bowyer Nichols. This part of the borough has also its Baths and Wash-houses, in Mansfield Street.

On the other, the western, side of the Kingsland Road, extending from the northern border of the borough down to Old Street, lies the region bearing the name of Hoxton, which for hundreds of years has been a manor of St. Paul's Cathedral, though its association with that institution did not prevent it from becoming "the leading criminal quarter of London, and indeed, of all England." So it was reported to be a few years ago (1898), when the Right Hon. Charles Booth and his collaborators made their investigations for the purposes of "Life and Labour of the People in London." It appears in Domesday as Hocheston; afterwards the name is met with as Hogsden, and it is in this form that in the seventeenth century it was used as a synonym for Bedlam. Here there used to be a tavern of some note known as the "Pimlico," after its master, an Italian, and to this day it is commemorated by Pimlico Walk, near the junction of Pitfield Street with the New North Road. It is re-

ferred to in one of the plays of Ben Jonson, as also are Hoxton Fields, a favourite resort of the citizens of London in his day. With Hoxton Fields the name of the burly dramatist is still more intimately associated, for it was here that in September, 1598, he fought the duel which had a fatal ending. His antagonist was Gabriel Spencer, a "player" living in Hog

Lane, which has been transformed into the present Worship Street. Jonson thrust his sword

through Spencer's right side, and the man died on the spot. His slayer pleaded guilty, and demanding "benefit of clergy," was released after his hand had been branded so that he might not a second time get the benefit of his neck-verse. Spencer's life is a comment upon the text that "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword," for a few months before he received his death thrust from Ben Jonson he had slain one James Feake in Holywell Lane.

Nor is this Hoxton's only association with literature. For five years (1773-78) William

Godwin, afterwards the author of "Caleb Williams," was a student of the Independent College here,

which has lost its identity in New College, Finchley Road, and at that time there was living in Queen's Row, Hoxton, Mary Wollstonecraft, who was to become his first wife, and mother of the Mary Godwin who was to marry Shelley and write "Frankenstein."

Hoxton Square, lying between Pitfield and Hoxton Streets, has numbered

among its residents several eminent Nonconformist ministers, among them Edmund Calamy, who represented the Presbyterians at the Savoy Conference, but could not be brought to countenance the King's death. Charles Square, on the western side of Pitfield Street, was once the place of residence of the Rev. John Newton, the incumbent of St. Mary Woolnoth in the City, who has been referred to in an earlier chapter (p. 204).

At least one other literary association, but that a melancholy one, does this part of Shoreditch claim, for it was to a private lunatic asylum here that Charles Lamb was

once, and his sister Mary more than once, consigned. "The old house at Hoxton," as he styles it, was a mansion which bore the name of Balmes (a modification of Bawmes or

**Ben Jonson
at Hoxton.**

**William
Godwin.**

**Hoxton
Square.**

**Balmes
House.**



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

SHOREDITCH TOWN HALL.

Baulmes) House, rebuilt early in the seventeenth century by Sir George Whitmore, Lord Mayor of London, and purchased some fifty years later by Richard de Beauvoir, a Guernsey gentleman whose name is perpetuated in De Beauvoir Square, over the Hackney border, just as Whitmore Bridge, over the Regent's Canal, which in part divides Shoreditch from Hackney and Islington, commemorates the name of the earlier owner of Balmes House. The mansion, shorn of its moat and of most of its dignity, survived into the second half of the nineteenth century.

At Hoxton were built the almshouses and schools founded by Alderman Robert

**The Aske
Almshouses.**

Aske, and left in trust to the Haberdashers' Company, to which he belonged. In 1875-6 the almshouses were pulled down, and in 1898 the schools, an extensive building on the west side of Pitfield Street, with a heavy Doric portico, were closed and acquired as a Technical Institute by the Technical Education Board, now superseded by the Education Committee of the London County Council, while the playground, lying between the school and the street, became a place of public recreation. The school still bears tablets which set forth the earlier use it subserved, and the recreation-ground is styled the Aske Gardens. The Haberdashers' Company, as trustees for this founder, own a good deal of land at Hoxton, and out of the revenue derived from this and other property belonging to the same foundation maintain large schools at Hatcham, New Cross, Acton, and West Hampstead.

On the east side of Pitfield Street, nearly opposite the Technical Institute, with another

**Pitfield
Street.**

frontage to Coronet Street and the open space known as Hoxton Market, is a large group of municipal buildings, the Free Library, the Public Baths, with a Gymnasium, and the Dust Destructor and Electricity Works. The two latter buildings, lying behind the others, and the first to be finished, were opened on the 28th of June, 1897, by the late Lord Kelvin, who gave the Shoreditch Vestry the credit of being the first local authority in the kingdom to attempt something more than the economical destruction of rubbish, by utilising the heat for the creation of electricity.

The Library, like that at Haggerston, was the gift of Mr. Passmore Edwards.

Parallel with Pitfield Street on the east runs Hoxton Street which still, in its lower and unwidened part, retains some old houses, among them one—the Hoxton Academy Sunday School, founded 1784—which re-

**Hoxton
Street.**

minds us that this suburb was long one of the strongholds of Nonconformity. Shoreditch is the one borough in the Metropolis which provides municipal stalls for costermongers, and Hoxton Street is one of their best "pitches." Here, on the west side, is the Britannia Theatre, for many years one of the chosen homes of melodrama, until in 1906 it became a variety theatre. Mr. Farquharson Sharp, in his "Short History of the English Stage," points out that this house is remarkable as having been under one management for more than half a century. The original manager died in 1849, after running it for eight years, and by his widow, Mrs. Sarah Lane, it was carried on until 1899, a competent stock company for melodrama and pantomime being kept up throughout that period.

Both Hoxton and Pitfield Streets terminate on the south in Old Street, the history of

**Old
Street.**

which has been touched upon in our account of the borough of Finsbury. At the point at which Pitfield Street runs into it is a column of polished granite erected by the Shoreditch Vestry in 1880 to commemorate the beginning of its own career in 1855 and the opening of Great Eastern Street by the

**Great
Eastern
Street.**

Metropolitan Board of Works in 1875. This street, 60 feet wide, running in a south-easterly direction from Old Street to Shoreditch High Street, and so forming a continuation of Commercial Road, was undertaken to relieve Holborn, Newgate Street, Cornhill, and Leadenhall Street of a portion of the traffic between east and west, and was constructed at a cost of £456,002, or, deducting the proceeds of the surplus land, of £276,012. On its way to Shoreditch High Street it cuts across Curtain Road, which is the centre of the East London furniture trade, this and some adjacent streets being occupied almost entirely with furniture show-rooms, while the actual work of manufacture is carried on in back streets.



ABNEY HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON.
From a Drawing by J. and H. S. Storer.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

STOKE NEWINGTON

Church Street—Eminent Residents—The Manor—Old St. Mary's—The Wilberforces—James Stephen—The New Parish Church—Abney House—Dr. Watts—Abney Park Cemetery—Clissold Park—Green Lanes—Newington Green—St. Matthias'—Other Churches

STOKE NEWINGTON is one of the smaller but not one of the least interesting of the metropolitan boroughs, made up of the old parish of this name and the urban district of South Hornsey, together measuring 863 acres, and divided into six wards—Lordship, Manor, Church, Clissold, Palatine and South Hornsey Wards—and having a population of about 55,000.

Having mentioned that the Town Hall is in the Milton Road, we may begin our perambulation of the borough in Church Street, where is the Public Library, which was opened in 1892 and much enlarged in 1904. A hundred years ago this street was virtually the only inhabited part of Stoke Newington. It runs across the borough in a south-westerly direction from High Street, Stoke Newington,

**Church
Street.**

to Green Lanes, and though its eastern end has been invaded by modern shops, it still retains a welcome air of rusticity and antiquity, for, standing behind their handsome railings of wrought-iron, quite a number of comely Queen Anne and Georgian houses, almost facsimiles of those in the Grove at High-

gate and in Church Row, Hampstead, have survived to show builders of these days how well plainness and dignity go hand-in-hand. The street has not lacked residents of distinction. Here lived Isaac d'Israeli before

he took up his abode in Bloomsbury Square; at a school here Edgar Allan Poe, born at Baltimore in 1811, and brought to England by the Mr. Allan who had adopted him, spent two years, then returning to his native land, in his eleventh year; here, though he was twenty-five and she fifty-two, John Howard, the philanthropist, married the widow lady, a Mrs. Sarah Lowne, who had nursed him into comparative health; here lived Thomas Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton"; here too, on opposite sides, lived and died Mrs. Barbauld and her brother, Dr. Aikin. Defoe Street, leading out of Church Street southwards, reminds us that the author of "Robinson Crusoe," too, lived here, in a house which was only demolished in 1875, when that street was formed, and similarly Fleetwood Street, running out of Church Street northwards, commemorates the abode of the Parliamentary

**Eminent
Residents.**

son of Justice Stephen—was the "J. K. S." who wrote "Lapsus Calami."

The new St. Mary's, a spacious building in the Early Decorated style, is one of the best specimens of Sir Gilbert Scott's work, as much to be preferred to his church of St. Mary Abbot at Kensington as it is more fortunate in its situation, not hemmed in by busy streets as that is, but in an environment that is still delightfully rural. It was consecrated in 1858, but the lofty and graceful spire, one of the finest landmarks of North London, rising to a height of close upon 250 feet, was not completed until 1890. The credit of this graceful structure belongs to Mr. John Oldrid Scott. The height and dimensions of the new church are magnified by comparison with those of the old church; yet between the two spires there is a harmony of proportion which is not likely to have been the result of accident, and which saves the smaller church from any sense of humiliation.

Abney House was built by Thomas Gunston, who, in 1669, bought the manor of Stoke Newington from the Pophams, and whose sister Mary, the next owner, married Sir Thomas Abney. As we have already seen, Abney House replaced the old manor-house as the residence of the lord of the manor, and soon after its completion the older house was pulled down. It was only after Mary Gunston's marriage with Sir Thomas Abney that the house which her brother had received took on the name by which it has become historic. Sir Thomas Abney, a member of the Fishmongers' Company, who was Lord Mayor in 1700, was one of the leading Nonconformists of his day, a man even more distinguished by his deep yet



Photo Pictorial Agency.

OLD ST. MARY'S CHURCH, STOKE NEWINGTON.

unobtrusive piety than by his wealth; but it is less to him and to his amiable wife

**Isaac
Watts.**

that Abney House owes its renown than to Isaac Watts. This remarkable man, whose fame as a hymnologist has obscured gifts hardly less brilliant, for he was scholar and logician and divine as well as sacred poet, had been a resident of Stoke Newington long before he was invited to Abney House. For six years, from 1696 to 1702, he was tutor in the household of Sir John Hartopp, several members of whose family are buried in the old parish church. How, long afterwards, when a nervous affection had obliged him to give up his public ministerial labours, he came to be a guest at Abney House, he himself related six years before his death, when one day the pious Countess of Huntingdon called upon him. "Madam,"

said he, "your ladyship is come to see me on a very remarkable day." "Why so remarkable?" she asked. "This day thirty years I came hither to the house of my good friend Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof, and I have extended my visit to the length of exactly thirty years." "Sir," remarked Lady Abney, "what you have termed a long thirty years' visit, I consider as the shortest visit my family ever received." Sir Thomas died in 1722, but his friend continued to reside here with Lady Abney and her daughter until his own death, on the 24th of November, 1748. His tomb must be sought at Bunhill Fields; but his is the presiding spirit of the cemetery into which the site and grounds of Abney House have been converted, for his lofty statue, by E. H. Baily, reared by public subscription in 1845, occupies the most conspicuous position in the enclosure.

Abney House, which in its later years served the purposes of a Wesleyan college, was demolished in the year that

Abney Park Cemetery.

saw the erection of the statue of Dr. Watts; but the grounds had been opened as a proprietary cemetery in 1840, Bunhill Fields, the historic burying place of London Nonconformists having by this time been closed. Abney Park Cemetery is thirty acres in extent, and now that the fine old trees with which the grounds of Abney House were set about have vanished, it cannot claim any special beauty; but it is of unusual interest, for, open to all classes of the community "and to all denominations of Christians, without restraint in forms," so that there is no dividing-line as in other cemeteries, it has from the beginning been specially a burying ground for the various Dissenting denominations, and here rest many shining lights of Nonconformity. Among all the graves none is more visited than that in which lies all that is mortal of Catherine Booth, "the mother of the Salvation Army," as the inscription on the stone truly declares her to be. In January, 1909, there were buried here, amid a remarkable demonstration of public sympathy, Police-constable Tyler and a boy of ten named Ralph Jocelyn, the victims of a brace of Russian desperadoes who, after stealing a bag of gold at Totten-

ham, fled across the Lea firing revolvers at their pursuers, killing the constable and the boy and wounding nineteen others.

Clissold Park lies on the western side of the borough, its eastern boundary being formed by the Queen Elizabeth's Walk of which we have already spoken, and its western by Green Lanes, and through it indolently runs the New River, of which there are reservoirs in the northern part of the borough, in the angle formed by Green Lanes and Seven Sisters Road. Measuring fifty-four acres, it was acquired by the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1887, but was not dedicated to the public until two years later, when that authority had been superseded by the London County Council. At the south-eastern corner of the Park, close to the old church, stands the house—plain but *not* dignified—to which the grounds were attached, dating from the later years of the eighteenth century.

South of Clissold Park the road which bears the name of Green Lanes, though now there is little to justify the designation, becomes the boundary of Stoke Newington, and if we follow it in this direction it

brings us to Newington Green, which has been reserved for notice in this place although it is just over the Islington border—for no one thinks of it in connexion with Islington except those who receive the demand-notes of the rate-collectors of that borough. This spot still wears an ancient and a rural look, although on the western side the old dwelling-houses have been replaced by modern shops, and in the nearly square enclosure, which is under the control of the Islington Borough Council, a number of plane-trees flourish. On the south side is a house, now divided into two and used for the purposes of the Mildmay Nurses' Home, which is older than its stuccoed front suggests, for on the ceiling of the principal room are the armorial bearings and monogram of James I., and tradition, which at Stoke Newington appears to be particularly persistent, avers that in yet earlier days it was the residence of Henry VIII., who would occupy it when he was hunting in this region. If confirmation be needed, is there not, a little to the south-east of the Green, approached by way of

Newington Green.

Mildmay Road, a road which bears the name of King Henry's Walk? Another old house to which traditions cling, at the north-west corner of the Green, has vanished, and so too has the house, on the western side, in which Samuel Rogers was born in 1763, and in which he was living when, in 1792, he published his "Pleasures of Memory." On the north side is an unpretentious Unitarian chapel which is two centuries old,

specimen of William Butterfield's work, bearing not a little resemblance in its lofty and high-pitched roof and in its oblong tower to the same architect's church of St. John the Evangelist at Hammersmith. The tower rises over the chancel; the east window is divided into two by a buttress; and though the exterior effect is more singular than pleasing, the interior has the beauty of harmonious proportion, and



Photo: Futurist Agency.

OLD HOUSES IN CHURCH STREET, STOKE NEWINGTON.

for it was built in 1708, though since enlarged, in 1860. Among those who have ministered here are the eminent publicist Dr. Price, and Rochemont Barbauld, the husband of the Mrs. Barbauld whose grave we have seen in the churchyard of old St. Mary's, Newington.

A few hundred yards north-east of the Green, in Goldsmith Square, is the church of St. Matthias, of which we may **St. Matthias**, pause to speak, not because it was noted for its "advanced" services in days when an elaborate ritual attracted more notice than it does now, but because it is a rather characteristic

is much better lighted than "high" churches are apt to be. Other Stoke Newington places of worship of which a word

Other Churches.

must be said are the Raleigh Memorial Church in the Albion Road, designed by Mr. Sulman, and forming a memorial of Dr. Raleigh, "from whose ministry," as an inscription records, "arose this and several other churches," and the Devonshire Square Church, in the Stoke Newington Road, built in the 'seventies from designs by Mr. T. Chatfield Clarke out of the proceeds of the site of the historic Baptist church in Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street Without.



OLD VIEW OF HACKNEY.
From a Drawing by William Ellis.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

HACKNEY

Area—The Name—The Old Church—The Present Church—Mare Street—Nonconformist Associations—The Priory—The Loddiges—Thomas Sutton—London Fields—Hackney Common—The French Hospital—The Cass Charity—Homerton—Hackney Marsh—Temple Mills—Mill Fields—Hackney Downs—Clapton—The Congress Hall—Clapton Common—Springfield Park—Stamford Hill—Kingsland—The Tyssens and the Amhersts—The De Beauvoirs—Dalston—The German Hospital

THE borough which occupies the north-eastern portion of the County of London is the largest of those which lie on the north side of the Thames, having an area of 3,292 acres, or nearly five and a-quarter square miles.

Though it is not correct to speak of Hackney, as one usually correct work does, as closely-built and densely populated, it now has a population of about 240,000, largely made up of the artisan classes and retail tradespeople; but in earlier days it was a fashionable suburb of London, so much so indeed as to suggest a wild etymology which is recorded by Maitland—that there was so much hired carriage communication between this suburb and the City that all horses for hire came at last

to be spoken of as “hackneys”! As to the derivation of the name of the parish, it has been conjectured, not im-

The Name. probably, that it refers to some *ey* or island on the Lea which came to be associated, perhaps as the result of seizure or of settlement, with a Danish chief known among men as Hacon. In respect of open spaces Hackney is exceptionally well off, for besides a slice of Victoria Park—which it shares with Bethnal Green and Poplar—and Hackney Downs and London Fields, it has in Hackney Marsh a pleasance which is one of the largest in the administrative county, only a few acres smaller than Hyde Park. Not till 1903 did it adopt the Public Libraries Act, tempted thereto by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who

offered to furnish a sum of £25,000 for the building of a central and two branch libraries; but it had less tardily put in force the Public Baths Act and had provided itself with electricity and dust destructor works. It is divided into eight wards, the Hackney, South Hackney, West Hackney, Downs, Stamford Hill, Kingsland, Homerton, and Clapton Wards.

The ecclesiastical centre of the borough nearly coincides with the geographical centre, the old tower of the ancient mother church standing just off the northern end of Mare Street, close to the junction of that thoroughfare with Dalston Lane and Clapton Road. According to Stow and Strype, Hackney had a parochial existence at least as far back as the end of the thirteenth century, and the church was at first dedicated to St. Augustine, but when the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem acquired property in the parish which had formerly belonged to the Knights Templars, St. Augustine's became St. John's, and to St. John is still dedicated the present church, which stands beside the tower of the old one. There is, by the way, another St. John's in South Hackney, but, as if to redress the balance, there is in the Homerton Ward, adjoining, a St. Augustine's.

St. John's, as in future we will call the mother church, was rebuilt early in the sixteenth century, and as time went on it was so much altered that at last it became, to quote from a description written in 1796, "an incomprehensible jumble of dissonant repairs." We need not, therefore, greatly lament that two years after those words were penned it was taken down, and succeeded by the present church, ugly as this is. A pseudo-classical building, its interior gives a sense of spaciousness without proportion, nor

does the exterior, with its walls of drab brick and its phenomenally heavy stone steeple seated astride the northern pediment, and looking as though it is only prevented by a perpetual miracle from crashing through the structure by its mere weight, make a more favourable impression. In old St. John's were buried several persons of distinction, among them that Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who had been a lover of Anne Boleyn before the King became her suitor, was long afterwards one of those who arrested Cardinal Wolsey at Cawood, and died at his manor here in 1537. Here, too, were buried two of the men who played their parts in the Civil War, Sir Alexander Carew, who was beheaded in the Tower in 1644 for an act of treachery which he meditated in the interest of Charles I., and Owen Rowe, the regicide, who was convicted in the year following the Restoration, and died a prisoner in the Tower. In St. John's, again, were baptized Dr. South, the witty preacher of the reign of Charles II., and several of the children of Daniel Defoe, who for a considerable time was a resident of Hackney; and here Fairfax,



PLAN OF HACKNEY, SHOWING THE WARDS.

the Parliamentary general, was married in 1637. St. John's, too, has not lacked men of note among its vicars. In succession to each other came David Dolben, afterwards Bishop of Bangor; Gilbert Sheldon, Primate of All England, and founder of the Museum at Oxford which bears his name; and Dr. Calyute Downing, a member of the Assembly of Divines, and father of the Sir George Downing who has given his name to the famous street in Whitehall. Nor must we fail to mention William Spurstowe, the Non-conformist divine whose initials bring up the rear in the anagram Smectymnus, or John Strype, the antiquary so frequently referred to in these pages, who was lecturer at St. John's for some years and died at Hackney in 1737.

The tower of old St. John's was left standing at first for utilitarian reasons rather than from any regard for its antiquity, for it was feared that the peal of eight bells was too heavy a burden for the tower of the new church to sustain. After some years, however, the bells were removed to the new church. The spacious churchyard, more than three acres in extent, has for many years been planted with trees that line the numerous walks by which it is intersected: but a portion of it is still used for interments, and the older part is crowded with tombs and memorial stones.

Until, in the early years of the present century, Mare Street, Hackney's ancient main thoroughfare, was widened, the old Town Hall stood on its eastern side, but

it has now vanished. For years before its disappearance it had been superseded as the civic headquarters of the borough by a much larger building a little farther down the street on its western side.

Even this did not suffice for the growing municipal needs of Hackney, and in 1897 it was enlarged, by the addition of a wing

on either side, at a cost of £12,000. A little further to the south, in what is known as the Triangle, is Morley Hall, used chiefly for concerts. In Mare Street, too, are the new Central Public Library, opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1908, the Lady Holles School for Girls, belonging to the Cripplegate Foundation, and the Hackney Empire, a large building of red brick and terra-cotta, opened in 1901. The widening of the street has involved the destruction of many of the older buildings which redeemed its narrowness; but a few have survived the ordeal, among them the comely houses, on opposite sides of

the street, which form the Elizabeth Fry Refuge and the North-East London Jewish Institute. Here, also, are several of the institutions of the Salvation Army. Hardly less than Hammersmith, Hackney has for many years been noted for the abundance of its charitable agencies, and this is true not only of the central part of the borough, but also of the outlying portions.

In what we may perhaps call its palmy days, Hackney was a stronghold of Non-conformity, and though Nonconformist places of worship are still much in evidence, and are the homes of thriving and active

Mare
Street.



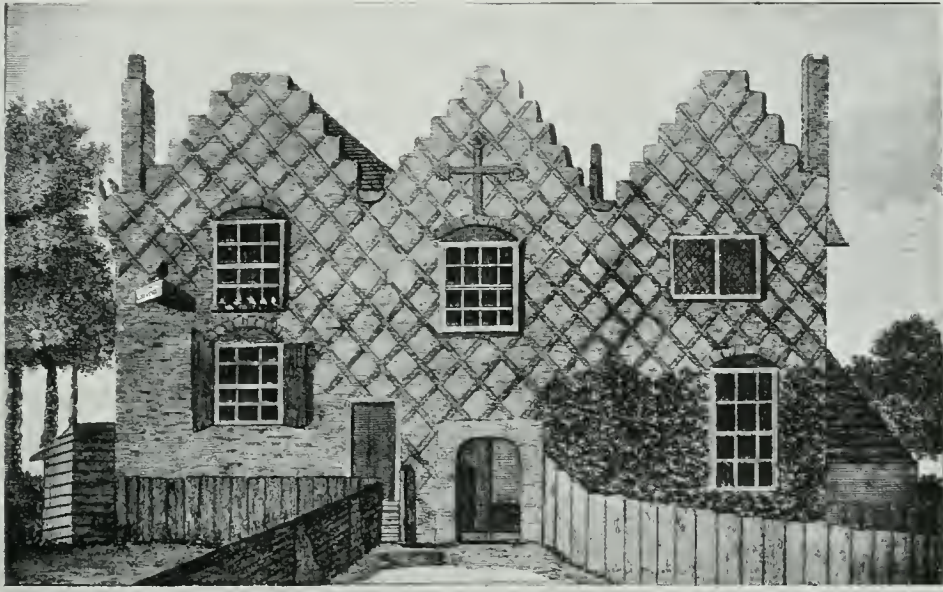
Photo. Pictorial Agency.

TOWER OF HACKNEY OLD CHURCH.

churches, it has not retained its eminence in this respect. In Well Street, which diverges from Mare Street on the east, stood Hackney Congregational College, which was founded in 1803, to prepare students for the ministry; at Homerton there was a similar institution, of greater antiquity, of which Dr. Pye-Smith, of geological fame, was once the principal; and at Lower Clapton was a college with which

the old one is still standing, and is now a Mission Hall. Behind the New Gravel Pit Chapel, in Retreat Place, is a row of almshouses, built in the Gothic style which prevailed at the beginning of the nineteenth century, with a chapel in the centre bearing an inscription recording that the buildings were erected and endowed by Samuel Robinson in 1812, "for the comfort of twelve widows of Dissenting ministers." Less fortunate than the old Gravel Pit Chapel,

Nonconformist Associations.



HOUSE IN WELL STREET BELONGING TO THE PRIORY OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

From an Old Print.

are associated the names of several distinguished Unitarian divines, among them Dr. Priestley and Mr. Belsham. The

first has been transferred to

Dr. Priestley. Finchley Road, Hampstead, the second has been absorbed in New

College in the same suburb, the third was broken up in 1797. Dr. Priestley was at one time pastor of the old Gravel Pit Chapel, near the east end of Paragon Road—which leads out of Mare Street eastwards just below the Town Hall, and his immediate predecessor was the not less famous Dr. Richard Price. Dr. Priestley preached his farewell sermon in the Gravel Pit meeting before his departure for America in 1794. But the chapel has long been superseded by another Unitarian church, some two hundred yards to the south, though

the Presbyterian Meeting-house established in Mare Street early in the seventeenth century, and numbering among its pastors Philip Nye, William Bates, and Matthew Henry the commentator, has vanished, though a modern chapel, occupied by the Congregationalists, has sprung up on the opposite (the eastern) side of the street.

The residence of the Knights of St. John survived, under the name of the Priory, into the nineteenth century, though

The Priory.

cut up into small tenements. Originally styled Beaulieu, in Stow's day it bore the name of Shoreditch Place, the Prior of St. John having, about the middle of the fourteenth century, disposed of it to two purchasers, one of whom was Nicholas Shordych. The name

of Shore Road, which bisects Well Street, is a reminiscence of Shoreditch Place.

At the western corner of London Lane, which runs out of Mare Street westwards to London Fields, stood the Tower House, where John Milton wooed his second wife, Catherine Woodcock. Facing London Lane

**The
Loddiges.**

on the other side of Mare Street is Loddige Road, named after the family of horticulturists who carried on extensive nurseries in Hackney for nearly a hundred years from 1771, when they acquired Busch's nursery in this region, formed in part out of an estate which once belonged to John Okey, the regicide. Arrested in Delft as the result of the diplomacy of Sir George Downing, Okey was executed in 1662.

At the upper end of Mare Street, close to Dalston Lane, lived in the eighteenth century John Ward, who was gibbeted by Pope, and whose avarice was not the worst of his vices. Hereabouts, too, stood, until the end of the eighteenth century, a mansion known as the Black and White House, built at the end of the sixteenth century by a citizen of London, and afterwards the residence of the famous Vyner

The Vyners. family, the City goldsmiths, by one of whom, Sir Thomas, it was enlarged in 1662. It was in returning from a visit to Sir Thomas Vyner that Charles II. was to have been assassinated as the result of a Popish conspiracy that was hatched at the "Cock" at Hackney; but the plot miscarried. On the other, the eastern, side of St. John's Church we

**Sutton
Place.**

have in Sutton Place a reminiscence of a still more eminent worthy, the benevolent founder of the Charterhouse, Thomas Sutton, who spent his declining years at Hackney, dying here on the 12th of December, 1611.

An open space of six-and-twenty acres, now controlled by the London County Council, London Fields in the

**London
Fields.**

eighteenth century was given up to the grazing of sheep, and a memory of the use to which it was put survives in the name of Lamb Lane. Later the Fields were so much frequented by the riff-raff of the East End for rough sports, and so thoroughly neglected, that they became a disgrace to the parish, and at last, after a good

deal of agitation, the Metropolitan Board of Works intervened, the ground was railed in, and the surface levelled and sown with grass. If it has no great attractiveness, it is a boon to this part of Hackney as a playing-ground.

If, crossing Mare Street, we follow King Edward's Road, it will lead us past St. John's Church, South Hackney, to Groombridge Road, and so to Well Street Common, otherwise Hackney Common, rather smaller than

**Hackney
Common.**

London Fields, and, like the Fields, under the control of the London County Council. At its north-west corner are the Monger Almshouses, founded by a resident of Hackney who flourished in the second half of the seventeenth century; at the south-west angle is

**The
French
Hospital.**

the French Hospital, a pleasant building of dark-red brick, designed by Robert Louis Roumieu, descendant of a Huguenot refugee, and completed in 1866. The charity itself, however, is of more remote origin, for it originated in a bequest by M. de Gastigny, Master of the Buckhounds to William III., for the founding of a hospital for the benefit of French Protestants driven to these shores by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the first hospital was built in St. Luke's parish. The present building, which stands in the midst of spacious grounds, and is an almshouse rather than a hospital in the ordinary sense, provides accommodation for forty men and twenty women, and its inmates are drawn mainly from the weavers who still linger in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green.

Running parallel with the north border of Hackney Common is Cassland Road, where, in Cassland House, is a

**The Cass
Charity.**

branch of the Hackney Technical Institute, of which the headquarters, close to the Hackney Downs Junction Station, are in Dalston Lane. Both road and institute are a reminder that in this part of the parish is extensive property forming the Cass charity, of which the founder was Sir John Cass, an Alderman of the City in the early years of the eighteenth century. Not a little of the improvement that has been effected in this neighbourhood is due to the liberality of the trustees of the Cass estate, who also made a handsome contribution to the £36,000 which has been spent upon

the buildings and equipment of the Technical Institutes.

To the north of Hackney Common lies Homerton, which in these days is of note chiefly for its great Poor-law institutions, for here, in the Clifden Road, is the Workhouse of the City of London Union, adjacent to it on the east are the Eastern Fever Hospital

to avoid the risk of flooding when the Lea is in spate, and the London County Council has done much for its improvement. If its flatness prevents it from being brought into comparison with others of the larger open spaces of the Metropolis in point of picturesqueness, this makes it peculiarly suitable for the playing of games, and the Earl of Meath indulged in no very daring hyper-



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE MONGER ALMSHOUSES, HACKNEY COMMON (p. 952).

and Ambulance Station of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and a little to the south-west, in Sidney Road and the High Street, is the Workhouse and Infirmary of the Hackney Union, to which a new infirmary pavilion was added in 1898, at a cost of £30,000.

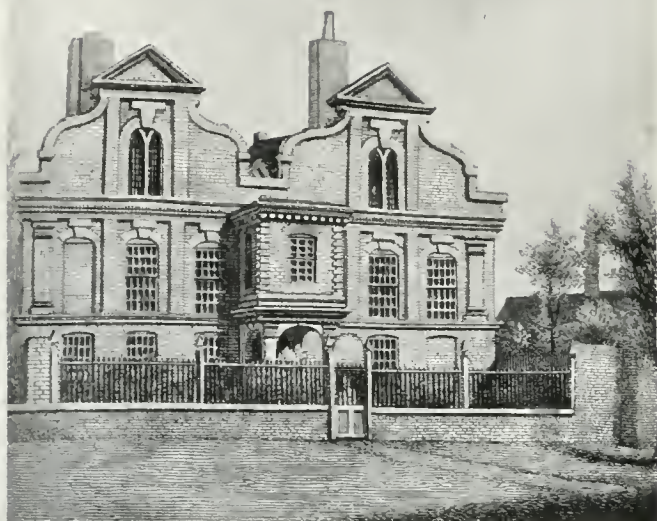
At no great distance eastwards of these institutions is the Hackney Marsh, which, measuring 339 acres, stretches away to the Lea, and is divided by that stream from the Leyton Marsh in Essex. It was acquired for the public in 1893, at a cost of £75,000, and dedicated to the public in the following year. Several new canals have been cut through the Marsh, and other measures taken

bole when at the dedication ceremony, as recorded in Colonel Sexby's "Municipal Parks," he declared it to be the most magnificent playground in the world.

The Temple Mills, close to the bridge that carries the road to Homerton across the Lead Mill Stream, one of the branches of the Lea, are an interesting reminder of the former association of the Knights Templars with Hackney, for the mills which these have succeeded originally belonged to that Order, and after its suppression came into the hands of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1834 they were acquired by the East London Waterworks Company,

Hackney Marsh.

Temple Mills.



THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE, HACKNEY.

whose filter-beds, now taken over by the Metropolitan Water Board, lie on both sides of the Lea.

On the north-west, Hackney Marsh is adjoined by two other open spaces under the control of the London County Council, the South and North Mill Fields, named after corn mills near Lea Bridge that were acquired by the East London Waterworks Company, and between them measuring sixty-two and a-half acres. In the South Mill Fields are the Borough Council's Electricity Station, Dust Destructor, and Disinfecting Station.

A walk westwards along the Millfields Road will bring us by way of Lower Clapton, with the district known as Clapton Park on our left, to the most central of the borough's many recreation grounds, the Hackney Downs, forty-one and three-quarter acres in extent, furnished with a band-stand, and, in the centre, a drinking fountain to a local worthy. At the north-east angle it is overlooked by the Downs Chapel, at the south-east angle by a place of worship belonging to the Presbyterian Church of England, with a steeple of peculiar ugliness; away in the distance—for the Downs lie rather higher than most of the neighbouring ground—can be seen the heavy, dome-like turret of West Hackney

Church, the lofty spire of Stoke Newington Church, and a number of other towers and spires; on the south, separated from the Common by the Downs Park Road, is the Hackney Downs School, the front looking down upon a spacious playground which once formed part of the Downs. This school, taken over by the London County Council from the Grocers' Company in 1904, and extended in 1908 at a cost of £10,000, now has some five hundred boys upon its roll.

Near the south end of the Lower Clapton Road, to the east of the Downs, are the Hackney Public Baths, built in 1896-7 at a cost of £65,000, and opened by the late Lord Russell of Killowen, who, to the end of his life, was always ready to show his

interest in the borough which had sent him to Parliament. Laura Place, leading out of Lower Clapton Road eastwards, is built upon the site of the house in which was born, in the year

1726, Clapton's most illustrious son, John Howard, the prison reformer and philanthropist. It had been the country house of his father, who was an upholsterer in the City, and it descended to the son, who disposed of it in 1785, but it survived into the nineteenth century. A few yards south of Laura Place, in Lynscott Road, is the Congress Hall, the largest of the Salvation Army's halls in the United Kingdom. In the build-

ings connected with it the young men and women who offer themselves for the Army's service are trained. The property formerly belonged to the London Orphan Asylum, which was established here in 1813, but migrated to Watford about the year 1870. Early in the 'eighties it was acquired by General Booth, who replaced the chapel that stood between the two wings of the building with the present hall, which has a seating capacity of 4,500; it was opened in May, 1882.

We have spoken of one eminent native of Clapton: we must not omit to mention another, the Major André who was hanged

by George Washington as a spy. He appears to have obtained a commission in the army as the result of a love disappointment, for he had been designated for a commercial life, and only embraced the profession of arms when his suit was rejected by that Honora Sneyd, friend of Anne Seward, who was destined to have for daughter-in-law Maria Edgeworth.

Following Lower Clapton Road and its continuation, Upper Clapton Road, northwards, we reach the northern confines of Hackney and of the County of London, passing on the right Springfield Park, and on the left Clapton Common, both of them controlled by the London County Council. The latter, measuring seven and a-half acres, is more elevated in situation than any

other recreation-ground in Hackney, which is the flattest of the suburban metropolitan boroughs. Springfield Park, which is thirty-two and a half acres in extent, and was dedicated to the public in 1905, is dignified with not a few fine old trees, and slopes down to the river bank. When the London County Council acquired the estate, at a cost of about £37,000, they very properly decided to retain the mansion to which the park was

attached, and it has been converted into a refreshment-house.

Not far beyond Clapton Common, Upper Clapton Road bends westwards and loses itself in the main road northwards from Shoreditch and Bishopsgate, known in this part of its course as Stamford Hill. At this spot the Lord Mayor and Corporation met King James on his way from his northern kingdom to his new capital, and in those days its elevation above the general level, inconsiderable as it is, probably enabled it to offer to the king a delectable view of the city of which he was about to enter upon possession. It is not our business to turn our faces northwards, but to follow the same course as King James until we come to the Kingsland Road—to the point at which we abandoned this thoroughfare when it passed out of the borough of Shoreditch. It takes us past, on the right, the bright looking Skinners' Company's School for Girls, and the Abney Park Cemetery, of which we have given some account in our chapter of the borough of Stoke Newington, and, on the left, the Stamford Hill Congregational Church and Stoke Newington Common, an open space of five and a-quarter acres, which is in the hands of the London County Council, and, in spite of its name,



THE LOCK HOSPITAL, KINGSLAND (*p.* 956).

From a Drawing by Schnebbelie.

is included in the borough of Hackney. Presently, on the right, at the corner of Church Street, we notice the "Three Crowns," the successor of the tavern at which King James baited his horses after his meeting with the City Fathers. The main road, known in this part of its course as High Street, Stoke Newington, and Stoke Newington Road, and no longer bordered by the gardens of trim villas but by shops, relieved only at rare intervals by an occasional eighteenth century house, has by this time become the dividing line between Hackney and Stoke Newington and so remains until at Shacklewell Lane the boundary diverges westwards in order to include the whole of the region known as Kingsland.

This part of Hackney, which used to be styled Shacklewell, is associated with the family of Sir Thomas More, **Kingsland.** for his daughter Cecilia married George Heron, the lord of the manor of Shacklewell, whose connexion with the fallen Chancellor involved him in ruin. Long afterwards, in 1700, the estate was bought by Mr. Francis Tyssen, descended from a family of Flushing merchants who had settled in London in or about the reign of James II., and acquired much property in Hackney. After the death of Francis Tyssen's son in 1781, the latter's daughter conveyed the extensive Tyssen estates in this region to the Amhursts of Rochester. At the close of the eighteenth century the property passed by marriage to Mr. William George Daniel, of Foley House, Kent, and Westbrook, Dorset, who thereupon assumed the surname and arms of Tyssen. His eldest son took the additional name of Amhurst or Amherst, and until his death in 1909 the family was represented by Lord Amherst of Hackney, who had been raised to the peerage in 1892.

The Tyssens were connected with another of the great families of Hackney, the De Beauvoirs, after whom is named **The De Beauvoirs.** that part of Kingsland which lies east of the Kingsland Road; for the Francis Tyssen who bought the manor of Shacklewell married Rachel, youngest daughter of Richard de Beauvoir, a Guernsey gentleman who had purchased Balnes

House, Hoxton, mentioned in our chapter on Shoreditch. Kingsland, it has been suggested, may have derived its name from its contiguity—not a very close one—to the royal residence on Newington Green; but this appears to be a mere guess. Down to the second quarter of the last century it consisted mainly of brickfields and market gardens, but now it is thickly covered with houses. Its only historic memory is that of the Lock Hospital, or Hospital for Lepers, which was of very ancient foundation, and at the Reformation was annexed to St. Bartholomew's, and came to be used for the reception of patients suffering from the disease said to have been imported into Europe by the discoverers of the New World. The hospital was pulled down about the year 1761, but the chapel, which stood at the south-east corner of Ball's Pond Road, survived into the reign of William IV.

To the west and north of Kingsland lies Dalston, described in 1806 as "a small hamlet adjoining Hackney," and **Dalston.** as having "nothing remarkable but its nursery grounds." Dalston Lane, a winding thoroughfare leading from Kingsland Road to Mare Street, still has some traces of its ancient rusticity left, and notably the old manor-house, which stands in its own grounds on the north side of the lane, about midway along its course, and since 1811 has been the habitation of the Refuge for Destitute Females, a charity founded at Lambeth in 1805 under the auspices of the Clapham sect. Near the western end of the lane is the Dalston Theatre; not far from its eastern termination, where it crosses Amhurst Road, is the Central Hackney Technical Institute; between these two points is the German Hospital, a seemingly building of red brick and stone, of Professor Donaldson's designing, dating **The German Hospital.** from 1864, and standing in pleasant grounds. The institution was established in 1845, and the bi-lingual announcements on the gates are an indication that its benefits are not restricted to those for whom they were primarily intended. Beside it is a German Lutheran Church, the modern habitation of a religious community founded in the City by Hanse merchants so long ago as 1669.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

BETHNAL HOUSE ASYLUM.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

BETHNAL GREEN

Area—Improvements—Social Characteristics—Church Row—St. Matthew's Church—St. John's—Bethnal House Asylum—Legend of the Blind Beggar—Bethnal Green Museum—Bonner's Hall—Victoria Park—Meath Gardens—Columbia Market—"The Nichol"—Oxford House

BETHNAL GREEN, with an area of 759 acres, or less than one square mile and a quarter, is the fifth smallest of the metropolitan boroughs. It is divided into four wards, which have no more distinctive appellations than the cardinal points of the compass. Less enterprising than Shoreditch, it has not adopted the Free Libraries Act, it was slow to embark upon a scheme for combined electricity and dust destruction works, and were it not that about a third of Victoria Park—seventy acres—is within the boundary, its open spaces would not number more than thirty acres. Small as is the area, the population numbers about 130,000, and the inhabitants live chiefly in small cottages or in block dwellings, but the borough is now traversed by broad main thoroughfares—the Hackney Road, the Bethnal Green Road and its continuations, and the Old Ford Road, from east to west, and the Cambridge Road and Grove Road from north to south—and some of the worst of the rookeries have been annihilated.

The silk-weaving industry has nearly disappeared from Bethnal Green, but in roaming about the borough one comes upon whole streets of which the houses are provided, either on the ground floor or more frequently on the

floor above, with the large windows which speak of this well-nigh vanished occupation. To-day the greater number of the inhabitants of Bethnal Green are employed in boot-making and in cabinet-making in its many branches, but no slight proportion of the population is made up of small tradesmen and costermongers. From "Life and Labour of the People in London" we learn that,

while Bethnal Green has a small criminal population, "much of its family life and social habits are at as low a level as any in London." Marriages "are contracted at an early age, and in many cases for pressing reasons. The ceremony is often postponed to the very last moment at which it is possible to save the situation, but 'is always intended'; the girls count on it, for the local ethical standard is strong on the necessity of marriage under such circumstances. On the other hand, if difficulties between the couple arise later on, to leave wife and home and live with another woman is not regarded as a serious offence if the circumstances are felt to justify this course. In all these matters there are, however, strict rules of propriety, accepted by public opinion, which cannot be violated with impunity by those who wish to live

Social Characteristics.

Silk-weaving.

on pleasant terms with their neighbours, though they may not follow the ordinary lines either of legal or religious morality."

The report goes on to say that, taking Bethnal Green as a whole, the roughness seems to be slowly decreasing; and there is ground for believing that in the years that have intervened since "Life and Labour" was published the improvement in the morals and manners of Bethnal Green, if slow, has been continuous. The streets still display "the life and good humour" that are recorded in the volume from which I have quoted, and still the Sunday morning bird fair in Sclater Street reflects the liking of Bethnal Green for domestic pets—not merely singing birds and pigeons, but rabbits and guinea-pigs and poultry and dogs and goats. Another amiable trait of Bethnal Green is its fondness for window gardening, a fondness which is ministered to by the flower market carried on in Columbia Road.

Until the year 1743 Bethnal Green had no separate parochial existence, being nothing more than a hamlet of Stepney. The ecclesiastical and municipal centre of the borough is to be found in Church Row, in the West Ward, for here on one

Church Row.

side is the mother church, St. Matthew's, with the mortuary, and on the other side are the Town Hall and Coroner's Court—the former a quaint building of stucco, reared in 1851, and extended in 1867, the latter bearing date 1897. The church, like St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, is the work of the elder Dance, and is surrounded by a large graveyard which is now a recreation ground. Of red brick faced with Portland stone, it has a western tower and stunted spire, and a shallow chancel which in 1906 was considerably altered and redecorated. A little to the east of Church Row, in Cheshire Street, are the Public Baths and Wash-houses, and east of this again, in London Street, is a Free Library, which however is a voluntary, not a municipal, institution.

To reach the older part of Bethnal Green we must wend our way along the Bethnal Green Road to the spot which is almost the exact centre of the borough. Here, at the point where Bethnal Green Road is intersected by Cambridge Road, stands St. John's Church, opened

in 1825, a heavy classical structure which does little credit to Sir John Soane, the learned architect who designed it. Between this church and the Bethnal Green Museum on the north, with the Cambridge Road bordering it on the west, is a public garden two and a-half acres in extent, a part of the waste lands of the Manor of Hackney. In 1667 so much of these lands as was still not built over—some fifteen acres—was purchased from the lady of the manor in the interests of the poor and conveyed to trustees, in whose hands it remained intact until in 1868 the trustees parted with four and a-half acres to the committee which had in hand the erection of the Bethnal Green Museum, it being arranged that the land not actually covered by the Museum buildings should be converted into a public recreation ground. In 1891 the trustees sold the remaining lands, on the south side, separated from the Museum Garden by St. John's Church and Green Street, and measuring six and a-half acres, to the London County Council, and in 1895 this also was opened as a public garden. Here is a memorial, erected by public subscription, of the self-sacrificing bravery of two residents of Bethnal Green who lost their lives in attempting to save fellow-creatures from fire in Hackney Road in April, 1902.

In the rear of this garden is the most historic house in Bethnal Green, a seemly building of mellowed red brick with a pilastered front, which has long been known as Bethnal House Asylum. Originally reared in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by John Kirby, a wealthy citizen of London, and sarcastically dubbed "Kirby's Folly" by his contemporaries, who disapproved of his extravagance, it came just before the Restoration into the hands of Sir William Ryder, deputy-master of Trinity House, who numbered Pepys among his guests. By the cheerful diarist and by many others the house, without the slightest authority so far as one can ascertain, was identified with the residence of "the blind beggar of Bethnal Green" who figures in the well-known ballad in

Bethnal House Asylum.

"The Blind Beggar."

Percy's "Reliques." The story goes that Henry de Montfort, son of the famous Simon, was wounded at Evesham fighting by his father's side, and

was found among the dead by a baron's daughter, who sold her jewels to marry him and shared with him the beggar's life to which he took that he might escape the penalty of rebellion. The "Pretty Bessee" of the ballad was their only daughter.

"My father, shee said, is soone to be seene,
The seely blind beggar of Bednall Green,
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

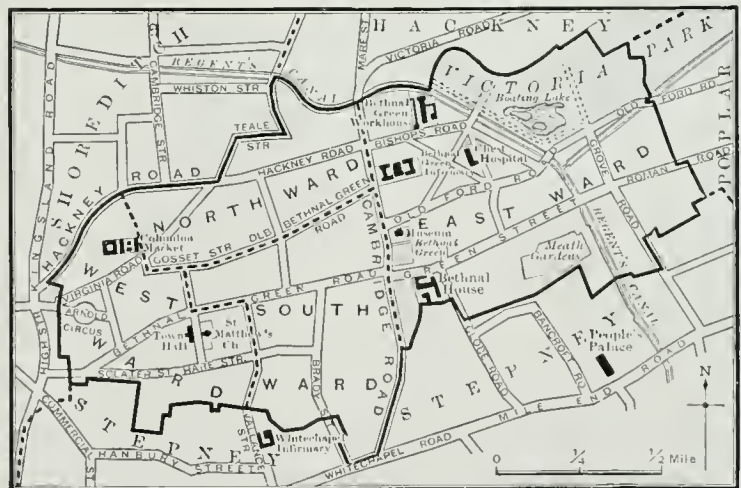
"His markes and his tokens are knowen very well,
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell;
A seely old man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yet hee is the father of pretty Bessee."

What, if any, foundation in fact the legend of the blind beggar had cannot be ascertained, but it found eager credence, and as Lyson points out, for centuries the sign-posts and the beadle's staff preserved its memory. Somewhere about the end of the eighteenth century the house was converted into a private asylum, the grounds in front, now, as we have seen, a public garden, being leased from the trustees for the use of the inmates; and an asylum Bethnal House still remains.

The Bethnal Green Museum, a branch of the Victoria and Albert Museum, is composed partly of the materials of the original Museum buildings—"the Brompton boilers"—at South Kensington. Reared from plans drawn up by the late Major-General Scott, C.B., it is not too abundantly lighted, nor is it of note architecturally, but the side walls are relieved with panels of red and white mosaic illustrating the operations of man in connexion with the production of his food and with science and the industrial arts, executed by pupils of the National Art Training School, now the Royal College of Art, at South Kensington, and in front of the entrance stands a majolica fountain from the works of Messrs. Minton and Co., who showed it at the exhibition of 1862, and afterwards presented it to the Department of Science and Art. Designed by Mr. John Thomas, this rococo piece of

work has for subject St. George and the Dragon. The Museum was opened on behalf of the late Queen Victoria by the Prince and Princess of Wales on the 24th of June, 1872, and it started its career handsomely, for until Hertford House was ready for their reception, its halls glowed with the works of art that make up the famous Wallace Collection, now the property of the nation. The Museum has also had the good fortune to secure the loan of several other art collections. Among its permanent features are the Dixon Collection of Water Colours and Oils, bequeathed in 1885, a collection of articles of food so arranged as to teach the chemistry and natural history of food-stuffs, another of animal products illustrating the manufacture of clothing materials and ornaments, and the uses of waste products. Here, also, are the Doubleday Collection of British Butterflies and Moths, and collections of English and Continental furniture. For some years before the completion of the National Portrait Gallery in St. Martin's Place, the nation's portraits were housed in this building.

To the north of the Museum, in the Cambridge Road, is the Bethnal Green Infirmary; the workhouse is in the Waterloo Road, close to the Regent's Canal, which here forms the borough's northern boundary. To the south-east of this, in the triangle formed by Bishop's Road, Bonner Road, and St. James's Road, are a Children's Home and the City of London Hospital



PLAN OF BETHNAL GREEN, SHOWING THE WARDS.

for Diseases of the Chest, a large building of red brick in the Queen Anne style, built from designs by Mr. Ordish. The hospital was founded in 1848 in Liverpool Street, Finsbury, and afterwards removed to this more salubrious situation. It has 140 beds, and an income of about £11,000. Another important medical institution of Bethnal Green is the Queen's Hospital for Children,



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

GOthic FOUNTAIN IN VICTORIA PARK.

in the Hackney Road, founded in 1867 as the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, and enlarged in 1903, while a Nurses' Home was added in 1906. It has about 125 beds, and an average income of about £9,000. One of the wards of this hospital is known as the *Little Folks Ward*, having been established by contributions from the readers of that monthly magazine for children.

The names of Bonner's Road and Bishop's Road remind us of the old house known as Bonner's Hall, which stood on the east side of the site now occupied by the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, and was reputed to have been the palace of Bishop

**Bonner's
Hall.**

Bonner. According to Colonel Sexby, the author of "Municipal Parks," it was in all probability the manor-house of Stepney, and would therefore be the residence of the Bishops of London as lords of the manor. But after Bishop Braybrooke, who died in 1404, there is no authentic record of any bishop having lived here, and it is certain that for some two centuries and a half before the year 1800, when its destruction began, it had been the property of laymen. The land hereabouts used to be known as Bonner's Fields, but now that it has been built over, the name has disappeared from the map.

On the other side of the Regent's Canal is Victoria Park, of which the story may briefly be told here, although the larger part is in the boroughs of Poplar and Hackney. Purchased by the Government with the proceeds of the sale of York (now Stafford) House, in St. James's Park, it was laid out by Sir James Pennethorne between 1842 and 1845, and named after Queen Victoria, who eight years before it was opened had ascended the throne. Many years afterwards, in 1873, Queen Victoria visited the park, and signalled the event by presenting to St. Mark's Church a clock and peal of bells. The park remained in the hands of the Office of Works until 1887, and was then transferred to the Metropolitan Board of Works, from whom it was inherited by the London County Council. The principal entrance, reached by way of Approach Road, is at Bonner Hall Bridge, over the Regent's Canal, on the western side of the park, where, beside the park gates, is an Elizabethan lodge of red bricks dressed with stone, with a tower and porch, the whole of Pennethorne's designing. Another notable structure in the park is a large octagonal Gothic drinking-fountain, the gift of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, whose architect was Mr. H. A. Darbishire. Close to the cricket ground are some of the octagonal recesses from old Westminster Bridge, which were re-erected here as alcoves. They bear an inscription representing that they formed part of old London Bridge, but they really belonged to the western bridge.

Victoria Park is in a pre-eminent sense the playground of East London, and on fine Saturday afternoons and Sundays tens of thousands of people may be seen taking their pleasure here in multifarious forms. Abundant provision is made for open-air pastimes of many kinds, and there are gymnasia for athletics and sand-pits for the children. Of the three lakes, one is given up to boating and to miniature yacht sailing, while in the others bathing is allowed, and as many as five-

another recreation ground, nearly ten acres in area, known as the Meath Gardens, after the public-spirited chairman of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, which raised a sum of £3,000 for laying them out. They were formerly a private burial ground, the Victoria Park Cemetery, which, after it was closed for interments, in 1876, gradually degenerated until it became an eyesore. It was opened as a public garden by the

**Meath
Gardens.**



BONNER'S HALL IN 1844.

From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

and-twenty thousand bathers have been counted here on a summer's morning before eight o'clock. On one of the islands on the boating lake is a charming Chinese pagoda in two storeys. The western part of the park is beautifully laid out with walks and shubberies and flower-beds, for the East Enders, as we have already hinted, are great lovers of flowers, and the plants are labelled with letters large enough to be read. For the delectation of the children there is, besides the sand-pits already referred to, an aviary of English birds, as well as a rockery in which goats disport themselves and a herd of deer.

On the other side of the Regent's Canal, in the south-eastern part of the borough, is

present Prince of Wales in 1894, and while the greater part of it is pleasantly laid out with trees and flowers, a broad strip on the south side forms playgrounds for boys and for girls.

Architecturally the most striking object in Bethnal Green is the Columbia Market, close to the Shoreditch or western boundary, with a Gothic hall, lofty and richly ornamented, for its chief feature. From a distance this hall presents the aspect of a cathedral, but it cannot be said that a nearer view strengthens the first favourable impression, for the building has more elaboration than dignity. The market was built in 1866-69, from designs by Mr. H. A. Darbishire, and at the

**Columbia
Market.**

charges of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who hoped to benefit the locality not only by annihilating the hovels that disgraced the site, but also by providing a place where the dwellers in this part of East London might buy food cheaply. It is said that the lady in whose benevolent mind this scheme originated spent as much as £200,000 upon it. But from the first it was a failure. Few of the shops were taken, the people showed no disposition to form the market-going habit, and at last the place was closed. It has several times been reopened for different kinds of produce, but at last its final failure as a market had to be recognised. Afterwards the Gothic hall formed the headquarters of the East London Church Polytechnic. But failure continued to brood over the structure, and for some years now it has been used for no purpose whatever, and has stood a melancholy monument of benevolence that missed its mark. The model dwellings which surround the open space on three sides—the hall completing the quadrangle—have never lacked tenants. To the west side of the quadrangle is a great block of dwellings styled Columbia Square, which forms another part of Lady Burdett-Coutts's great scheme.

To the south-west, between Mount Street and the Shoreditch boundary, is the scene of another and even greater public improvement. This is often known as the Boundary Street area, but it was more familiar locally as "the Nichol," from the name of one of the streets. "The Nichol" was a refuge for many persons belonging to the vicious and criminal classes, and it was a chosen haunt also of zymotic and tubercular disease. The area, measuring some thirteen acres, was scheduled by the London County Council, the site was cleared, and the buildings were replaced by blocks of

model dwellings sufficient to accommodate a population of four thousand, and forming wide, well-ventilated streets radiating from a circus where is a raised garden, its slopes bright with evergreens and shrubs. It was hoped that many of the old denizens of "the Nichol" would remain and take the new dwellings provided for them; but the rents were not sufficiently low, nor was the orderly life to their taste, and it was found that most of them shifted away to the poorest of the neighbouring streets, carrying with them, of course, their old modes of life, while the new tenements were taken by a different class, many of them Jews.

We must not pass on to our next borough without mentioning the well-known

University settlement which bears the name of Oxford House—a well-built structure of red brick, in Mape Street, on the south side of the Bethnal Green Road. The centre of a many-sided social work in Bethnal Green, the settlement was founded in 1884 on Church of England lines, and its work has been carried on by Oxonians under such leaders as Father Adderley, Canon Hensley Henson, and the present Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram, who, as head of Oxford House, and afterwards as rector of St. Matthias's, gave proof of the qualities that led to his selection as Bishop of Stepney, and later to his preferment to the see of London. Emphatic testimony to the good wrought by Oxford House, in "the pleasure and fulness of interest added to a thousand lives," is to be found in the pages of "Life and Labour in London." A similar work by women is carried on at the Cheltenham College Settlement, in Old Nichol Street, on the Shoreditch border of the borough; and many other agencies in Bethnal Green are striving after the same ends.

Oxford House.

"The Nichol."

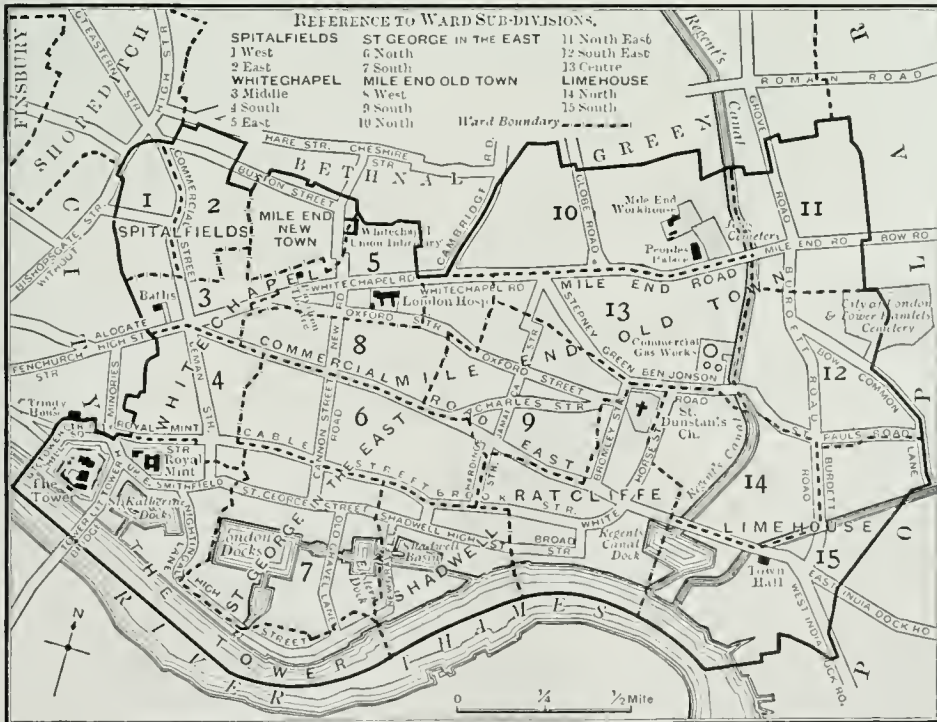
CHAPTER XC

STEPNEY

A Great Parish—The Wards—The Borough Device—The Name—St. Dunstan's Church—Stepney Green—Dr. Barnardo's Homes—Whitechapel—The Ghetto—Petticoat Lane—St. Mary's—St. Jude's—Toynbee Hall—The "Old Red Lion"—The London Hospital—The Whitechapel Murders—Spitalfields—The Spital Sermons—The Weavers—Christ Church—Spitalfields Market—Mile End—Trinity Hospital—The People's Palace—Captain Cook—St. George's-in-the-East—Princes and Wellclose Squares—Ratcliffe Highway and its Memories—St. Katharine's Hospital—East Minster—Wapping—Shadwell—Limehouse

IN the borough of Stepney we come to the mother parish of East London, which once stretched from the border of the City on the west to Plaistow on the east, and from the Thames on the south to Shoreditch and Hackney on the north. The borough still comprises the greater part of the ancient parish, for though Poplar, Blackwall, and Stratford on the east, and Bethnal Green on the north, now form no part of it, it includes Whitechapel, Spitalfields, Mile End, Limehouse,

Shadwell, and St. George's-in-the-East, and it has also annexed the Tower of London, which was not included within the boundaries of the original parish. Measuring 1,766 acres, or two and three-quarter square miles, it comes sixteenth among the cities and boroughs of the administrative county, but in point of population—about 310,000—it takes third place, being exceeded only by Islington and by Lambeth. It is divided into nineteen wards, of which seven are allotted to Mile End (Old and New Town), three to Whitechapel,



PLAN OF STEPNEY, SHOWING THE WARDS.

two to Spitalfields, two to Limehouse, two to St. George's-in-the-East, and one each to the hamlet of Ratcliffe, the parish of Shadwell, and the Tower and its vicinity, including St. Katharine's Docks and Wapping. The

**The
Borough
Device.**

Borough Council has adopted a device which, though it does not come under the head of heraldry, is worth attention as a grouping of the principal features of interest in the history of Stepney. Thus the figures in the four circles represent the saints to whom are dedicated the mother churches of the four principal parishes—St. Dunstan (Stepney), St. Anne (Limehouse), St. George (St. George's-in-the-East), and St. Mary Matfellow (Whitechapel). The shield in the centre of the device stands for the Tower; the ship at the top is the emblem used by the authorities of the parish of Stepney in allusion to the old tradition that anyone born on the high seas is entitled to claim to be a native of Stepney; the ship at the bottom symbolises the docks and riverside industries generally; the loom on the right represents the silk-weaving industry of Spitalfields, and the railway goods train on the left is a reference to the old Stepney and Blackwall Railway, one of the earliest railways in England. The borough is sadly lacking in open spaces, the largest being the churchyard of St. Dunstan, and it is not easy to see how in such a region the need is to be supplied; nor has it yet provided itself with permanent municipal offices, but all the same it is not wanting in civic enterprise, for it has adopted the Free Libraries and the Baths and Wash-houses Acts, it maintains museums, and it has its own electricity works.

None of the wards, as we have seen, bears the name of Stepney, nor, rather curiously, does either of the great main

**The
Name.**

streets. The etymology of the cognomen we need not stop to discuss, for it is mere matter of conjecture: enough to say that it appears in Domesday as *Stibenhede*, that the second syllable was often rendered *huthc*, *hethe*, and *hythe*, and that the theory of Lysons was that the name derives from *steb*, a trunk, and *hythe*, wharf, and that it denotes, therefore, a timber wharf or wharves. The municipal centre of the borough is in the western

part of the borough, for the Town Hall is in Cable Street, near the church of St. George-in-the East, and the temporary municipal offices are in Great Alie Street, Whitechapel, still further west, and on the border of the City. But the ecclesiastical centre of Stepney, the church

St. Dunstan's, of St. Dunstan, is to be found in the Ratcliffe Ward, on the eastern side of Stepney High Street, and no great way from the geographical centre of the borough. Built in the fourteenth century, it has been much altered at various times, but happily it has not been over-restored. In 1901 it was assailed by fire, which destroyed the roof and did other damage, and a cross of blackened wood, a part of the old roof, has been reared in the churchyard to commemorate the event. St. Dunstan's, though not of much note architecturally, has interesting associations. Here lie buried Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy under Henry VIII., and commander of that gallant ship *Harry Grâce de Dieu*, and still more renowned as the founder of Trinity House beside the Tower, whose beautiful monument, which is to be seen on the south wall of the chancel, is kept in repair by the Corporation of that institution; Richard Pace, Dean of St. Paul's and friend of Erasmus, and John Van Stryp, father of the historian Strype, whose name not seldom occurs in these pages. Here, too, on the north side of the altar, is the canopied

tomb of Sir Henry Colet, Lord Mayor in 1495, and father of another Dean of St. Paul's, who was at one time vicar of Stepney, and was visited here by Erasmus, who told him, "I come to drink your fresh air, my Colet, to drink yet deeper of your rural peace." And the great humanist gives us a pleasant glimpse of the Stepney of those days, so unlike the Stepney of these, when, he says, still addressing Colet, "Wheresoever you look, the earth yieldeth you a pleasant prospect; the temperature of the air fresheth you, and the very bounds of the heavens do delight you. Here you find nothing but bounteous gifts of Nature and saint-like tokens of innocence." Dean Pace also was at one time Vicar of Stepney, and so, too, was Bishop Fox, founder of Corpus Christi

College at Oxford. Nor must we fail to mention the "fish and ring" monument, on the west wall of the nave,

The "Fish and Ring." the memorial of Dame Rebecca

Berry, who died in 1696, for the coat of arms which it bears, showing a fish and an armlet, has given rise to the tradition that Lady Berry was heroine of a popular ballad called "The Cruel Knight, or For-

cod-fish, as she is dressing it for dinner. The marriage takes place, of course. The ballad, it must be observed, lays the scene of this story in Yorkshire. The incident of the fish and ring occurs in other stories, and may be found in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.'"

Near St. Dunstan's is the south-eastern end of Stepney Green, a narrow strip of



Photo: Pictorial Agency

THE MOTHER CHURCH OF EAST LONDON: ST. DUNSTAN'S, STEPNEY.

fortunate Farmer's Daughter." The story is thus recounted by Lysons:—"A knight, passing by a cottage, hears the cries of a woman in labour; his knowledge in the occult sciences informs him that the child then born is destined to be his wife. He endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so ignoble an alliance, by various attempts to destroy the child, which are defeated. At length, when grown to woman's state, he takes her to the sea-side, intending to drown her, but relents; at the same time throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again, on pain of instant death, unless she can produce that ring. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in a

public garden which extends north-westwards nearly to the Mile End Road. In the houses

which border it there is little to detain the curious wayfarer, but

on the north-eastern side there is at least one fine old house, which evidently dates from the seventeenth century, and is now a Home for Aged Jews; it is enclosed by lofty gates and railings of wrought iron. The Redcoat School, in Redman's Road, an appanage of the old parish church, has been rebuilt, and most of the other ancient features of Stepney have disappeared. Of charitable institutions there is no lack; but there is one that claims special notice because of the wonderful extent of its operations. In the narrow

Stepney Green.

street known as Stepney Causeway, which runs out of Commercial Road East, towards the Thames, are the headquarters of the National Incorporated Association for the Reclamation of Destitute Waif Children, more familiar to the ear by the simpler title of Dr. Barnardo's Homes—the greatest and most widespread charitable organisation in the world, with over a hundred Homes and branches, and with agencies not only in London but throughout the chief towns and cities of the United Kingdom, besides emigration centres in Ontario and Manitoba. Since its foundation there have been admitted to its benefits some sixty thousand destitute boys and girls, for whom a sum of upwards of three million pounds has been collected. It was here in Stepney

that the late Dr. Barnardo had that talk with little Jim Jarvis which issued in the establishment of this wonderful institution. At that time—1866—Dr. Barnardo was a student at the London Hospital, who, with some like-minded fellow-students, gave his evenings and his Sundays to the conduct of a ragged school, held in a disused donkey-stable in the heart of Stepney. One night, when the time came for the school to be closed, Jim Jarvis pleaded to be allowed to stop there all night by the fire. He declared that he had no father nor mother, and when asked who were his friends and where he lived, he said, "Ain't got no friends. Don't live nowhere." He declared further that there were numbers of children in like case, and led his incredulous interlocutor to a Whitechapel alley, where on the iron roof of a shed were found eleven boys sleeping out in the cold. A few weeks afterwards Dr. Barnardo told his story at the dinner-table of a great man, and host and guests being sceptical, cabs were chartered, and in an open space near Billingsgate Market seventy-three boys were enticed from out the crates and barrels in which they had taken refuge for the night. The party included Lord Shaftesbury and other earnest philanthropists, and that the object-lesson was not thrown away the National Waifs' Association is the proof.

The headquarters of the mighty organi-

sation in Stepney Causeway have no imposing frontage, and make little show, but the buildings are of great extent, stretching back as far as Bower Street, the next turning out of Commercial Road westwards. They include the offices of the Association, a Home for Working and Destitute Lads, and a large Hospital, which bears the title of Her Majesty's Hospital for Waif Children, it having been rebuilt in Queen Victoria's Jubilee year. Dr. Barnardo was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, and upon the organisation of this hospital, which now has eighty-four beds, and confers its healing benefits upon some seven thousand children in the course of the year, he bestowed special care, his ambition being to make it a model children's hospital. Of the Village Homes for Girls at Ilford, and the other institutions which together make up the National Waifs' Association, we must not stop to speak. The founder of the charity, who had a remarkable gift not only of organisation, but also of winning sympathy and co-operation, and was a master of the art of public appeal, died in 1905, and Mr. William Baker, M.A., LL.B., then became Honorary Director and Chairman of the Council of the Homes.

Of the main thoroughfares of Stepney, the most important is that which begins on the City border as Whitechapel High Street, is continued as Whitechapel Road, and then changes its name to the Mile End Road. In Whitechapel High Street is still carried on, *al fresco*, the Whitechapel Hay Market, of which the proceeds are in part divided between the lord of the manor and the frontagers, and in part go to the relief of the rates. The western section of the main road runs through the heart of the Ghetto of London, and it is here, within an area of about a square mile, that is carried on the Jewish tailoring industry. Most of the shops and the public institutions, including the churches, bear announcements in Hebrew characters, the tongue that is most spoken is Yiddish, and of the crowds that throng the street on Saturday afternoon and evening, perhaps five out of every six faces one sees bear the Hebrew stamp. The Right Hon. Charles Booth, in "Life and Labour of the People in London," likens the influx

A Great Charity.

The Ghetto.

of foreign Jews into this part of the borough of Stepney to "the slow rising of a flood." No Gentile, he proceeds, could live in the same house with these poor foreign Jews, and as people of this race are extremely gregarious, "each small street or group of houses invaded tends to become entirely Jewish. Jewish influence is everywhere discernible. Chapels are superseded by synagogues, parish churches are left stranded. . . . The Jews have their local representatives in Parliament and on the Borough Council; the self-managed working men's clubs are in their hands; at one time they nearly monopolised the People's Palace; and in Spitalfields they have taken possession of a benevolent society, a special object of which, earlier in the nineteenth century, was to give help to the descendants of Protestant Huguenots!" Mr. Booth adds that the community does not necessarily suffer from the invasion of the Jews, for it has sometimes been found that they act as moral scavengers, and in some streets of which they have taken possession disorderly houses have been converted to more reputable uses.

The duty of relieving the necessities of the Ghetto, and giving the poorer denizens a start in their life in London, is undertaken by the Jewish Board of Guardians, which, founded in 1859, carries on its admirable and many-sided work by means of loan, apprenticeship, industrial, immigration and other committees, and has its offices in Middlesex Street, the boundary between the City of London and the borough of Stepney. This street, formerly Petticoat Lane, and in yet earlier days Hog Lane, has of late years been rebuilt, but it is still largely inhabited by dealers in second-hand clothes, and still on Sundays is it thronged by those who come to buy other people's cast-off gar-

ments. What a change has come over the street compared with the days when, as Hog Lane, it was lined with hedges-rows and elm trees, or when Strype's father had close by "a fair large house with a good garden before it." Here it was that, in 1643, the future antiquary was born. In Royal Mint Street, in the southern part of Whitechapel, on the north side of the Mint, is held another of London's Sunday morning markets, the "Rag Fair," which is like unto the market in Middlesex

Street, but offers a much greater "Rag Fair." variety of wares, for, besides second-hand clothes, there are old knives, forks, and scissors, china ornaments, toys, and in fact household articles of all sorts.

The mother church of Whitechapel, on the south side of Whitechapel High Street, is dedicated to St. Mary Mat-fellon, a name which has given rise to a variety of unprofitable legends and theories. Though Whitechapel was only separated from Stepney in the seventeenth century, this site has been occupied by a church since at least the fourteenth century. At the beginning of the last quarter of the seventeenth century the old church of St. Mary Matfellow was replaced by a new one, which survived until 1875, when it was taken down and rebuilt on a larger scale and in different fashion, from designs by Mr. E. C. Lee, with an



GOODMAN'S FIELDS THEATRE IN 1801.

From a Drawing by C. Tomkins.

apsidal eastern end and a north-western tower. Completed in 1877, it was destroyed by fire three years later, only the walls being left standing. It was at once rebuilt, on the same pattern as before. Of a dingy red brick, with a spire that makes no pretension to grace, its exterior has little to recommend it; but the interior is well-proportioned and admirably lighted, and the lofty apsidal chancel contributes to the sense of spaciousness. The large pulpit is of alabaster, as also are the lectern and the altarpiece. Inside the porch is a tablet to the memory of Thomas Walker, the well-known police magistrate, who, however, was buried at Brussels, where he died in 1836. To the exterior wall of the church, in the angle formed by the tower and the west end, is affixed a covered pulpit. In the register of the church is recorded the burial of Richard Brandon, a ragman of Rosemary Lane, who is supposed

**Richard
Brandon.**

by some to have been the executioner who smote off the head of Charles I. After Brandon's name in the register, under date the 2nd of June, 1649, occurs the entry—"This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles I." The identity of the executioner was, however, a well kept secret, and will probably never be placed beyond the reach of doubt. The register also records the burial of Parker, the misguided leader of the mutiny at the Nore.

In Commercial Street, not far from its junction with Whitechapel High Street, is to be found a church which is more widely known, probably, than St. Mary's—that of St. Jude's.

Internally it is not to be compared to the mother church, for it is cramped and dark, but the exterior attracts the pleased attention of the passer-by, for in the lowest stage of the tower, which abuts upon the street, is a mosaic of Watts's fine picture which bears the title of "Time, Death, Judgment," accompanied by an inscription setting forth that it was placed there by friends of Canon Barnett "to record the institution of a yearly exhibition of pictures in Whitechapel, and of his endeavours to make the lives of his neighbours brighter by bringing within their reach the influences of beauty." It is the association of St. Jude's Church with the work

carried on in connexion with Toynbee Hall that has caused its name to be familiar far beyond the bounds of Whitechapel, or even of London. Toynbee Hall, the first of the University settlements that have sprung up in various parts of London, was founded in 1885 by Canon Barnett, who since 1872 had been vicar of St. Jude's, with the object of enabling Oxford and Cambridge graduates and others to share the life of the poor in the East End, for their mutual profit. Passing through a gateway beside the church, one finds oneself in an irregular quadrangle, around which are built rooms for some twenty residents, with drawing, dining, and reading rooms, a library, a hall for lectures and meetings, and so forth. A quaint little clock tower bears an inscription proclaiming that it was erected in 1893 by the friends of Bolton King, who were high-spirited enough to wind up with a pun—"Vivat Rex." The residents of Toynbee Hall change from time to time, and Canon Barnett ceased to be warden in 1906, though he then became President of the Hall, and its admirable social work is still actively prosecuted. One of the pleasantest forms it takes is that of open-air concerts, which are sometimes given in the quadrangle on summer evenings.

Opposite the southern end of Commercial Street, at the north-west corner of Leman Street, is the tavern which occupies the site of the "Old Red Lion," one of the ancient inns of Whitechapel. It was here, and not at Kilburn, as represented by Harrison Ainsworth in "Rookwood," that Dick Turpin shot his "pal" Tom King in attempting his rescue, and a contributor to *Notes and Queries** suggests that, as Ainsworth was living at the Priory, Kilburn, at the time he wrote the novel, he changed the venue because the local colour was readier to hand.

The loan exhibitions of pictures to which reference is made in the inscription on the Watts mosaic on St. Jude's now have a permanent home in a spacious building with a front of yellow terracotta that looks down upon Whitechapel High Street, nearly opposite the church of St. Mary Matfellow.

**Toynbee
Hall.**

**The "Old
Red Lion."**

**Whitechapel
Art Gallery.**

* 8th Series, Vol. IX., p. 456.

The foundation-stone of this, the Whitechapel Art Gallery, was laid by Viscount Peel in 1898, and the building, designed by Mr. Harrison Townsend, was opened by Lord Rosebery in 1902. Adjoining it on the east is the Whitechapel Free Library and Museum. The Library, designed by Messrs. Potts and Hennings, and built at the charges of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards, was opened in 1892; the Museum, on the first floor, was added later, to provide accommodation for local antiquities, natural history objects, and so forth, among the exhibits being the collection formed by the Rev. Dan Greatorex, vicar of St. Paul's, Dock Street.

A little further eastwards, on the south side of the Whitechapel Road, is an institution which is guilty of no arrogance in styling itself the London Hospital, for it is the largest hospital in the Metropolis, with upwards of 900 beds. It was founded in 1740, in Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields, but between 1752 and 1760 migrated to the present site. It was enlarged from time to time, but between the years 1901 and 1907 the building, thanks largely to the zeal and courage of the Chairman of the hospital, the Hon. Sydney Holland, has been virtually reconstructed, at a cost of half a million, and now it extends southwards to Newark Street and westwards to New Road. On the eastern side of Turner Street is the Medical College, one of the most perfectly equipped institutions of the kind in London; on the western side, with the entrance in Oxford Street, is the admirably arranged Out-patients' Department. It was at this hospital that the Finsen light treatment of lupus and other diseases was introduced into this country, at the instance of Queen Alexandra, the President of the hospital, who gave to it the first Finsen lamp. The fact is now commemorated by a statue of her Majesty, which was reared in the hospital garden in 1908. The nursing staff of the hospital, numbering about 450, not reckoning the 200 nurses on the private staff, who are available for outside work, have a pretty recreation-ground of their own, which is known as the Garden of Eden. The ordinary income of this

great institution is about £75,000, of which about one-fifth is drawn from invested funds.

Nearly opposite the London Hospital is the terra-cotta fronted Pavilion Theatre.

Whitechapel had a playhouse as far back as the early years of the eighteenth century, for the New Wells Theatre was opened in Lemn Street in 1703. But a more famous house, known as the Goodman's Fields Theatre, opened in 1729, was that at which David Garrick made his first appearance on the public stage, in the character of Richard III., and at once sprang into fame. This theatre stood on the north side of Great Alie Street, near the City border.

We must not leave Whitechapel without recalling that in 1888 it was the scene of the atrocious crimes which were familiarly styled the Whitechapel murders, though more than one of them was committed on the other side of the City border. They were undoubtedly the work of a homicidal maniac, and there is some ground for identifying him with a doctor who was known to be on the borderland of insanity, if not actually insane, who disappeared immediately after the last murder of the series, that in Miller's Court, on the 9th of November, and whose body, seven weeks later, was found floating in the Thames, having been in the water, it was estimated, for about a month.

To the north of Whitechapel, in the north-western angle of the borough, is the interesting region known as Spitalfields. According to Stow, the earlier name of this region was Lolesworth, and from Roman funeral urns and lachrymatories and Saxon stone coffins that were unearthed in his day, it is clear that by both Romans and Saxons this district was used as a cemetery. The present name has reference to the Priory of St. Mary Spittle, founded in the "fields" here in 1197 by Walter Brune and Rosia his wife. At the dissolution, when the priory was surrendered to Henry VIII., the hospital attached to it contained 180 beds. It was at a pulpit cross in the churchyard of the priory that the historic "Spital sermons" were originally

**The
London
Hospital.**

**The
Whitechapel
Murders.**

Spitalfields.

**The Spital
Sermons.**

preached, and the custom was continued here long after the dissolution of the priory, until in fact it was suppressed at the Great Rebellion, in 1642. It was revived at the Restoration, but after the Great Fire the sermons were preached at some appointed church, and then regularly

School of London for Girls, where some four hundred pupils receive a secondary education.

But the name Spitalfields most readily suggests the story of those weavers who, to the number of nearly 14,000, settled here when driven from their own country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1642. Thanks to their skill and industry and frugality the newcomers flourished in that and in several succeeding reigns, and in 1832 there were some 17,000 looms at work here and in Bethnal Green, affording subsistence to some 50,000 persons. But later in the century the market was flooded with cheap adulterated silk goods from the Continent, and silk-weaving has declined until now only a few hundred looms are left. The industry is in fact slowly dying out, for the weavers, naturally enough, have no faith in the future of a difficult craft which is rewarded with a smaller wage than unskilled day labour, and seek other avocations for their children. As the weavers have died out, the places of many of them have been taken by Jews, who have overflowed from White-chapel, as they have also



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

CHRIST CHURCH, SPITALFIELDS.

at St. Bride's in Fleet Street, whence they were transferred to Christ Church, Newgate Street. Upon the site of the churchyard now stands Spital Square, bounded on the west by Norton Folgate, and the pulpit cross stood at its north-east corner. In 1594 a gallery was built near the pulpit for the governor and children of Christ's Hospital, who were regular attendants at the sermons. Spital Square is now dignified by the presence of the Central Foundation

overflowed into Mile End and into St. George's-in-the-East. The conversion into a synagogue, in 1898, of a building in Fournier Street, which was originally a Huguenot church, and then a Wesleyan chapel, is typical of the change that has been transforming Spitalfields from a colony of weavers into an annexe of the Ghetto.

It was in 1728 that, from a hamlet of Stepney, Spitalfields was erected into a parish, Christ Church, on the eastern side of the

present Commercial Street, being opened in the following year. It was built by Nicholas

Hawksmoor, who is better known, perhaps, to Londoners as the architect of the remarkable church of St. Mary Woolnoth in the City. He was also the creator of two other churches in the borough of Stepney—those of St. George-in-the East and St. Anne, Limehouse, which, like Christ Church, Spitalfields, were among the fifty new metropolitan churches for which Parliament voted funds in the reign of Queen Anne. A structure of remarkable originality of design, Christ Church has a western portico with an arched centre, and the tower, of which the eastern and western walls are prolonged so as to project considerably beyond the north and south walls, supports a heavy octagonal spire that has been described as almost Norman in outline. The church has been more than once restored, and in the restoration carried out by Mr. Ewan Christian in 1866 the seats were lowered and the galleries removed, except those at the western end, on either side of the organ. If the exterior of the church makes an impression of

remarkable power, devoid though it may be of grace, the spacious and lofty interior, with aisles divided from the nave by columns with richly carved capitals, conveys a sense of uncommon dignity. Against the southern wall has been reared a spacious outdoor pulpit, a memorial of Dr. Billing, who was rector of Spitalfields from 1878 to 1888, when he became suffragan Bishop for East and North London. The churchyard, converted into a recreation-ground, is reserved by the London County Council for children under fourteen.

In Fashion Street, south of the churchyard, is a large building that is suggestive, in some of its architectural features, and in the uses to which it is put, of the bazaars of the Orient. It was opened in 1905, and some of the smaller shops were taken by stallholders in the street markets of the neighbourhood.



Photo: F. J. G. G. G.

ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST (p. 974).

Nearly opposite the church, on the other or western side of Commercial Street, is the Spitalfields Market for fruit and vegetables, the great emporium of East London, which is open daily, on Sunday as well as on week days. It received a charter from Charles II., and though the freehold has been acquired by the chief market authority for the Metropolis, the City Corporation, for a sum of £178,500, the lease is still in private hands, having been renewed for

Christ Church.

Fashion Street.

Spitalfields Market.

a period of eighty-four years from 1886, at an annual rent of £5,000, on condition that the market was entirely rebuilt, at a cost of not less than £55,000, a condition that has been much more than fulfilled. The charter gives the lessee the right of exposing goods for sale in neighbouring streets, and this right has been triumphantly vindicated, although the local authorities have spent thousands of pounds in endeavours to overthrow it. The market is, in fact, "without metes and bounds," and when tram-lines were first laid in Commercial Street, the lessee was able to obtain £6,000 from the Tramway Company as compensation.

Mile End, anciently a manor and hamlet of Stepney parish, forms the central and north-eastern parts of the borough

Mile End. of Stepney, but Mile End New Town lies immediately east of Spitalfields and north of Whitechapel. The name, according to Strype, is derived from the distance of the hamlet "from the middle parts of London," but as is suggested in Wheatley and Cunningham's "London Past and Present," the reference more probably is to its distance from Aldgate, Mile End Bar, where Mile End begins, being exactly a mile from Aldgate. Stepney Green, of which we have spoken earlier in this chapter, used to be known as Mile End Green, and no doubt was much more than the mere strip that it now is, for here it was that Wat Tyler collected his followers for the invasion of London.

This part of Stepney borough is intersected by the Mile End Road, a continuation of the Whitechapel Road. It is, perhaps, the broadest thoroughfare in the Metropolis, with a footway which itself is as wide as many roads, where there is ample room for costermongers' stalls as well as for pedestrians. A few years ago Mile End was in danger of losing the most interesting of its features, the famous Trinity Hospital,

Trinity Hospital. one of the most picturesque groups of almshouses in London, standing back from the main road on its north side. The story of this charming haven of refuge for master mariners and mates, and their wives or widows, built by the Corporation of Trinity House, in 1695, on ground provided by Captain

Henry Mudd, of Ratcliffe, is told by Mr. Ashbee, who suggests that the older part of the buildings was designed by John Evelyn, under the superintendence of Wren. In the front court is a statue of Captain H. Sandes, and behind the chapel is one of Captain Maples, and Mr. Ashbee comments upon the good sense of those sturdy seamen in seeing that their own clothes suited them better than the classical toga which in their day was the fashion in sculpture. Towards the end of 1895 the Elder Brethren of Trinity House proposed to increase the charitable funds of which they have the administration by selling these almshouses, but a storm of protest at once arose, and in the end the Charity Commissioners refused their assent. So Trinity Hospital was spared the fate which the year before had overtaken the Skinners' Almshouses, hard by. The Vintners' Almshouses, a few yards further east, founded in 1676, but rebuilt in 1802, have also been spared. Between them and Trinity Hospital stands the Great Assembly Hall the centre of a religious and social work directed by Mr. F. N. Charrington.

Eastwards of the Vintners' Almshouses we pass the Paragon Theatre, and Charrington's, one of the oldest breweries in the Metropolis, and then we come to the site of the Bancroft Almshouses, now occupied by the People's Palace, which has grown out of a legacy of £13,000 left by Mr. J. T. Barber Beaumont in 1841 to provide, in his own words, "intellectual

The People's Palace.

improvement and rational recreation and amusement for people living at the East End of London." The interest accumulated in the hands of the Beaumont Trustees, and in 1884 a public movement was started which issued in the raising of a sum of £75,000 to supplement Mr. Beaumont's bequest. The most important contribution was that of the Drapers' Company who gave no less than £20,000 for the establishment of a technical school, and sold to the Trustees the site of the Bancroft Almshouses. With the form which Mr. Beaumont's benevolent scheme finally assumed the late Sir Walter Besant had not a little to do, for it was largely due to the fascinating descriptions of a Palace of Delight for the people which are to be found in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"



Photo: T. A. Agency.

TRINITY HOSPITAL, MILE END.

that there sprang up this admirable institution, which provides educational facilities for the toiling masses at the same time that it furnishes them with recreation and amusement. The People's Palace now forms the East London College, and includes a technical day school for 400 boys, a day college for older students, evening classes in general as well as technical subjects, and large engineering workshops. But it is much more than this. It comprises the Queen's Hall—so called because it was opened by Queen Victoria in 1887—adorned with statues of the Queens of England placed between the double Corinthian columns that support the roof; a domed library, modelled on the reading-room of the British Museum, and opened in 1888; a swimming-bath, the gift of Lord Rosebery, opened in the same year; the Winter Garden, a glazed wing on the western side, presented by Lord Iveagh, and opened in 1892; and gymnasias and a school of art. These buildings, together with the technical school, were all designed by Mr. E. R. Robson, who has given to the structure a façade of no little dignity. In front of the Palace, which stands back from the road, is an elegant clock-and-fountain

tower, reared by Mr. Herbert Stern in 1890 in memory of his father, Baron de Stern.

In 1892 the institution was permanently endowed from the City Parochial Charities Fund; seven years later the endowment was increased by a legacy of £10,000 bequeathed by Mr. William Debenham, and since then the Palace has received a handsome bequest under the will of Lady Beaumont. But the Drapers' Company, not content with its original donation, bears the greater part of the cost of maintaining the Palace by an annual grant from its corporate funds. In 1897 the Bow and Bromley Institute was incorporated with the College.

Behind the People's Palace, in Bancroft Road, is the Mile End Old Town Workhouse, with the Infirmary and the Guardians' Offices; beside the Palace, on the east, are St. Benet's Church, which perpetuates the name of St. Benet's in Gracechurch Street, having been

The Jews' Burial Ground.

built and endowed out of the funds derived from the sale of that City church, and the disused Jews' Burial Ground, which was closed in 1858. Here are to be seen no headstones or monuments, and the tombs are

of a uniform height of about eighteen inches, as if to suggest the reflection that in death, if not in life, all men are equal. Among the graves of many other eminent members of the ancient race is that of Benjamin Disraeli, the grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield, who was named after him. From Mr. Arnold Wright's article on "Lord Beaconsfield's London" in the *London Argus* we learn that a few years before that statesman's death the tomb of his ancestor was, with his permission, repaired, and that he wrote a personal letter of acknowledgment to Sir Joseph Montefiore. Here also lies Baron Nathan Rothschild, the great financier, whose funeral, in 1836, is said to have been the most imposing ever seen in East London. Close by, in Bancroft Road, is another Jewish burial ground.

In the Mile End Road, at the house now numbered 88, lived Captain James Cook, greatest of our navigators, who migrated to this part of Stepney from Shadwell about the year 1764, and this was probably still his home when in 1776 he set sail on that search for the North-West Passage in the prosecution of which he met with his death at Hawaii in 1779. The house is now marked by one of the London County Council's tablets.

At the end of the Mile End Road is the Whitechapel Workhouse, and a little to the west of this there comes in the Burdett Road, a broad thoroughfare which begins at Limehouse, at the junction of the East and West

India Dock Roads. It was constructed, under powers conferred by the Victoria Park Approach Act, by the Metropolitan Board of Works, which also widened its northern continuation, the Grove Road, the whole work being completed in 1862, and the new road being named after the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the benefactress of Bethnal Green and of East London generally. On the eastern side of the thoroughfare, near its junction with the Mile End Road, is the East London Tabernacle, a large and not undignified Baptist chapel of stone, founded in 1872 by the Rev. Archibald Brown, one of the most successful of the late Mr. Spurgeon's students, who is now the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle itself.

Another of the great roads of the borough of Stepney is Commercial Road East, which

runs eastwards from Whitechapel High Street to the junction of the West India and East India Dock Roads. This broad thoroughfare, another of the achievements of the Metropolitan Board of Works, divides Mile End from St. George's-in-the-East, which became a parish separate from Stepney

in 1727, the church, which stands a little to the north of

St. George's-in-the-East. St. George Street, the old Ratcliffe Highway, being completed in 1729. It is a large structure of Portland stone, with a massive and lofty western tower. Designed by Nicholas Hawksmoor, it is marked by the originality and vigour characteristic of all his buildings, and is perhaps the finest of his three Stepney churches, as powerful a piece of work as Christ Church, Spitalfields, and with more of grace. In the spacious churchyard, now a pleasant recreation-ground, is the borough museum for the study of nature. Here too, in the centre of the recreation-ground, is a monument to the Raines, one of whom, Henry, founded, in 1719, the schools for boys, girls, and infants which, rebuilt, are to be seen in Cannon Street Road. This pious founder also left money to enable a purse of a hundred sovereigns to be given as a wedding present to a girl trained in the schools who should have completed four years' domestic service with unblemished character. The purse was presented in St. George's Church, at the wedding, and the pretty ceremony was only discontinued a few years ago.

Not far westwards of St. George's is Princes Square, in the centre of which is a Swedish church, a quaint little structure dating from 1728, with a charming lantern. The services, those of the Swedish National Church (Lutheran), are attended by the Swedish Embassy, and among the congregation are to be seen Swedish sailors whose ships are lying in the Thames, and members of the same nation who are resident in various parts of London. Until April, 1908, the church was chiefly remarkable from the fact that in a vault under the communion-table lay the remains of Emanuel Swedenborg, the mystic who founded the religious community which, popularly named after him, is more formally styled the New Jerusalem Church; but in that month his ashes were

Captain Cook.

Burdett Road.

Princes Square.

removed in a Swedish warship to his native land.

West of Princes Square is Wellclose Square, where, on the site now occupied by the Seamen's Children Day

Wellclose Square. Schools, stood, until the year 1869, the Danish church built

in 1696 by Caius Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor, to the order of the King of Denmark. In the vault, both Cibber and his famous son, Colley, the playwright and actor, who died in 1757, were buried, and when the church was destroyed their coffins, with others, were removed to the crypt and bricked up. A little further westwards is Well Street, where is the Sailors' Home, a kind of hotel and club for seamen of all nations, with a library and recreation rooms, and a school of navigation.

St. George Street, running parallel with Commercial Road, between it and the docks, is, as we have said, old Ratcliffe Highway under a new name. It is still well known, as it has long been, for its wild beast shops, chief among them that which bears the name of Jamrach, on the north side of the street, and though many of the shops now display Jewish names, there are still abundant signs that one is in a nautical region. In spite of its change of name, this thoroughfare, now a street of small shops, must ever be notorious as the scene, in the year 1811, of the terrible murders of which De Quincey has told the story in his essay on "Murder as one of the Fine Arts." If that great writer has taken singular liberties with the facts, he has scarcely exaggerated the horror and consternation excited by the

crimes, not merely in London but through out the length and breadth of the land. The first of the murders was committed on the night of the 7th of December, 1811 (not 1812 as De Quincey gives it), when a young man named Marr, who kept a silk and pelisse shop at No. 29 in the



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. ANNE'S, LIMEHOUSE (*p.* 978).

Highway, was brutally murdered, and with him his wife, their infant child, and a shop boy. Twelve nights afterwards the murderer was at work at the King's Arms public house in New Gravel Lane, a little to the south-east of the Highway, his victims this time being the landlord, Williamson by name, the landlady, and a maidservant. A lodger, who had gone to bed before the other inmates of the

house, heard the exclamations of the servant and of the landlord as they were attacked, crept downstairs, and saw the murderer bending over the prostrate form of Mrs. Williamson, rifling her pockets. Stealing back to his room, the man twisted the sheets of his bed into a rope, lashed it to a bed post, and so escaped, falling into the arms of a passing watchman. At once the alarm was given, and the news that the Ratcliffe Highway murderer was at work flew abroad like wildfire. Probably within three minutes from the lodger's descent into the watchman's arms, the door was forced by an infuriated crowd of men armed with swords and bludgeons and pokers, but the murderer had jumped out of a back window, and escaped over waste ground belonging to the Dock Company. Five days afterwards the police arrested a young man named John Williams, who, while under remand, hanged himself in his cell. The Press and the public needed little further evidence of his guilt, and on the last day of the year his body, exposed upon a cart, was taken through the midst of an execrating multitude to the Marrs' house, then to the Williamsons'; last of all to a spot where four streets met, and there flung into a hole that had been dug for it. Finally a stake was driven through it, and so the disgusting orgy ended.

Reading De Quincey without checking his "impassioned prose" by the facts, one can have no doubt that Williams was guilty. But, besides pulling the long bow with a master hand, the essayist has wrought into his moving story matters of fact of which no mention is to be found in the report of the legal proceedings before the Coroner and the magistrates, nor even in the newspapers, and it would seem that he must have caught up all the flying rumours of the day that could heighten the force of his tremendous narrative. That the act of self-destruction raises a grave presumption against Williams is not to be denied. Yet it is conceivable that an innocent man, fearing that he might not succeed in establishing his innocence, and overwhelmed at finding himself an object of universal detestation, might seek an unmanly refuge in death. This act, at any rate, was almost the only material fact proved against Williams.

If now we follow the riverside from west to east, we shall come across most of the other features of the borough of Stepney

The Riverside. which call for notice. We have dealt with the Tower and the

Mint elsewhere, and the Tower Bridge has been described in the chapter on the City Bridges. About the docks, the St. Katharine and London Docks, we shall have something to say in our chapter on the Thames, but we must note here that the former, bordered on the north by Upper East Smithfield, owe their name to and

occupy the site of a hospital founded by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of the usurper

Stephen, in 1148, refounded in 1273 by Eleanor, widow of Henry III., and enriched by Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III., and by other royal personages. It was refounded by Queen Elizabeth for the maintenance of a master, three brethren, as many sisters, and ten bedeswomen, and its buildings survived until in 1825 they were taken down to make way for the docks, when the foundation was re-established in Regent's Park. The precinct of the hospital was a liberty, with its own officers, court, and prison, and the Queen Consort is perpetual patroness of the hospital.

To the north of St. Katharine's Hospital, and eastward of Little Tower Hill, there once stood the Abbey of St. Mary of Graces, founded by Edward III. in gratitude for his safe voyage from Calais, with

East Minster. Queen Philippa and their infant daughter, in the teeth of a tempest in 1347. It was known also as East

Minster, and was made subject to the monastery of Beaulieu, in France, another of the King's foundations. The house, says Mr. Ross, the author of "By-gone London," was "a stately building of the new Decorated Gothic, with its floriated windows, crocketed pinnacles, flying buttresses, and clustered pillars, presenting a fair aspect to passers-by on the river, as it stood a little way back from the bank, glowing in its pristine freshness and beauty." At the dissolution the abbey was pulled "clean down," and the site occupied by a biscuit bakehouse and victualling store for the Royal Navy.

Between the London Docks and the river runs the High Street of Wapping, a hamlet of St. Mary Whitechapel.

Wapping. In Stow's time Wapping was the place of execution for pirates, as it had been since the reign of Henry VI., and as it continued to be long after the

threw him into convulsions of terror, and in the Tower he sickened and died. And it was from Wapping that Arthur Orton, the impostor who claimed to be Sir Roger Tichborne, hailed. But Wapping has pleasanter memories than these, for the "Wapping Old Stairs" which figure in



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

THE SAILORS' PALACE, LIMEHOUSE (p. 978).

antiquary's day. Altogether, it is not happy in its associations. It was here, in 1688, in a mean public-house in Anchor and Hope Alley, that Judge Jeffreys, disguised as a common sailor, was recognised by a scrivener whom he had bullied, and was only saved from the popular fury by the Train Bands, who carried him before the Lord Mayor, half dead with fright. He was committed to the Tower, pursued by a howling mob whose thirst for vengeance

Dibdin's ballad are still to be seen, between 288 and 304, High Street. Now, too, close to where the ruffianly Lord Chancellor was seized, on the eastern side of the basin which communicates with the largest of the London Docks, Wapping has its prettily laid out recreation-ground. The property, which measures about two and a-half acres, was acquired by the London County Council at a cost of £52,000, and the ground was opened in 1891.

Shadwell, which adjoins Wapping on the east, was separated from the parish of Stepney in 1670, but the **Shadwell** church, dedicated to St. Paul, and standing between the High Street and the Shadwell Basin, dates in its present form from 1820, when it was rebuilt by James Walters, replacing the church which was reared about the time Shadwell was erected into a parish. In Glamis Road, which bisects the High Street a little to the east of the church, is the East London Hospital for Children, founded in 1868, in an old warehouse at Ratcliffe, by Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Heckford, the one a doctor, the other a nurse. It was afterwards removed to Shadwell, and now numbers about 120 beds. At the western extremity of the parish is the Shadwell Fish Market, which was the property of the London Riverside Fish Market Company until 1900, when it was acquired by the Corporation of the City of London. So far it has proved to be a white elephant. In 1908 a scheme for transferring the Billingsgate market to Shadwell came before the Court of Common Council, but was rejected. Between Shadwell and Rotherhithe, on the opposite bank, the London County Council has had constructed a tunnel to supplement those at the Isle of Dogs and Blackwall; it was opened by the Prince of Wales on the 12th of June, 1908.

Of Ratcliffe we have already spoken, for in this ward of the borough is situated St. Dunstan's, the mother church of Stepney, and we need only add that the name is given by Stow as Radcliffe, and that it may perhaps refer to a "red cliff" on the river-side. Beyond Ratcliffe we come to the parish of Limehouse, no doubt named after the limekilns which formerly existed here, and to which there is a more distinct reference in the name of Limekiln Dock. At Limehouse is the dock of the Regent's Canal, which, starting from Paddington, here communicates with the Thames, and close by, on the east, is Limehouse Cut, which runs

through the borough of Poplar to the River Lea. St. Anne's, the mother church of Limehouse, standing a little way back from the river, between Church Row and Three Colt Street, and named out of compliment to Queen Anne, who was still living when in 1712 the foundation-stone was laid, is the third of the churches which Stepney owes to Nicholas Hawksmoor, and it boasts a tower that is marked hardly less by grace than by vigour. The interior was ravaged by fire in 1850, and was restored at great cost. Here again the churchyard is laid out as a recreation-ground, and is still of no mean extent, though early in the nineteenth century it was curtailed. Close by, near the eastern end of Commercial Road, is the Town Hall, which, built in 1879, stands about midway between a Passmore Edwards Library on the west and, on the east, another building which Limehouse owes to the same philanthropist—the handsome Sailors' Palace, the headquarters of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, opened in 1903 by the present Prince of Wales, of whom there hangs in the lobby a portrait, the gift of the Elder Brethren of Trinity House. Among the features of the Palace is an observatory which forms a memorial of Louisa Lady Ashburton and of her daughter the Marchioness of Northampton, and on the tablet in the lobby which records the fact appears the legend, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." The most striking building in Limehouse, designed by Messrs. Niven and Wigglesworth, the Palace occupies a commanding position at the spot where Commercial Road East joins the West India and East India Dock Roads. In the former of these two thoroughfares, on the north-eastern side, is a not uncomely building which is the habitation of another famous nautical institution, the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders, which every year proves a haven of refuge for hundreds of sailors of colour whose occasions bring them to the Port of London.



THE ISLE OF DOGS IN 1802.
From an Engraving by W. Daniells.

CHAPTER XCI

POPLAR

The Name—Area and Wards—Mr. Will Crooks—Casual Labour—The High Street—St. Matthias'—All Saints'—The Danish Church—East India Dock Road—The Isle of Dogs and its Name—Millwall and Blackwall—The Island Gardens—Tunnels under the Thames—A Singular Story—Bromley-by-Bow—Bow Bridge—Old Ford—The Old Church of Bow

THE name of this borough is said by Dr. Woodward to be derived from the poplars which flourished in the moist river-side soil in past times, and he alleges that when he wrote, in 1720, there were still many such trees standing "as testimonials of the truth of that etymology." With an area of rather more than three and a-half square miles, or 2,328 acres, and with about 170,000 inhabitants, Poplar comes tenth in size and in population among the metropolitan boroughs. Made up of the parishes of All Saints, Poplar, St. Leonard, Bromley, and St. Mary, Stratford-le-Bow, it stretches for about four miles from the borders of Hackney on the north to the Thames on the south, and has an average breadth of about a mile. On the west it adjoins the boroughs of Bethnal Green and Stepney, on the south it is bounded by the Thames, on the east it is separated from the County of Essex by the River Lea, which forms the

eastern border of the County of London. It is divided into fourteen wards, of which five are allocated to Poplar, five to Bromley, and four to Bow—as the most northerly parish is usually called. The borough has adopted the Baths and Libraries Acts, it has its own electricity works, and it has provided itself with several pleasant though not extensive recreation-grounds, to supplement its share of Victoria Park, of which seventy-two acres are within its boundaries. Of late years one of the most prominent figures in the public life of Poplar has been Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., whose humour and humanity have won for him many friends among those who are opposed to him both in imperial and in municipal politics. A native of Poplar, who, when he had served his apprenticeship to the trade of cooper, for years practised his craft here, he served the office of Mayor in 1901-2, he represents Poplar on the London County

A Popular Figure.

Council, he has been Chairman of the Poplar Board of Guardians, and no one would seek to withhold from him a large share of the credit of many of the improvements in the borough which the last few years have witnessed. The remarkable story of his career has been told by Mr. George Haw in a volume, published in 1907, under the title "From Workhouse to Westminster"—for a few months of Mr. Crooks's childhood were spent in the workhouse schools for the management of which he was destined, as Chairman of the Board of Guardians, to become responsible.

Among the parishes of the County of London, that of Poplar is pre-eminently the place of casual labour. In hard winters there is an appalling amount of unemployment

and of consequent distress. In Bromley and Bow labour enjoys greater stability, for beside the River Lea and elsewhere are large mills, and chemical, colour, box-making, and other factories; and in the latter division of the borough are many—clerks and artisans—whose work takes them to the centre or to other parts of the Metropolis.

Though Poplar itself, as distinct from the other parishes of the borough, has enjoyed no long parochial existence—for until 1817 it was but a hamlet of the great parish of Stepney—it is not quite destitute of ancient memories. The narrow High Street, which runs east and west in the northern part of the peninsula known as the

The High Street.

Isle of Dogs, is the oldest part of Poplar parish, and at Blackwall, a little to the east, in a house that survived until a few years ago, Sebastian Cabot is said to have lived, and to have had for neighbour the Sir Thomas Spert, Vice-Admiral of England, who lies in Stepney Church, while tradition says that a later tenant of Cabot's house was Sir Walter Raleigh. Not many years ago the High Street had as nautical an air as the old Ratcliffe Highway, a mile or two westward, but the shops are now of a more miscellaneous character, and most of the old houses have disappeared or been cut up into small shops or tenements. Here are several public institutions—on the south side the Poplar Workhouse, the Public Library, and the London County Council's School of Marine Engineering, opened in 1906; on the north side, the Borough Council Offices, with an effective octagonal corner tower; the Town Hall of Poplar, built in 1871, is close by in Newby Place, which runs out of the High Street northwards. In the High Street also is the Queen's Theatre. Behind the offices of the Borough Council is the oldest church in Poplar, the church of St. Matthias, dating from 1776, but since then added to and a good deal altered. The ceiling bears the arms of the old East India

St. Matthias' Church.

Company, for until 1866, when the building became the church of an ecclesiastical parish, it was the chapel of that corporation. The East India Company, indeed, had a chapel on this site as far back as 1654, but it was virtually rebuilt in 1776. Close by were the almshouses of the company, which were



PLAN OF POPLAR, SHOWING THE WARDS.

already in existence when the chapel was originally built. They have disappeared, and the grounds of the almshouses and the greater part of the cemetery have been converted into an admirably laid out recreation-ground which extends northwards to the East India Dock Road. All Saints', the mother church of Poplar, on the south side of the East India Dock Road, **All Saints'.** a few hundred yards eastwards of St. Matthias', was not consecrated until 1823, and has no noteworthy associations, but it is a comely building in the Classical style, designed by Charles Hollis, with a steeple which, like that of St. Leonard's at Shoreditch, is not unreminiscent of the spire of St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside.

Among other interesting places of worship in the parish of Poplar is the Danish church, in King Street, which runs between the High Street and the West India Dock Road. Here the **The Danish Church.** service, attended mostly by sailors, is in accordance with the use of the Danish National Church (Lutheran). The service books were presented in 1875 by the Danish princess who is now Queen Alexandra, and are inscribed, in her Majesty's writing, "For our Danish church in London." In front of the altar, as is often the case in the churches of the seafaring nation which this place of worship represents, is the model of a ship. Hard by, in Garford Street, are the extensive buildings of the Scandinavian Sailors' Home.

Nearly the whole of the East India Dock Road is in the parish of Poplar, its western end, however, being in Limehouse. **East India Dock Road.** In this broad thoroughfare, on its north side, are the pleasant-looking George Green's Schools, which perpetuate the name of a member of the great Blackwall shipbuilding firm, and continue on a larger scale the work of the original school, which stood at the corner of Chrisp Street, in the East India Dock Road. Here, too, are the Prince's Theatre, a large building of red brick and terra-cotta, and, at the entrance to the East India Docks, and facing the northern approach to the Blackwall Tunnel, the Poplar Hospital for Accidents, an institution which in such a district as this knows no slackness. Founded in 1855,

it has about one hundred beds, and of its ordinary income of about £11,000 some fifteen per cent. is derived from invested property.

Of the Isle of Dogs, which constitutes the greater part of the parish of Poplar, and extends from the High Street to the Thames, we have spoken as a peninsula, and, as Nature formed it, a peninsula it was. But it has been known by its present name since the sixteenth century, at least, and by the formation of the West India Docks, and the cutting of the Limehouse Basin on the west and of the Blackwall Basin on the east, it is now wholly surrounded by water, though roads are carried across these approaches to the docks by movable bridges. Why the "Isle of Dogs" no man can say, though, as usual, there is no lack of conjecture. One guess—it is obviously nothing more—is that to which Strype has given currency, that the place is so called from the murder here of a man whose dog would not leave the body until it was forced to swim across to Greenwich for food, when it would immediately return, and, this strange proceeding being noticed, the body was discovered. Then—for the story is not lacking in completeness—the dog was observed to snarl at a waterman whom it encountered at Greenwich, and on his being apprehended he obligingly confessed, and was condemned and executed. A still wilder guess is that one or more of our sovereigns—in one version it is Edward III., in another Henry VIII., in yet another Charles II.—kept their hounds here in the days when the Court resided at Greenwich, in order that they might not have to be ferried across the river when they were required to hunt the royal forests of Essex. Yet another surmise is that the bodies of drowned dogs were cast up by the ebbing tide—a "delicate theory," to use the expression of a writer who favoured it, which does not explain why dead dogs showed so much more partiality for the island than dead cats.

Of the docks in the Isle of Dogs—the West and East India Docks, and south of them the Millwall Docks—we shall **Millwall.** have something to say in our chapter on the Thames, but here it may be noted that the name Millwall

refers to the windmills, seven in number, which stood upon the wall that was built to keep the river at high tide from overflowing the peninsula, and one of which survived into the nineteenth century, while

Blackwall. on the eastern side of the peninsula, is said by Woodward and Strype to have been named from the dark-hued shrubs which grew on or beside this part of the wall, though it has been suggested, with more probability, that "black" is a corruption

fringed with wharves and factories in an almost continuous line, which is very agreeably interrupted, however, at the most southerly point by the Island

The Island Gardens.

Gardens, not more than two and a-half acres in extent, but with a terrace that stretches for some 700 feet along the river front, and commands delectable views of Greenwich, exactly opposite — the Hospital, the Park, and the Observatory. The purchase and laying-out of this Garden—one of the schemes of



HOUSE SAID TO HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH (*p.* 980).

of "bleak," this part of the island being exposed to the east winds that blow along the river valley. In the days when England relied upon its wooden walls, the shipbuilding yards at Blackwall were among the largest in the country, and though of recent years the industry has shown a great disposition to leave the Thames, it is still in evidence here. That part of the eastern side of the island which lies south of Blackwall is known as Cubitt Town,

Cubitt Town. after the great building firm of Messrs. Cubitt and Co., who, about the middle of the last century, opened large works here for the manufacture of all kinds of ceramic ware used in building.

The river front of the Isle of Dogs is now

which Mr. Crooks was a prominent advocate — were completed in 1895, at a cost of about £9,000, of which more than a third was contributed by the Poplar District Board of Works. The gardens are now maintained by the London County Council. The comely circular building of red brick, with a dome, which stands in the ground, marks the entrance to the Greenwich Footway Tunnel, which, since 1902, has provided a means of communication for pedestrians between the Isle of Dogs and Greenwich. At the East India Dock Gates is the northern approach to the Blackwall Tunnel, a great enterprise which was brought to a triumphant close in 1897, when the tunnel, nearly a mile and a-quarter in length, and

twenty-four and a-quarter feet in diameter, was opened by his Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales. Near the approach to it is another pretty little recreation-ground styled the Tunnel Gardens.

We must not pass on from Poplar to Bromley without recalling that in his "London in the Eighteenth Century," Sir Walter Besant tells an extraordinary story of a Poplar woman who in that century passed as a man, and married another woman, the two

**All but
Incredible.**

ancient times it was noted mainly for its convent of St. Leonard, of which the origin is shrouded in obscurity, though there is some ground for believing that it was founded in Saxon times, and was enlarged by the Bishop William who ruled the see of London before and during the Conqueror's reign. At the dissolution the church, which was dedicated to St. Mary, was converted into a parish church, and as such it survived until 1842, when it was taken down and replaced by the present St. Mary's,



OLD BOW BRIDGE IN 1820.

From a Drawing by J. Storey.

living together as husband and wife for six-and-thirty years, and keeping a public-house, the "White Horse." The "husband" served almost every parish office, and after the wife's death the survivor prosecuted one William Barwick, who had discovered "his" secret, for blackmailing, and the fellow was sentenced to the pillory and four years' imprisonment. It was owing to these proceedings that at last the secret became public property.

Bromley, more formally Bromley - St. Leonard, and alternatively Bromley-by-Bow, by way of distinguishing it from the Bromley on the other side of the Thames, lies to the north of Poplar, between that parish and Bow. In

a plain brick-built structure which stands on the old site, at the northern extremity of the parish, about midway between the Lea and St. Leonard's Street. The gateway to the churchyard, erected in 1894, forms a memorial of Prebendary How, for many years vicar of the parish. A little to the south of it is the Bromley Recreation-Ground, about an acre and a-half in extent, acquired by the London County Council and opened in 1900, having been laid out as a garden and as a gymnasium for children.

**Will Crooks's
Overcoat.**

This is one of the three recreation-grounds which the borough owes in no small part to Mr. Will Crooks, and it was here that, as he used to tell his colleagues, a dishonest person

preferred his overcoat to Lord Monkswell's. He had persuaded some of his fellow County Councillors to go with him to inspect what was then an unwholesome waste, and when, returning to the private omnibus in which they had left their overcoats, they learnt that one of the overcoats had been stolen, Mr. Crooks at once divined that his was the missing one, the others being too good to be stolen with safety in such a neighbourhood, and so it proved to be.

Bromley, an essentially working-class district, has few other features of interest.

But close to Bromley Station, on the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway, are two great public institutions, the Stepney Workhouse and the Poplar and Stepney Sick Asylum. A little further to the south, in Brunswick Road, is the Bromley Public Library, a substantial building of white stone, and close by is a comely old house of well-toned red brick, which bears the name of Bromley Hall, and is now a maternity institute.

Bow derives its name from the arched bridge across the Lea which, according to Leland, was built by Matilda, wife of Henry I., who had herself been "well washed in the water" when crossing the stream at the ford. Of that ford, which lay on the Roman road from London to Colchester, a memory survives in the name Old Ford, borne by that part of Bow through which runs the Old Ford Road. It is also recalled by the name Stratford-le-Bow, by which Bow is sometimes known. In Chaucer the name appears as Stratforde-atte-Bowe, for in the familiar lines in which he describes the prioress who was one of the Canterbury pilgrims he tells us that—

"French she spake full fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratforde-atte-Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe."

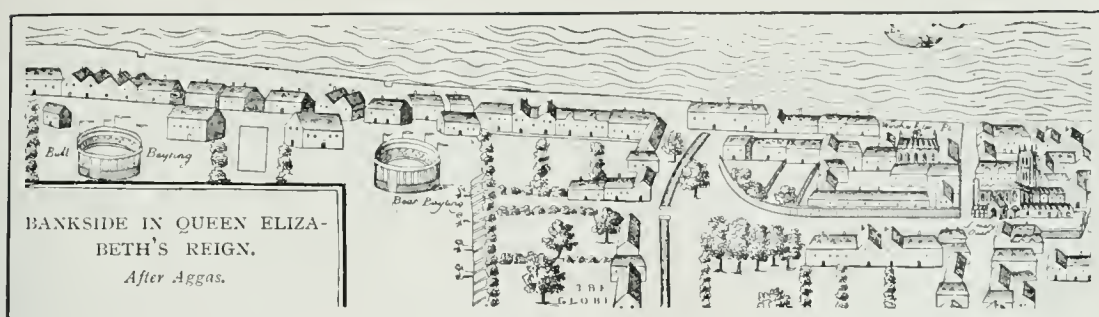
In "Old and New London" the late Edward Walford explained this allusion to mean that in the convent of St. Leonard in the adjoining parish of Bromley, within a few hundred yards of Bow Bridge, the nuns probably taught the French language to the young ladies of that suburb, and the suggestion is not wanting in plausibility.

With Stratford we are not concerned in these pages, for it lies over the border of

the County of London, in Essex. Old Bow Bridge, which marks the division between the two counties, survived—much altered of course—down to the year 1835, and consisted of three narrow arches. It was then replaced by a wider structure of a single arch, and this in turn was replaced by a yet wider bridge in 1903. Close by is a large flour-mill, which is the first indication to the wayfarer going eastwards that at last he is leaving London behind him and approaching the country. At this point in its course the Lea, it must be confessed, is unattractive enough, looking, indeed, with its stone banks and its wharves and moored or moving barges, more like a canal than a river. A short distance to the north-west is Grove Hall Park, an enclosure of three and a-half acres which was dedicated to the public in 1909.

In the middle of the Bow Road, a little to the west of the bridge, with a rather low western tower, stands old Bow Church, the church of St. Mary, which was built in the early

Decorated period as a chapel-of-ease to Stepney, and only became a parish church in 1719. It is but partially restored, but it is none the worse for that. On the western side is a statue of the late Mr. Gladstone, by Mr. Bruce Joy, showing the great statesman with coat and bare head and outstretched arm, delivering one of his open-air speeches; it was presented in 1882 by Mr. T. H. Bryant, of the well-known match factory. Close by is the Bromley Public Hall, formerly the Vestry Hall, and opposite are the Poplar Public Health Offices. Other features of the Bow Road are the Bow and Bromley Institute, which is now an adjunct of the People's Palace in the Mile End Road, and the Convent of Marie Auxiliatrice, a Home for Working Girls of which the foundation-stone was laid by the late Cardinal Vaughan in 1897. Further west, on the other or north side of the road are the handsome and extensive premises of the Coborn Girls' School, which is administered by the Coopers' Company, and almost opposite, at the point where the road is about to pass into the borough of Stepney, is the City of London Infirmary, and behind it, partly in Poplar and partly in Stepney, the City of London and Tower Hamlets Cemetery.



BOOK IV—SOUTH LONDON

CHAPTER XCII

SOUTHWARK

South London—Monotony—Southwark—The Name—Relation to the City—Area of the Borough—The Bishopric of Southwark—St. Mary Overy's Priory—The Cathedral and its Associations—Winchester House—The "Stews"—Bankside and its Theatres—Barclay and Perkins's Brewery—The "Tabard" and other Inns—Southwark Fair—St. Thomas's Hospital—Guy's—The Marshalsea—The Mint—Stamford and Bennett Streets—The Silk Hat Industry—Surrey Chapel—The Surrey Theatre—St. George's Fields—Bethlem—St. George's Cathedral—Borough Road and Joseph Lancaster—The Fire Brigade—The "Elephant"—The Metropolitan Tabernacle—Newington—Walworth—The Surrey Gardens—The Town Hall—The Robert Browning Hall

WE must start our chapter on the first of the "Surrey-side" metropolitan boroughs which we have to explore, with the admission that a perambulation of the streets and roads of the central parts of South London is no very exhilarating employment. In the

South London.

outer ring there are charming suburbs; but, if we limit our view to the more central parts, it has to be confessed that on the whole they make a deeper impression of monotony than the corresponding parts of the boroughs north of the Thames. In the northern boroughs there is an admixture of races and tongues which gives variety and picturesqueness to the streets, and there are to be seen traces of ancient industries to which a measure of dignity still clings. It is not so in South London, where, too, for the most part industry tends to be amorphous. But it may be that the sense of monotony which oppresses the wayfarer in South London is much more due to the absence of those lines of shops which on the north side

extend for miles. There is, for instance, the long line of shops that runs from Bishopsgate Street with hardly a break to Stamford Hill, there is that which stretches from the Angel at Islington to the foot of Highgate Hill, there is that which runs along the Edgware Road from the Marble Arch to Maida Vale. To these lines of brightness long drawn out there is scarce a parallel in South London, and it is curious to observe that where busy shopping centres are found, as for instance at Brixton Oval and at Battersea, the shops are all massed together instead of lining a main road for any considerable length.

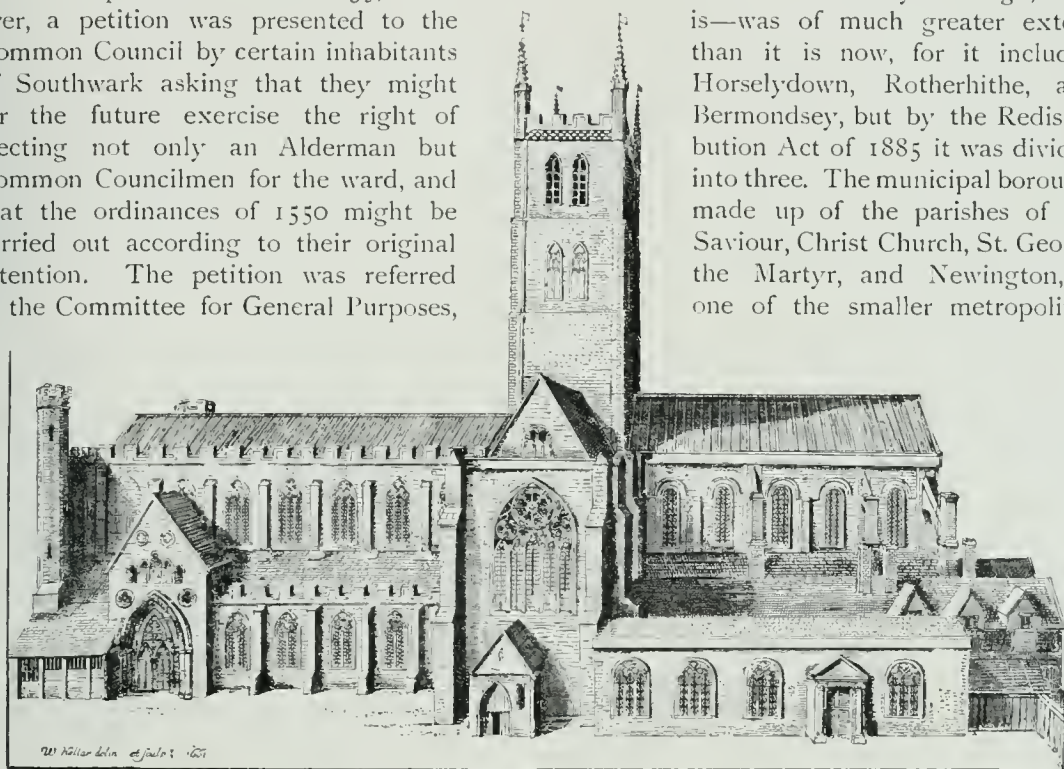
The visitor to Southwark who expects to find here abundant relics of distant days will be woefully disappointed.

Southwark. There is St. Saviour's Church, now elevated, as it deserved to be, to cathedral rank, there is part of a picturesque seventeenth century inn, there are in the Borough High Street a few other houses with some look of antiquity; but well

next senior, and so on until it is accepted. Nor has the ward of Bridge Without ever sent representatives to the Common Council, for the people of Southwark, says Dr. Reginald Sharpe in his "London and the Kingdom," refused to "take up their freedom and bear the burdens of citizenship, and there existed no means for forcing the freedom upon them. In 1835, however, a petition was presented to the Common Council by certain inhabitants of Southwark asking that they might for the future exercise the right of electing not only an Alderman but Common Councilmen for the ward, and that the ordinances of 1550 might be carried out according to their original intention. The petition was referred to the Committee for General Purposes,

the Corporation holds in trust for the maintenance of such of the Thames Bridges as it is responsible for, and that it was out of this fund that the Tower Bridge was built.

Southwark has been a Parliamentary borough since the year 1296; but it was only in 1900 that it entered into possession of full civic rights. Formerly the borough—the Parliamentary borough, that is—was of much greater extent than it is now, for it included Horselydown, Rotherhithe, and Bermondsey, but by the Redistribution Act of 1885 it was divided into three. The municipal borough, made up of the parishes of St. Saviour, Christ Church, St. George the Martyr, and Newington, is one of the smaller metropolitan



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH IN 1661.

From the Etching by Hollar.

who reported to the Common Council to the effect that, considering that the borough of Southwark had never formed part of the City of London, the charter of Edward VI. notwithstanding, and that the holding of wardmotes in the borough would materially interfere with the duties of an ancient officer known as a seneschal or steward of Southwark, the petition could not be complied with, except by application to the legislature, and that such a course would neither be expedient nor advisable." A similar petition was presented to the Court of Aldermen only a few years ago, but with the same result. To this account of the relation of the City with the ward of Bridge Without it may be added that among the City Estates is that of the Bridge House, Southwark, which

boroughs, its area being 1,131 acres, or less than two square miles, but, with about 210,000 inhabitants, it comes eighth in population. There are ten wards, of which St. Saviour's and Christ Church parishes have one each, while St. George the Martyr has three and Newington five. The borough device (figured on page

The Borough Device.

2) consists of a shield without crest or supporters, quartered by a cross in red and silver and bearing emblems symbolical of the four parishes which make up Southwark. The left hand upper quarter (silver) displays a Tudor rose, taken from the arms of St. Saviour's Church; the right hand upper quarter (blue) a lily flower representing St. Mary's, Newington; the left lower quarter (blue) the Southwark Cross or badge, used

by the parish of St. George the Martyr; and the right lower quarter (silver) a stag's head, from the arms of the manor of Paris Garden, in the parish of Christ Church. The device is completed by a scroll underneath the shield bearing the motto "United to Serve." There are baths and wash-houses in Lavington Street and Manor Place, Newington; the Central Public Library, with the Cuming Museum, is in Walworth Road, adjoining the Town Hall, and there are branch libraries in the Southwark Bridge Road, Borough Road, Blackfriars Road, and Old Kent Road. Of open spaces Southwark has, all told, less than a dozen acres, for Southwark Park is a long way beyond the border, in the neighbouring borough of Bermondsey, though when it was formed it lay in the Parliamentary borough of Southwark.

Since 1905 Southwark has given its name to a see, carved, as that of St. Albans had been, out of the diocese of Rochester, and, like St. Albans, the new see found ready to its hand, in St. Saviour's Church, a temple of cathedral-like dignity. This church, of which the tower, with its lofty pinnacles, forms a noble landmark from the river, was formerly the church of the priory of St. Mary, which the legend says was

**St. Mary
Overy.**

founded by Audrey, the daughter of a miserly old man who owned the ferry that plied across the Thames before London Bridge was built. As there can be no doubt that the river was bridged by the Romans the story is sadly uneconomical of time, and it is probably nothing more than an ingenuous effort of the popular imagination to account for the name Overy, which can more easily be explained by regarding it as a form of "over the rie"—that is, over the water, or by interpreting it as a form of the Anglo-Saxon *ofer*=bank or shore. In 1106 the priory, however founded, was converted into an Augustinian monastery by two Norman knights, who rebuilt the nave in the Norman style. In the early years of the next century the church was ravaged by fire, and then it was that the older parts of the structure as it now meets the eye were built in the Early English style. Early in the fifteenth century Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, introduced Perpendicular features in the course of repairs which he carried out largely

at the charges of the poet Gower. In the first quarter of the next century Bishop Fox completed the tower, altered the west end, and reared the magnificent altar-screen. But the era of growth was now at an end, to be succeeded by a dismal period of decay. In 1540, the year after the priory was dissolved, St. Mary's became the parish church of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Margaret, the two parishes being united under the name of St. Saviour's, borrowed from a suppressed convent at Bermondsey. The church was at first leased to the parishioners and then sold to them; but they were not worthy of the treasure they had gained, and while the Lady Chapel was debased to the uses of a bakehouse the building generally was very thoroughly neglected by successive generations of its custodians. In the nineteenth century the restorer came upon the scene with results as deplorable as those that had ensued from callous neglect. For in 1838, the nave, having been despoiled of its fine roof of groined oak, dating from the fifteenth century, was taken down to make way for an incongruous structure designed by Henry Rose. The eyesore was endured until the late Sir Arthur Blomfield effected a reproduction of the Early English nave as it was before the alterations of Bishop Fox and others, and restored the rest of the fabric, at a cost of £40,000. When the work was finished St. Saviour's was reopened as a collegiate church (February, 1897), and eight years later it was raised, as we have seen, to cathedral rank, Dr. Talbot coming from Rochester to be the first Bishop of Southwark, and the church of St. Thomas, close by, dating from 1702, being converted into a chapter-house, while an episcopal palace was built by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., on the north side of Kennington Park.

The cathedral consists of a nave of seven bays with aisles, central tower with transepts, the chapel of St. John the Divine to the east of the north transept, an organ chamber opening out of the south transept, a choir of five bays which is not in exact alignment with the nave but inclines to the south, choir aisles, and a Lady Chapel of three bays with aisles which bring it up to the breadth of the choir. The Lady Chapel, though it has long borne that designation, should

**Plan
of the
Cathedral.**



SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL: THE CHOIR AND NAVE.

rather be called the retro-choir. The true Lady Chapel stood to the east of the retro-choir, and, rebuilt after fire in 1676, was destroyed in 1830 on the pretext—it was little more—that it interfered with the approach to London Bridge, and the present Lady Chapel narrowly escaped the same unmerited fate two years later.

who was murdered by his subjects in 1437. A few years before this royal marriage—in 1408—John Gower, the “moral Gower” as his friend Chaucer styled him, was buried here, in a tomb that has been renovated and recoloured by the Duke of Sutherland, whose family claim relationship with the poet. In the Lady Chapel is the tomb of Lancelot



SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL.

Of singular interest are the associations of St. Saviour's. Here in 1424 James I. of Scotland married Joan Beaufort, niece of the Cardinal of that name, who at this time was Bishop of Winchester and gave a sumptuous marriage feast at Winchester Palace, hard by. James had fallen in love with the golden-haired beauty while he was in captivity at Windsor, and the marriage which had this romantic beginning turned out happily. But a tragic fate was in store for the King,

Andrewes, with a recumbent effigy representing the bishop in his robes of prelate of the Order of the Garter; it formerly stood in the Lady Chapel proper, which on that account was styled the Bishop's Chapel, and it was transferred to its present position when that structure was most inexcusably destroyed. This pious and tolerant divine, a native of London, was successively Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Ely and of Winchester, and it was matter of common knowledge that his preferments all came to him without



Photo: York & Sons, Notting Hill, II.

THE "TABARD" INN, SHORTLY BEFORE ITS DEMOLITION (*p.* 992).

solicitation and as a result of the impression made by his abilities and zeal and Christian spirit. He died here, at Winchester Palace, in 1626, at the age of seventy-one, venerated by all his contemporaries. In the chapel where he now reposes sat the Consistorial Court which sent to the stake Bishop Hooper and John Rogers and other Protestant martyrs, who—so the times change!—are now commemorated by stained glass windows.

In Bishop Andrewes' day, St. Saviour's became, like St. Leonard's at Shoreditch, an actors' church, for when the players at the Globe and the Rose and the other Bankside theatres could amuse their generation no more they were brought here to rest. So it is that Massinger and Fletcher the dramatists, Edmund Shakespeare, the youngest brother of the poet, Lawrence Fletcher, one of the lessees of the Globe, and Philip Henslowe, the manager, lie here, though there are no monuments to mark their graves. Here too, in 1607, was buried Sir Edward Dyer, who wrote "My mind to me a kingdom is."

Of other ancient memorials in the cathedral than those already described we cannot stop to speak, but we must mention that of William Emerson, a sixteenth century benefactor to the poor of the parish, because he is believed to have belonged to the same stock as Ralph Waldo Emerson, the sage of Concord. However this may be, it is not disputed that the John Harvard who founded the great college at Cambridge,

Massachusetts, was the son of a Southwark tavern keeper, and that he was baptized in this church, on the 29th of November, 1607. The chapel of St. John the Divine in the north transept, used as a magistrates' court in the days of the church's degradation, has been restored by the students of Harvard College as a memorial of their founder, the window being filled with stained glass made in New York, and presented by Mr. Choate while American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Many others of the windows in the cathedral

are painted, some of them to commemorate illustrious men who have been associated with Southwark. But much the finest of the church's decorative treasures is Bishop Fox's altar-screen of stone, still a thing of beauty, although the thirty-three canopied niches—the number has reference to the years of the Saviour's earthly life—are now empty.

The Priory of St. Mary Overy adjoined the western end of the nave of the church, and close by was Winchester House, built early in the twelfth century by Walter Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, on land belonging to the Priory of Bermondsey. It was one of the lordliest of palaces, with a magnificent hall 150 feet by 40 feet, and with gardens, fountains, fishponds and a spacious park, of which the name Park Street is a reminiscence. In the Great Rebellion it was made to serve the uses of a prison for royalist captives, and in 1649 it was sold for the sum of £4,380 to a resident of Camberwell; and though at the Restoration the sec of Winchester recovered possession, it was never again an episcopal residence. Remnants of the palace, in the shape of tenements and warehouses, survived into the nineteenth century.

Close to Winchester House, and leased from the Bishop, were the "stews," otherwise the "Bordello," a group of licensed brothels, of which the site is nearly marked by Cardinal Cap Alley, named no doubt after the sign of one of

Actors in
St. Saviour's.

Winchester
House.

The
Bordello.

those houses, the Cardinal's Hat, which was painted on the walls. "I will not give in to scandal so far as to suppose," says Pennant with a malicious smile, "that this house was peculiarly protected by any coeval member of the Sacred College." West of the stews, and stretching almost to Blackfriars Bridge, is the strip of shore

Bankside. which still bears the name of

Bankside, famous in Stow's day for its theatres and its bull-baiting and bear-baiting entertainments. We have seen (p. 936) how in the sixteenth century, harried out of the City by the authorities, who were strongly leavened with Puritanism, the players built two theatres at Shoreditch, *the Theatre* and the *Curtain*, the former of which was taken down in 1599 by the sons of James Burbage, its builder, and the timber used for the construction of the *Globe* here on Bankside. Several theatres besides sprang up here—the *Rose*, of which the managers were Henslowe and Edward Alleyn, the *Hope* and the *Swan*, but the *Globe*, although not the first of the Bankside houses, is the one of which the name is most familiar, for this was the theatre of the company to which Shakespeare belonged. Here his great tragedies were performed, and here he himself trod the boards. As first built it was circular in shape, but after its destruction by fire in 1613, during a performance of *Henry VIII.*, it was rebuilt in the hexagonal shape. This second house, with which Shakespeare appears to have had no personal association, survived only until 1644, when it was made away with and succeeded by tenements.

The sports of bear- and bull-baiting were probably carried on at more than one spot on Bankside, but Mr. Henry Stephenson, in his "*Shakespeare's London*," after a careful consideration of the scanty evidence, concludes that the *Bear Garden*, originally a mere wooden ring for baiting, and afterwards a more ambitious structure used indifferently for such sports and for dramatic purposes, stood between the *Rose* and the *Globe*, and not, as

many writers have supposed, in the *Paris Garden*, a manor at the western extremity of Bankside, which became a pleasance. Mr. Stephenson also concludes that the *Bear Garden*, which at one time was known as the *Hope*, was not used for plays after the death of Henslowe in 1616. The character of the baiting entertainments given here on Bankside may be inferred from an account of one of them which is given by Malcolm. It was announced, in an advertisement which Malcolm quotes, that a horse "of uncommon strength," eighteen or nineteen hands high, would be baited to death "for the amusement of the Morocco Ambassador," on the 12th of April, 1682. The horse, which had originally belonged to the Earl of Rochester, had a disposition of extraordinary ferocity, and had killed "several of his brethren." On the day appointed, says Malcolm, "several dogs were set upon the vindictive steed, which he destroyed or drove from the arena. At this instant his owners determined to preserve him for a future day's sport, and directed a person to lead him away. But before the horse had reached London Bridge, the spectators demanded the fulfilment of the promise of baiting him to death, and began to destroy the building. To conclude, the poor beast was fetched back, and other dogs being set upon him without effect, he was stabbed with a sword." Such were the amusements of our ancestors at the end of the seventeenth century!

The site of the *Globe Theatre* is now



THE GLOBE THEATRE, BANKSIDE.

covered by the enormous brewery of Barclay, Perkins and Company, which has its principal entrance in Park Street. London, by the way, has always been a great place for brewing, and although the names of Bass and Burton and Guinness may have become more famous than any of those by which London beers are known, the capital still brews more beer than it drinks. The great concern with which we here have to do had its origin in a small brewery which, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was bought by a Mr. Thrale, father of the Mr. Henry Thrale who was a friend of Dr. Johnson's. After Henry Thrale's death it was bought by Mr. David Barclay, the head of the banking firm of that name, who installed in it as part proprietors his nephew from America, Mr. Robert Barclay, and a Mr. Perkins, who had been one of Mr. Thrale's managers: hence the style and title by which the firm is still known.

This great brewery has had many noted visitors, among them Marshal Haynau, the Austrian general who was notorious for his cruelty towards Magyar women in the war of 1849. When it became known that "the Austrian butcher" was on the premises, he was set upon by the men and buffeted, and had to flee along Bankside, and finally to take refuge in the dustbin of a public-house; and he was only saved from further violence by the tardy arrival of the police. Another

Prince Bismarck.

German visitor, the late Prince Bismarck, had a more hospitable reception. A huge tankard of old ale was set before him and he was invited to maintain the reputation of his native land for beer drinking. Seizing the tankard, the illustrious German toasted his country, and never took the vessel from his lips until it was empty; but he confessed that when he got to London Bridge things were going round and round, and he was glad to rest awhile in one of the recesses until the universe recovered its stability.

It is fitting that Southwark should have within its borders one of the greatest of our breweries, for no part of London has been more famous for the inns which abounded in its High Street, where weary travellers from the south were glad to rest before

crossing London Bridge. Most renowned of them all was the "Tabard," which stood on the east side of the Borough High Street, about midway between the bridgefoot and St. George's Church, and did not finally disappear until the year 1875, though it had been rebuilt in the seventeenth century, after a fire, and its name had been changed to the Talbot. The original name, as Stow tells us, denoted a sleeveless jacket; the talbot signifies a dog; and it is conjectured that the latter sign was substituted for the former in pure ignorance. The "Tabard" owes its pre-eminent fame to the fact that in its guesten-chamber five hundred years ago the pilgrims whose tales Chaucer tells assembled to journey together, by way of the Old Kent Road and Blackheath and Rochester, to Canterbury, there to do homage at the shrine of the martyred St. Thomas. Here did they receive welcome from Harry Baily, the jovial host, at whose suggestion it was that they agreed to beguile their pilgrimage with tales told in rivalry, the one who, in mine host's opinion, should tell the best tale to have a supper at the expense of the rest on their return to the inn. But the poet did not live to see his pilgrims to Canterbury, and who won the supper—if ever the merry meal was had—will never be known.

Close to the "Tabard" was the "White Hart," the headquarters of Jack Cade in 1450, of which the site is now occupied by a modern public-house bearing the same title. Other well-known taverns here were the "Bell," the "Boar's Head," and the "White Lion," but the only old Southwark inn which has preserved any semblance of its former self is the "George," which, though it now styles itself an hotel, still retains its galleries intact on one side. It was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, but on the old plan.

In the Borough High Street, at the angle formed by this thoroughfare with Compter

Street, stood the old Town Hall, destroyed about the year 1860

The Old Town Hall.

in the course of the construction of Southwark Street. It was only about 150 years old, but it occupied the site of an older Town Hall, nor was that the first of the Town Halls of Southwark. Another feature of old Southwark which has

vanished is Southwark Fair, an annual saturnalia which was held in the neighbourhood of the old Town Hall, and which forms the subject of one of Hogarth's most vigorous pictures. Here in his day Cadman, the celebrated rope-dancer, would make his dizzy journey across the street from the tower of St. George's Church to the Mint. The Borough Market, for the sale of fruit and vegetables, is no longer to be seen actually in the High Street, but unlike the fair, which came to an end in 1763, it has not ceased to be, but is carried on, under the control of trustees who include representatives of the Borough Council, in a large paved space close to St. Saviour's Churchyard, and the surplus profits still go to the relief of the rates. Another of the markets of Southwark, the Hop Exchange, is close at hand, near the point at which Southwark Street joins the High Street. It was built about the year 1865, and has an effective interior, consisting of a Hall on the floor of which hop merchants meet to strike their bargains, while in the three tiers of galleries are their offices.

One of Southwark's most ancient institutions was the hospital of St. Thomas, an offshoot of the convent of St. Mary Overie, for it traces its origin to a spital within the precincts of the convent dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury. In 1228 a new hospital was built on the eastern side of the High Street by Peter des Roches, Bishop of Winchester, and endowed with property that yielded £343 a year, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century additional land was bought for its extension. The dissolution brought its benevolent work to a sudden stop, but it was set going again in the reign of Edward VI. by the Lord Mayor and City Corporation. In 1553 a royal charter was granted incorporating the City authorities as perpetual governors of this charity and

the three Royal Hospitals, and the Hospital of St. Thomas—not now the martyr of Canterbury, but the Apostle—rebuilt early in the eighteenth century, remained on the ancient site until in 1862 the ground was acquired for about £300,000 by the South-Eastern Railway. Then it migrated westwards to the riverside at Lambeth, where we shall presently encounter it in its new form and have something more to say about it.

Close to the site of St. Thomas's, on the east side of the High Street, is another of



THE OLD TOWN HALL, BOROUGH HIGH STREET, IN 1830.

From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

the great hospitals of London, founded in 1721 by Thomas Guy, a native of Horselydown, who was a bookseller in the City, but made the fortune which he used to such excellent purpose by his dealings in South Sea stock. He founded this noble institution in 1721, and the building, of which he laid the first stone in the following year, was nearly complete when he died, at the end of 1724. It has undergone extension from time to time, and of late years has been virtually reconstructed, at a cost of about £350,000, and it now has 600 beds, a nursing staff of about 260, and an income of about £60,000, of which £36,000, or sixty-one per cent., is drawn from invested property. In the principal court, entered from St. Thomas's Street through handsome gates, is a bronze statue of the founder by Scheemakers, and in the chapel, where he is buried, there is to be seen a marble statue of him by the elder Bacon.

We must not pass on from "Guy's" without mentioning that for ten years from 1836 Frederick Denison Maurice was chaplain, and that in its famous medical school John Keats learnt enough surgery and medicine

John Keats, Surgeon.

to pass with credit the examination of the Society of Apothecaries. His last operation before abandoning his medical career, he says in one of his letters, was the opening of a patient's temporal artery. "I did it with the utmost nicety," he proceeds; "but reflecting on what passed through my mind at the time, my dexterity seemed a miracle, and I never took up the lancet again." That he should have persevered with his medical studies as he did was much to his credit. "There came a sunbeam into the room," he wrote to a friend concerning one of the lectures, "and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray, and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland."

The church of St. George the Martyr, with a cumbrous octagonal spire, standing at the junction of the High Street with the Marshalsea Road, is the successor of a church belonging to the Priory of Bermondsey and dedicated to St. George of Cappadocia. In the older church General Monk was married to Anne Clarges, and here were buried Bishop Bonner and Edward Cocker, the arithmetician whose name has passed into a proverb. The Bishop died close by in the Marshalsea Prison, originally the prison of the Court of the Knights Mar-

shall for the settlement of disputes between servants of the royal household and for the punishment of offences committed within the King's Court, but in modern times used as a debtors' prison. There were three of these debtors' prisons—the King's Bench, the largest of them, which at first stood a little to the north of St. George's Church, on the east side of the High Street, and after 1758 on the other side of the street, a little to the south of Lant Street; the Borough Compter, originally built opposite the Tabard, destroyed by fire in 1676 and rebuilt in Mill Lane, Tooley Street, early in the next century; and the Marshalsea, at first occupying ground south of King Street, and then, in 1810, removed to the site of the ancient Surrey prison known as the White Lyon, overlooking St. George's

Churchyard. Of all these Southwark prisons the one that is best known to fame is the Marshalsea, a distinction which it owes to Dickens.

It is not necessary to go further into the obscure history of the Southwark prisons, which were so close to each other, and were so given to migration that it is not strange there should be confusion between them; but we must not leave this part of Southwark without noting that Mint Street is a reminiscence of the Mint established in the High Street by Henry VIII.,

The Mint. at the house of his brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, on the site of which were presently built a number of cottages. The name was gradually extended to a region consisting of several streets and alleys, which became a sanctuary for debtors until the privilege was abolished in the reign of George I.

Following Southwark Street from east to west we reach the Blackfriars Road, at the point at which Stamford Street comes into that thoroughfare. In Stamford Street, which is partly in Southwark and partly in Lambeth, John Rennie, the great engineer to whom the capital owes the finest of its Thames bridges—

John Rennie.

those which bear the names of Waterloo and London—as well as Southwark Bridge, lived from about the year 1793 until his death on the 4th of October, 1821, at No. 18, now marked by a London County Council tablet. At the time it was finished Southwark Bridge was considered to have no rival for grace and solidity; but few would now be found to consider it the equal of either Waterloo or London Bridge. In Bennett Street, which runs across Stamford Street, is the house (No. 28), distinguished by another of the County Council's tablets, in which John Leech was born, on the 29th of August, 1817.

John Leech.

Here it was that, at the age of three, he was discovered by Flaxman seated on his mother's knee drawing a sketch which the great sculptor declared to be wonderful. "He will astonish the world," he prophesied. The precocious boy entered the Charterhouse at the age of seven, and by the time he left, in his seventeenth year, the family were no longer dwelling in Bennett Street.

The neighbourhood of Blackfriars Road

is the chief London centre of the manufacture of the silk hat, of which Oliver Wendell

**Blackfriars
Road :
Silk Hats.**

Holmes humorously says that it is a common thing for the Englishman to say his prayers into it.

Other disrespectful things also he says of it, yet he admits that it is "the best thing of its ugly kind." The cult is not now so general in London as it was even a few

pieces of silk plush with which the hat is to be covered are sewn together by the crown sewer with fine close stitches, and the hood thus formed goes with the body to the finisher, who affixes it so evenly and exactly that, when the nap is smoothed down, the line of joining is completely hidden. The finisher also 'blocks' the hat, using water and hot irons liberally to pro-



Photo. Pictoria Agency.

GUY'S HOSPITAL (p. 993).

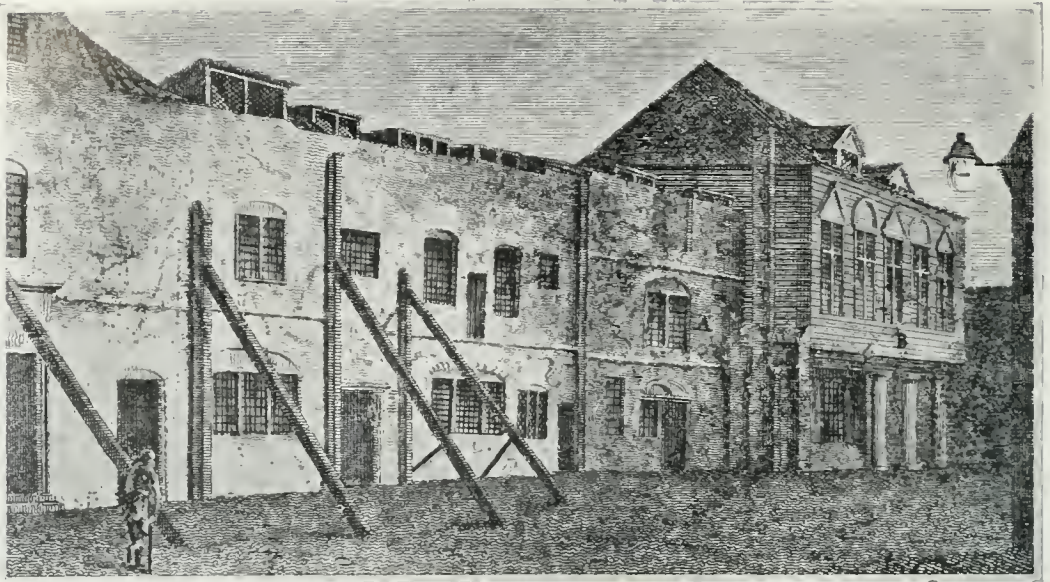
years ago; but the silk hat is still a sufficiently characteristic headgear to make it worth while to explain how the wondrous result is achieved. The men engaged in this industry, as we learn from "Life and Labour of the People in London," are divided into three classes — body-makers, finishers, and shapers; the women are known as crown sewers and trimmers. "The body-maker prepares the frame, or body of the hat, which is formed of several thicknesses of calico, stiffened with shellac. The crown and brim are made of the same materials and stuck to the body, the shellac of the three parts uniting under the pressure of a hot iron. Sometimes, for the sake of lightness, a sheet of cork is used in place of some folds of calico and shellac. The

duce a perfect gloss. The shaper comes next, whose duty it is to curl the brim, and give the final stamp of fashion to the whole. The trimmer binds the edge of the brim, inserts the lining, and attaches the band, all this being women's work. Then, after being finally touched up, the hat is ready for the wearer."

Blackfriars Road was long known as Great Surrey Street: hence the names borne by its two best known buildings, Surrey Chapel and the Surrey Theatre. Surrey Chapel, on the east side, was built in 1783 for that

**Rowland
Hill.**

remarkable man, Rowland Hill, and here until his death he ministered to a congregation of which he appears never to have been the formally recognised pastor. Endowed with a pungent



THE MARSHALSEA PRISON IN 1775 (*p.* 994).

wit, a voice of remarkable power, and a presence that proclaimed a vigorous personality, at his best he was one of the most effective pulpit orators of his day—Bishop Blomfield declared him to be the best preacher he had ever heard—but he was eccentric and erratic, and sometimes his humour was lacking in humanity. The saying of his which is best remembered, perhaps, was the remark, made in justification of his pressing such melodies as “Rule, Britannia,” into the service of the sanctuary, that he didn’t see why the devil should have all the best tunes—a policy in which he has found an imitator in General Booth. He died in harness in 1833—for, although he had entered his eighty-ninth year, he preached every Sunday a sermon an hour long up to within a fortnight of the end—and was buried in a vault beneath the pulpit. His successor was James Sherman, and he in turn was succeeded, in 1854, by Newman Hall, under whom, in 1876, the congregation migrated to Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, taking with them the mortal remains of the minister for whom Surrey Chapel was built. The chapel, an octagonal building, with no pretensions to architecture, continued to be a place of worship for some years longer, but was then, as it still is, appropriated to business uses.

When Southey the poet went to Surrey Chapel to hear Rowland Hill, he declared

his manner to be “that of a performer, as great in his line as Kean or Kemble”: we need not hesitate, therefore, to pass at a

Surrey Theatre.

bound to the Surrey Theatre, at the southern end of the Blackfriars Road. Beginning its career in 1782 as the Royal Circus, and presently rebuilt, after having been burnt down, it was converted into a theatre proper by Elliston in 1809, and in his hands it remained for five years. Its name, however, does not appear to have been changed until Thomas Dibdin assumed the management. In 1827, Dibdin and several other managers having in the meantime lost heavily by the venture, Elliston once more took over the theatre, and was still the lessee at the time of his death. The “Surrey” was burnt down for a second time in 1865 and rebuilt on a larger scale, and after a long spell of melodrama it has now become a variety theatre, the only notable management of late years, as Mr. Farquharson Sharp remarks in his “Short History of the English Stage,” being that of George Conquest, from 1880 to 1901.

St. George’s Circus, in which Blackfriars Road ends on the south, reminds us that we have reached the border of the great open space, meadow land down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, which was long known as St. George’s Fields. Here ran

St. George’s Fields.

Roman roads, for abundant remains of the occupation have been found, and through this marshy tract, as then and until recent days it was, Canute is believed to have cut the trench that was to enable him to get to the western side of London, when he found that the bridge was too strongly fortified to be taken by assault. In St. George's Fields the citizens, especially those of the poorer classes, took refuge at the time of the Great Fire.

In the centre of St. George's **St. George's Circus.** Circus there formerly stood an obelisk, which is usually styled the Crosby obelisk, but it was intended simply to indicate the distance of this spot from Fleet Street, London Bridge, and Palace Yard, and its only connexion with the Brass Crosby whom the House of Commons committed to the Tower (p. 123) consists in its having been reared during his mayoralty, in 1771. In 1905 it had to make way for a more ambitious clock tower, but instead of being doomed to destruction a place was found for it in the grounds of Bethlem Royal Hospital, where it may still be seen by the passer-by.

In or close to the Circus there formerly stood several well-known philanthropic institutions—the Magdalen Hospital, the Asylum for Female Orphans, the Royal Freemasons' School for Girls, and the School for the Indigent Blind, which have now been removed elsewhere. But the greatest of the eleemosynary institutions that sprang up in St. George's Fields, on a site bordered by the Lambeth and St. George's Roads, has remained to lend dignity to this part of

Bethlem Royal Hospital. London. The Bethlem Royal Hospital, the earliest and the most famous of institutions for the treatment of the insane, founded as a priory in Bishopsgate, in 1247, gradually came to be used as a hospital for the mentally afflicted and other patients which the authorities of the City took under their protection, and in 1546, after the dissolution, they acquired by purchase the patronage, land and tenements belonging to the establishment, while the building itself was bestowed upon them by Henry VIII. that it might be converted into a refuge for the hapless victims of mental alienation. In 1557 Bethlem and Bridewell (p. 409) were amalgamated, and from

that day to this the two institutions have been administered by the same body of Governors under one Treasurer. At one time it was the custom for the patients whose mental condition had undergone improvement to be treated as out-pensioners, and allowed to wander about and ask for alms, wearing a metal badge as a kind of licence to beg; hence the phrase in *King Lear*, "With a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam." In 1676 the hospital was removed to Moorfields (p. 319), and there it remained until in 1815, the Bridge House Committee having provided a site here in St. George's Fields measuring nearly twelve acres, in exchange for the Moorfields site of two acres, it was removed to its present habitation, built from designs by James Lewis, to furnish accommodation for 198 patients, but since then has been several times extended, until now it can receive some 300 patients. The powerful dome in the centre was added by Sydney Smirke, who was architect to the Hospital from 1843 to 1868. While the new Hospital was being erected, the question of the care of criminal lunatics was under consideration by the Government of the day, and after considerable negotiations an arrangement was come to with the Governors that they should build two wings, one at each end of the building, for the care of criminal lunatics, the Treasury agreeing to advance the necessary sums. The confinement of criminal lunatics at Bethlem was continued to the year 1863, when they were transferred to the Broadmoor Asylum erected by the Government in accordance with the Act of 1860. Among the many notable criminals received here was Edward Oxford, who made an attempt on the life of Queen Victoria. Another inmate was a well-known artist who, in a sudden fit of insanity, had committed the crime of parricide. Whilst at the Hospital he was allowed to continue his occupation, and it is understood that the large painting entitled "The Good Samaritan" that hangs on the main staircase is his work.

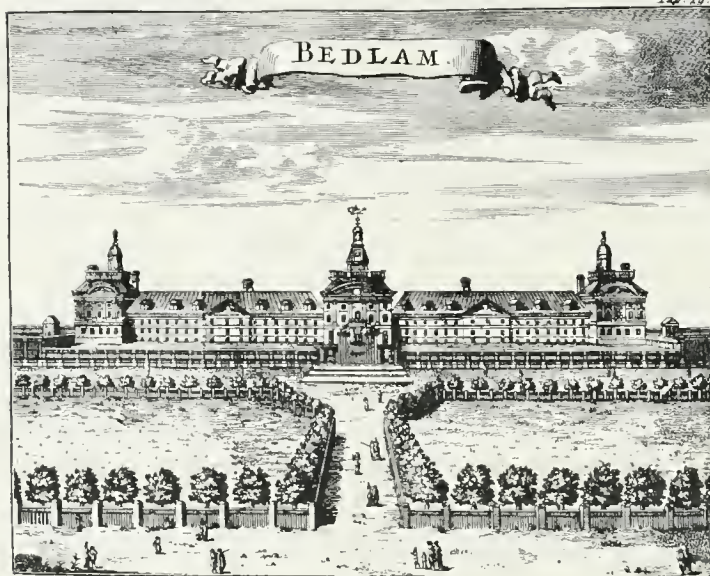
"Bedlam," to use the vulgar diminutive by which the hospital used to be known, was in former days one of the recognised sights of London, and, so slow was even the medical profession to understand the true nature of insanity, it was not until the third quarter of the eighteenth century that the system of promiscuous visiting was stopped

as disturbing to the inmates. In these days, needless to say, the happiness and well being of the patients are studied in every possible way, and among the additions which have been made to the buildings of late years is that of a large Recreation Hall, where theatrical performances and concerts are frequently given. The patients who are received at the Hospital are mainly those of the educated classes who cannot afford to enter private asylums, and preference is given to acute cases presumed to be curable rather

Roman Catholic Cathedral, opposite the north-west angle of the grounds, a melancholy connexion is to be traced, for when the mind of the learned and gifted architect of the cathedral, Augustus

Welby Pugin, gave way under stress of work, he was interned in the Hospital, and was only removed to his home at Ramsgate a short time before his death, in 1852. In spite of the absence of a clerestory, and of the spire which is to complete the tower, and in spite also of the fact that the architect

was cramped for space, and had to place the sanctuary at the west instead of the east end, the church, in the Decorated style, gives a more favourable impression of Pugin's constructive powers, as distinct from his mastery of decorative details, than is conveyed by other work of his that we have come across in our wanderings in the Metropolis. It was built between the years 1840 and 1848, but not consecrated until 1894, when it was freed from debt. By one of the ironies of history, it occupies the spot where in 1780 was held the great meeting of the Protestant Association that issued in the Gordon Riots.



BETHLEM ROYAL HOSPITAL IN 1698.

than to chronic cases in which there is little prospect of recovery. Under a scheme granted by the Charity Commissioners a limited number of patients are now received on payment of two guineas per week. Adjoining the Hospital on the eastern side, and under the same management, is King Edward's School, erected early in the nineteenth century as a House of Occupation for boys and girls, but now used for girls alone, a school for the boys having been built at Witley, near Godalming, close to the convalescent establishment, a branch of Bethlem. The Hospital, it may be added, stands in spacious grounds, and let into one of the walls is the stone sign of the old "Dog and Duck" tavern, a well-known resort of sporting Londoners in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which was only taken down in 1812.

Between the Hospital and St. George's

Running eastwards from St. George's Circus is the Borough Road, where, on the south side, at the corner of Lancaster Street, is the Borough Polytechnic, occupying a site which for a century has been associated with educational work.

That enthusiastic educationist Joseph Lancaster, a native of Southwark, and a member of the Society of Friends, was born in Kent (now Tabard) Street in 1778, and there in 1798 he started that system of undenominational education which presently developed into the British and Foreign Schools Society, founded in 1808 to provide education on Christian but unsectarian lines for "the children of the poorer subjects of George the Third." On this site in the Borough Road was built, about the year 1840, the Training College of the Society, and, in connexion with it, a model school. In 1861 the college



BETHLEM ROYAL HOSPITAL.

Photo. Richard Agency.

for schoolmistresses was removed to Stockwell, and there are others at Darlington, Swansea, and Saffron Walden, while those for schoolmasters are at Isleworth and Bangor. In this road also are the South London Institute for the Blind, built in 1906 for a society founded in 1870, and the Passmore Edwards Public Library.

In Southwark Bridge Road, which crosses the Borough Road on its way from the bridge to the "Elephant and Castle,"

**The Fire
Brigade.**

are the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade, formerly installed in Watling Street, in the City. This most efficient organisation is maintained by the London County Council, but towards the cost the Treasury makes an annual grant of £10,000, and there is a contribution of about £37,000 from the fire insurance companies, at the rate of £35 for every million pounds of fire insurance business transacted upon property in the administrative county. The total expenditure upon the Brigade amounts to upwards of £330,000, but this is one of the items in the London County Council's budget of which the severest economist is little likely to advocate a reduction.

The public-house which bears the sign of the "Elephant and Castle" is the successor of an old coaching inn of the same style and title, which it borrowed from the crest of the Cutlers' Company. It marks one of the busiest spots in the whole of the Metropolis, for here meet six main roads, besides smaller streets. On the east side of one of these main thoroughfares, Newington Causeway, is the Sessions House, where criminal cases from the south side of the Thames are tried, except those of the graver kinds, which go to the Central Criminal Court. Behind it is a recreation-ground which has absorbed part of the site of the old Horsemonger Lane Jail. This prison was finished in 1798, and remained in use until abolished by the Act of 1878, being taken down in the following year.

On the other side of the circus the thoroughfare is known as Newington Butts, "from the exercise," as Northouck says, "of shooting at the Butts which was practised there, as in other parts of the kingdom, to train the young men in archery." Here is the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the enormous

chapel which was built for the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon in 1860-61, at a cost of £31,000, the chapel in New Park Street to which he had come in 1854 having proved insufficient to accommodate the crowds

**The
Metropolitan
Tabernacle.**

who came to listen to the young orator from Waterbeach, although it had been considerably enlarged. Mr. Spurgeon was undoubtedly the most popular, though not perhaps the greatest, preacher of his day, and in the measure in which he combined fluency with conciseness and strength he probably had no equal. His voice was of such resonance and silvery clearness that though often he raised it very little above its ordinary tones every word he uttered could easily be heard in the remotest point of the upper gallery of the Tabernacle. With his superiority to mere self-exhibition, he would often deliver a whole sermon with comparatively little change of note, and it was only when there happened to be something in the discourse which claimed exceptional treatment, as for example some stirring proclamatory passage from the Scriptures, which had to be repeated again and again, that its full power and compass were brought into requisition. At such times the vast building was flooded with sound, and yet the ear was never offended by a strident tone, for neither in voice or language nor in gesture did the speaker ever lose his self-control. Perhaps the greatest of all his shining gifts was his humour. On the platform he could convulse an audience with laughter, and keep it up with flashes of seriousness throughout a long speech, and even in the pulpit he found a use for this quality, though careful to avoid its broader effects. But Spurgeon was more than an orator: he was a magnetic and vibrant personality, endowed with a common-sense that in itself amounted almost to genius, and with rare insight into character and capacity, and the success with which the work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and of the great organisations connected with it—the Sunday Schools, the Pastors' College, the Stockwell Orphanage, and the rest—has been carried on since his death shows how solidly he built. Until the year 1908 the heavy burden of the pastorate was sustained by one of Spurgeon's sons, the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, but his health then failing he was

succeeded by the Rev. Archibald Brown, one of Spurgeon's favourite students. In 1898, six years after its founder's death, the Tabernacle was almost destroyed by fire, but it was at once rebuilt, on the same plan, though not on quite the same scale as before.

The Gothic clock tower standing in a pleasant recreation-ground just beyond the Metropolitan Tabernacle marks the site

Newington. of the parish church of St. Mary, Newington, taken down in 1876

for the widening of the road, and rebuilt in the Early English style in Kennington Park Road. It dated only from 1720, and was not the original church of this ancient parish, of which Walworth, occupying the southern part of the borough of Southwark, is a hamlet. The etymology of Walworth is not known, though there is, of course, no lack of theories. Sir Walter Besant thought

it indicated the proximity of a high

Walworth. causeway that ran through it, but it has been pointed out (in *Notes*

and Queries) that the early form, Wealawyrth, which occurs in an Anglo-Saxon charter, points rather—*weala* being the genitive plural of *wealh*, a Welshman—to an estate belonging to Welshmen or Britons. Here, on the east side of the Kenning-

ton Park Road, were the Surrey Zoological Gardens, laid out in

1831-32 by

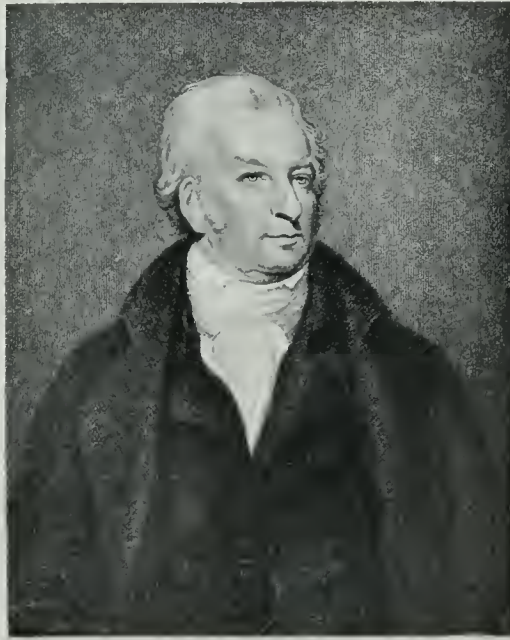
The Surrey Gardens. the Mr. Cross of

whose

menagerie we have spoken in connexion with Exeter 'Change in the Strand (p. 600). In 1856 there was built in the Gardens the Surrey Music Hall, of which Jullien was for some time the manager. While the Metropolitan Tabernacle was being built Mr. Spurgeon preached here, and at one of his services, in the evening

of October 19th, 1856, there took place the fire panic in which seven persons were crushed to death and many others seriously injured. The dreadful calamity shook Mr. Spurgeon's nerves, but after a time he recovered from the shock, and the services were continued. The hall was destroyed by fire in 1861, and sixteen years later the gardens were acquired for building purposes.

In the Walworth Road, on the east side, is the Town Hall of the borough, erected in 1864 as the vestry hall of the parish of St. Mary, Newington, and extended in 1902, when it had passed into the hands of the Borough Council, at a cost of £14,000; and beside it, on the south, is the Central Library and Cuming Museum, built from a design by Mr. E. B. P'Anson, and opened in 1893. On the same side of the road, at the corner of York Street, is a Men's Club connected with the Robert Browning Settlement, which has buildings on both sides of this street, among them Browning Hall, formerly an Independent chapel in which the poet was baptized (June 14th, 1812) and was wont in his boyhood and youth to worship. The graveyard behind the chapel has been transformed into a recreation-ground, adorned with a drinking fountain which commemorates the late Sir Henry Doulton, who also was baptized in the chapel. Off the Walworth Road is the church of St. Peter, a poor specimen of Sir John Soane's work, with a large graveyard that has been converted into a recreation-ground in which the rector, Canon Horsley, renowned for his vigorous social work in a district that has abundant need of the activities of the social reformer, has established an aviary for the amusement of the children.



THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.
From a Portrait by S. Drummond, A.R.A.

CHAPTER XCIII

LAMBETH

The Name—Area—The Manor—The Story of Lambeth Palace—The Buildings Described—Carlisle House—St. Mary's Church—The Bridge—The Albert Embankment—Doulton's—St. Thomas's Hospital—"Pedlar's Acre"—Belvedere Road—Waterloo Bridge Road—The "Old Vic."—Astley's Amphitheatre—"The Flag"—Waterloo Station—The Canterbury Music Hall—Christ Church—William Blake—Kennington—The Common—The Oval—Vauxhall—The Tradescants—Stockwell and its Institutions—Brixton—The New Town Hall—The Tate Library—Brixton Prison—Ruskin Park—Myatt's Fields—Effra Road—Brockwell Park—Herne Hill—Knight's Hill—Norwood Cemetery

THE name of the borough which forms the subject of this chapter has no dignified origin, for just as Fulham on the other side of the river is believed by some etymologists to have reference to the dirtiness of the place (Foulham), so Lambeth is traced to *lam*, dirt, and *hythe*, a haven or landing-place. In the former case the derivation is probably untrue; in the latter it is accepted by many weighty authorities. It is true that a gallant effort, which won Mr. Loftie's blessing, has been made to substitute a less ungraceful derivation by supposing Lambeth to mean *lamb-hythe*, and this etymology finds sanction in the borough device, figured on page 2 of this work; but as Lyson remarks, a great objection to it is that it seems to have no meaning. It is difficult indeed to take it much more seriously than the delectable suggestion of the *Saturday Review*, conceived of course purely in fun, that the name really means "the house of the chief priest," from *lama*, the Mongolian for "chief priest," and *beth*, the Hebrew for "house." The most devoted native of Lambeth need not scruple to admit that in the days when that part of the parish which borders the river was a vast swamp there must have been plenty of mud about. Even down to the third quarter of the nineteenth century the river-side had no lack of dirt, but the construction of the Albert Embankment has changed all that and has converted the front into one of the most attractive boulevards in London, backed by the most historically interesting domestic building, the finest group of hospital buildings, and perhaps the handsomest

industrial building in the county of London, and commanding a magnificent view of the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, and the National Gallery of British Art.

In length Lambeth comes first among the metropolitan boroughs, for it stretches from the Thames to the southern

Dimensions. boundary of the County of London, and includes within its borders Kennington, Stockwell, Brixton, Tulse Hill, and a part of Norwood. In shape curiously like the borough of St. Pancras—which lies exactly opposite, on the north side of the Thames, with a slice of Westminster and Holborn between—but longer, it consists of the ancient parish of Lambeth, with the addition of a part of Streatham. Measuring 4,193 acres, it is fifth in size among the metropolitan boroughs, and, with some 325,000 inhabitants, second in population, being exceeded in this particular by Islington alone. The nine wards into which it is divided bear the names of Marsh, Bishop's, Prince's, Vauxhall, Brixton, Stockwell, Herne Hill, Tulse Hill and Norwood. The chief of its open spaces is Brockwell Park, but it also includes Kennington Park, Archbishop's Park, Vauxhall Park, Ruskin Park, and Myatt's Fields, Camberwell. Lambeth boasts one of the handsomest public baths in the county of London,

occupying a fine site at the junction of the Lambeth and Kennington Roads; it is amply furnished with Public Libraries, for besides the Central Library at Brixton Oval, there are branches at West Norwood, Upper Norwood, Kennington Cross, Knatchbull Road, South Lambeth Road, Lower Marsh, and Herne

Municipal Buildings.

The Manor.

We shall have occasion to speak of the second London house of the Bishops of Rochester presently: at present, our concern is with their first manor-house, now the abode of Archbishop Fitzwalter. Taking as our guide Mr. Cave-Browne, author of the scholarly and gracefully written history of Lambeth Palace,* we note that once before this an Archbishop of Canterbury,

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PLAN OF LAMBETH, SHOWING THE
WARDS.

* "Lambeth Palace and its Associations," By J. Cave-Browne, M.A. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

it was nearly finished the monks of Christ Church, afraid that their Priory would lose its pre-eminence among the monastic houses of the country, procured its destruction. Now it was that, not content with the small piece of the manor of Lambeth which Archbishop Baldwin had acquired from the Bishop of Rochester, Hubert Fitzwalter effected the exchange of which we have spoken, and became lord of the whole manor. Mr. Cave-Browne conjectures that at this time there was no proper manor-house at Lambeth, but only "a lodge" for a monk who acted as steward. Whether Archbishop Walter added to this lodge, or built anew, there is no evidence to show. The oldest part of the Palace as we now know it

is the crypt beneath the Chapel, but even that does not carry us back to the beginning of the thirteenth century. It may be that the crypt had been for some few years in existence when Archbishop Boniface, some time between 1245 and 1270, built over it the Chapel. In the year 1321 Lambeth Manor, as it was then called—it was not known as Lambeth Palace until the nineteenth century, and from the time of Laud until then it was styled Lambeth House—was repaired by Archbishop Reynolds, and it then comprised, besides the Chapel, a Hall, a Great Gate, chambers for the Archbishop and the Chancellor, and other features. A century

later Archbishop Chicheley built the present Water Tower, mis-called the Lollards' Tower, and repaired other parts of the building, which now contained also, in addition to many other apartments, the Guard Chamber, as well as the Great and Little Cloister. Towards the end of the fifteenth century the present Great Gateway was built by Cardinal Morton, in place of the earlier one, and half-a-century later Cranmer is said to have built the tower that bears his name, to the north-east of the chapel. Under Laud a small tower was added to the south face of the Water Tower.

Now came the Puritan upheaval, and the Palace was used as a prison for Royalists, and in 1648 was sold to Colonel Thomas Scot, one of the regicides, and Matthew Hardy or Hardyng. The Great Hall was utterly destroyed, and

every other part of the noble pile defaced, and at the Restoration Archbishop Juxon found it "a heap of ruins." During the less than three years of his Primacy, so vigorously did he set to work, he had re-

built the Hall and altogether **Restoration.** had spent £15,000 upon reconstruction and reparation.

Many later additions were made to the residential part of the Palace, with the result that when Archbishop Howley was appointed Primate in 1828, he found that this portion of the building consisted, in Mr. Cave-Browne's words, "of two parallel ranges of rooms, large and small, utterly without system or order, or regard to comfort." This jumble of rooms he swept away, rearing in place of them, in a line, on the north side of the quadrangle containing the old buildings, the present residence, in the Tudor style, from designs by Edward Blore, at a cost of £60,000, half of which he provided out of his own purse.

Such in brief is the history of Lambeth Palace. It is, fortunately, the older parts of the pile that one sees from the river-side, and though kept in perfect repair they look as venerable as their age. Approaching the building from Westminster, one first comes, at the north-west corner,* to Chicheley's Water Tower, presenting to the river on the west, and to the grounds of the Palace on the north, faces of grey-stone, the other side being of red brick. High up on the front that overlooks the river is a niche that once sheltered a statue of St. Thomas of Canterbury, to which the boatmen would doff their caps as they passed up and down stream. Between this structure and the square red-brick tower called after Cranmer, a glimpse can be caught of the lancet windows of the Chapel. Passing along the Embankment southwards one sees a bit of the roof of the Guard-room, and, more in the foreground, the west face, with the whole line of roof and the lantern, of the Great Hall, which since the year 1834 has been used as the Library of the Palace. Lastly one comes to the Great Gateway, often called Morton's Gateway, it having been rebuilt by that prelate. It is of small red bricks with stone dressings,

* The river here runs north and south, instead of east and west

and consists of a broad Tudor doorway, surmounted by a large Perpendicular window, and flanked on either side by a massive tower five storeys in height, the whole battlemented, as also is the Water Tower.

The gorgeous groined roof of the Chapel is modern work, having been substituted in 1846 for a flat panelled ceiling.

The Chapel. The painted glass that fills the lancet windows is also modern, the work of Messrs. Clayton and Bell, and

in the days of her disgrace. The day after her condemnation to death, three years after Cranmer had here solemnly confirmed her marriage, she was brought hither to appear before the same prelate that there might be extracted from her a confession of previous betrothal to Lord Percy, by way of furnishing some sort of justification for her murder. In the hope, craftily suggested to her, that the admission might save her life and possibly the lives of some who were dear



LAMBETH PALACE.

the gift of Archbishop Tait and his family and friends. Archbishop Laud, when he came to Lambeth, found the windows "shameful to look on, all diversely patched, like a poor beggar's coat," and it was one of the charges brought against him by his foes that in reinvesting them with the splendours with which Cardinal Morton had dowered them, he was restoring superstitious imagery from a "Romish Mass-book." The elaborate oak screen at the western end is Laud's, for he found the old one "lying

**Anne Boleyn
in the Crypt.**

nastily," too dilapidated, one may suppose, for restoration.

The crypt is memorable not alone for its age, but also from its association with Anne Boleyn

to her, she made the avowal, but its only effect was that her marriage with the King was pronounced invalid, and entering her barge, she, as Mr. Cave-Browne picturesquely says, "was stealthily borne along the stream to her prison, to hear, as she floated down, the death-knell of the victims she had hoped to save, and three days after herself to follow them to the block." If Cranmer meant what he said when he told the King, "I was most bound to her of all creatures living," dismal indeed must he have found the part he bore in this shameful scene.

The Great Hall, too, has memories of scenes in which this prelate figures. Here

he presided over the Special Commission at which Sir Thomas More and the venerable Bishop Fisher refused the oath of the royal supremacy. Sixteen years later, King Edward being now on the throne, he deposed Bonner and Gardiner from their sees and consigned them to prison for defiance of the King's orders. And five years afterwards he was here a prisoner, with Cardinal Pole in the Primate's chair, supported by the very bishops whom he had deposed.

The open roof which is the finest feature of the Great Hall is the original one. From Juxon's day until Archbishop Howley's this noble structure was put to no special use, and he it was who made it the Library of the Palace, transferring to it the great collection of books and MSS. which had been stored in the galleries of the Great Cloister, demolished at that time. The founder of the Library was Archbishop Bancroft, who by the terms of his bequest carefully guarded against its alienation from the see. In the days of the Puritan ascendancy the learned John Selden employed his influence to prevent the dispersal of the collection, and at his instance it was taken possession of by the University of Cambridge, to be returned to Lambeth during the Primacy of Sheldon. Other benefactors of the Library, which comprises missals and service books, illuminated gospels, registers and other historical records, were Archbishops Abbot, Tenison, and Secker. Among its more recent librarians it is proud to number that great scholar Dr. Stubbs, afterwards Bishop of Oxford.

The Guard-room, now the Dining-hall of the Palace, approached from the Hall by a flight of stairs, was rebuilt in the restoration of 1829-34, but the old open roof of oak was preserved. Above the panelling are to be seen the portraits of Archbishops of Canterbury from the days of Henry VII. to those of Edward VII. On the walls of the Long Gallery, and elsewhere in the Palace, hang many other portraits of bishops and others, among them one of Dr. Christopher Wren, father of the greater Sir Christopher.

The Water Tower, thoroughly repaired in 1873, is so called because in olden days

there ran by it the little creek that gave entrance to the Palace from the Thames.

How it came to be known as the Lollards' Tower it is not easy to conjecture. There is no evidence that it was so styled before the early years of the eighteenth century. There was a Lollards' Tower, which deserved its name, at Old St. Paul's, and Maitland, who in his day was librarian of Lambeth Palace, conjectures that the mistake is due to confusion between the Bishop of London's prison and the room in this tower in which the Archbishops of Canterbury kept their prisoners. This room, at the top of the oldest part of the Water Tower, has heavily barred casements and massive rings upon the walls, and on the oak planks are carved names and prayers in Old English characters. In another part of the tower is a much larger room popularly known as the Post Room, from the central

pillar which supports the roof, and here again invention has run riot, for it has made of this pillar a whipping-post at which Archbishop Chicheley's imaginary Lollard victims tasted the stings of the lash, though there is no evidence whatever that it ever fulfilled any use more cruel than that of supporting the roof. However, the prison of the Archbishops has had no lack of involuntary inmates, among them Queen Elizabeth's Essex, and Richard Lovelace the poet, who was detained here for a time in 1648, but regained his liberty after the King's execution. Another Royalist prisoner, Dr. Guy Carleton, who had been ejected from his Berkshire living, escaped in a very adventurous way. "His wife," as Mr. Cave-Browne tells the story, "conveyed to him a rope, and arranged that a boat should be ready alongside the Water Tower to convey him away; but the rope proved too short. Having descended to its utmost length he let go, hoping that he might be within easy reach of the ground, but the distance was considerable; a fracture and a dislocation of his leg resulted from the fall. With great effort he dragged himself to the boat's side and was conveyed away to a place of concealment, his poor wife being compelled to sell her very clothing and to undertake manual labour in order to provide for his

**Cranmer
in the
Great Hall.**

**The
Lollards.**

**The
Great Hall.**

**The Post
Room.**

**The Guard-
room.**

bodily needs. Eventually he escaped to France, and returned at the Restoration, when his loyalty was soon rewarded by the bishopric of Bristol and subsequently that of Chester."

On the west side of the grounds of the

cows grazed. It was in the grounds proper, lying due north of the Palace, that Sir Thomas More, from the "old burned chamber," saw Master Doctor Latimer walking with divers others, doctors and chaplains of my lord of Canterbury. "And very



THE LIBRARY, LAMBETH PALACE.

Palace was a meadow nearly ten acres in extent, which in 1900, by arrangement with the late Archbishop Temple,

Archbishop's Park.

was converted by the London County Council into a public recreation-ground known as Archbishop's Park, with entrances from the Lambeth Road and Paris Street. The public had a limited use of the field, but it was little better than a forlorn waste in which, when there was grass to be had, the Palace horses and

merry I saw him," he writes to his daughter; "for he laughed and took one or the other about the neck so handsomely that if they had been women I would have weened he would have waxed wanton."

On the east side of Archbishop's Park runs Carlisle Street, which perpetuates the memory of the house which Bishop Glanville built for himself and his successors when he gave up Lambeth Manor. Under the name of La Place it remained

Carlisle House.

the town house of the Bishops of Rochester until 1540, when as the result of another exchange, this time with Henry VIII., they migrated to the adjoining parish of Southwark. Presently the King gave La Place to the Bishop of Carlisle in exchange for a house in the Strand, and thenceforward it became known as Carlisle House—a rather remarkable indication of the popularity of ecclesiastical associations, for, according to Wheatley and Cunningham's "London Past and Present," no bishop of Carlisle ever tenanted it, though it continued to belong to that see. Having undergone various vicissitudes, in the course of which it was degraded to the uses of a common stew, it was pulled down in 1827 and the site covered with the small houses which constitute Carlisle, Allen, and Homer Streets.

As a structure, the mother church of Lambeth, St. Mary's, standing beside the Great Gateway of the Palace, has no historic interest, for except the tower it dates only from the middle of the last century, when it was built by Mr. Philip Hardwick on the site of the old fifteenth century church, which was considered to be incapable of restoration. It contains, however, the tombs of Archbishops Bancroft, Tenison, Hutton, Secker, Cornwallis, and Moore. The dust of Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, who died in Lambeth Palace, where he was staying, in 1559, and of whom Sir Thomas More declared that no man surpassed him "in erudition, virtue, and amiability," also reposes in St. Mary's. Yet another prelate who rests here is Thirlby, the only bishop of the Anglican see of Westminster. A slab of blue marble in the south aisle is the gravestone of Elias Ashmole, the antiquary who founded at Oxford the Museum which bears his name.

In the south wall of the chancel is a small window stained, in mellow colours that contrast pleasantly with some of the more modern glass in the church, with a curious figure of a pedlar and his dog, supposed to represent a wayfaring vendor of trifles who according to tradition bequeathed to the parish the "pedlar's acre." It was discarded in 1884, being probably considered too undignified for its place, but its removal was the

occasion of so much dissatisfaction that it was presently restored. It dates from 1703, when it replaced an older "glass pedlar." Another remarkable feature of the church, against which no such objection can be urged, is a large font of Pavanezzo marble, with a curbing of Languedoc marble, for baptism by immersion, forming a memorial of Archbishop Benson. It is placed under the tower, immediately behind the font ordinarily used. In the eastern part of the churchyard is the elaborately carved altartomb of the Tradescants, the collectors of natural history curiosities—John, who died in 1637, and his son and grandson, who also both bore the name of John.

St. Mary's overlooks Lambeth Suspension Bridge, a narrow and mean-looking structure which was built in 1862-63 by Mr. P. W. Barlow for a company whose rights were presently acquired by the Metropolitan Board of Works. The Lambeth Bridge to which references are found in old writers was not really a bridge, but simply a landing-place, for until the present bridge was opened the only way of getting across the river at this point to Westminster was by ferry—the old Horseferry. Of this we have already spoken in one of our Westminster chapters (p. 470).

The Albert Embankment, which runs beside Lambeth Palace from Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall for upwards of three-quarters of a mile, involved the destruction of the old terrace known as Bishops' Walk, dignified by fine elm trees. But in every other respect it was a great public improvement, which saved the Lambeth riverside from the floods to which it had always been liable. It proved to be a much less difficult piece of work than the Victoria Embankment, and though begun four years after that undertaking (in 1866) it was the first to be finished—in 1869, having cost a little over a million sterling. The boat-building that had been carried on here since the reign of Charles II., when Pepys came to Lambeth to see the little craft which the King and others were building on new lines laid down by the worthy Mr. Pett, has now migrated further upstream, but another of Lambeth's historic industries, that of pottery, is very much in evidence a little above the Palace, where, ornamented with the terra-cotta

St. Mary's Church.

The Bridge.

The Albert Embankment.

The Pedlar's Window.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

LAMBETH TOWN HALL, BRIXTON (p. 1017).

for which they are famous, are the works that produce the famous Doulton ware. In the courtyard in front of the principal block of buildings, looking riverwards, is a terra-cotta statue of Queen Victoria, designed by Mr. John Broad, under the direction of the late Sir Henry Doulton, and reared in 1899 to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee. As soon as the firm turned its attention to art pottery it achieved a marked success, for which it was in no small measure indebted to the Lambeth School of Art, carried on under its fostering care. Started in 1854, this was the first Art School of Design in the kingdom, and, under the ægis of the London County Council, it still flourishes in the obscurity of St. Oswald's Place, off Upper Kennington Lane. It was at this school that Mr. George Tinworth, the eminent modeller of the firm, began his art education, seven years after it was opened, then entering the Academy, where he won the second silver medal in the antique and the first in the life, and joining Messrs. Doulton's staff in 1866. Among the specimens of his

work to be met with in the borough where his working life has been spent are the Henry Fawcett Memorial in Vauxhall Park, the drinking-fountain in Kennington Park, and some panels in St. Thomas's Hospital. One of the streets in this part of Lambeth, it is pleasant to notice, bears his name. Others are named after famous ecclesiastics, and one of them is styled Lollard Street. A little to the south of Lollard Street is one that has the name of Bolwell, a turning out of Lambeth Walk. It is a street of humble two-storeyed cottages, one of which bears a tablet certifying it to have been the house in which the late Sir Arthur Sullivan was born, in 1842.

At the Westminster Bridge end of the embankment is the great group of buildings, not unworthy of their splendid site over against the Houses of Parliament, which forms St. Thomas's Hospital. We have already told the story of the foundation of this charity in Southwark in 1213, and traced its history until it was transferred to this building, opened in 1871 by Queen Victoria, who

Mr. George Tinworth.

St. Thomas's Hospital.

three years before had laid the foundation-stone. In a form of the Palladian, of red brick relieved with Portland stone, it was designed by Mr. H. Currey, and was built at a cost of half-a-million, including the £100,000 paid to the Metropolitan Board of Works for the site. Of late years the sanitary

St. Thomas's is one of the richest and largest hospitals in London, as it is one of the most ancient. It is famous also for its Medical School, and it holds a great place in the history of nursing, for associated with it is the Nightingale Fund Training School for Nurses, established with the national tribute subscribed in appreciation of the services rendered by Miss Florence Nightingale during the Crimean War. This Training School was the model upon which similar institutions were planned, not only in this country but abroad—for though for some years nursing was considered an "unlady-like" calling, the prejudice gradually vanished, and at last it became almost a Society fad. Now it has found its true place as a vocation specially suited for women. In 1907 the name of "the lady with the lamp" was inscribed on the Order of Merit, the only woman's name to be found on that distinguished roll, and in the following year she was invested with the freedom of the City of London.

Northwards from the Albert Embankment runs the Belvedere Road, and it is the ground lying between the southern part of this street and the river that was formerly



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE UNION JACK CLUB, "THE FLAG" (*p.* 1012).

arrangements of the hospital have been greatly improved, and among recent additions to the buildings are new Operating Theatres fitted with all modern appliances and apparatus, a new Casualty Department, a Nurses' Home, and an annexe for paying patients, known as the St. Thomas's Home. With an ordinary income of about £50,000, 93 per cent. of it derived from invested property, and with its nearly 600 beds,

styled the Pedlar's Acre, mentioned in connexion with the parish church. In the fifteenth and sixteenth century it was known as Church Osiers, from a large osier bed. The ground was at some period bequeathed to the parish, but no proof has been found of the tradition that it was the dying gift of a pedlar who imposed the condition that he and his dog were to be perpetually commemorated in painted glass

in the parish church. In Belvedere Road was the establishment of the Works Department of the London County Council, until in 1909 it was broken up, and it is here that ground has been acquired for the new County Hall, which is to be reared, at a cost of about a million and three-quarters, from the designs of that brilliant young architect, Mr. Ralph Knott.

Belvedere Road follows the line of the old embankment known as the Narrow Wall.

It is believed to be named after some rather obscure gardens which were a popular resort in Queen Anne's day, and perhaps later. Lambeth has had no lack of such gardens in past days—Cuper's Gardens, near the south end of Waterloo Bridge, of which some of the plane-trees still flourish in the grounds behind St. John's Church in the Waterloo Road; the Hercules Gardens, at the junction of the Kennington and Westminster Bridge Roads, where now Christ Church rears its lofty Lincoln Tower; and the Apollo Gardens, on or near the site of the present Meade Row, which runs diagonally between the two main roads.

By way of Belvedere Road we make our way to the Waterloo Bridge Road, where we come upon a building which

"The Old Vic." represents another form of amusement. The "Old Vic," as the Royal Victoria Coffee Music Hall alternatively styles itself, wearing its formal title perhaps uneasily, presents to this road a long line of ugly wall, for it keeps its face for the New Cut, but its history debars us from treating it as an eyesore and so passing it by. Opened in 1818 as the Coburg Theatre, a name assumed by way of compliment to the husband of the Princess Charlotte, at that time Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, it was built upon foundations for which the stones of the ancient Savoy Palace in the Strand were used. In 1833, after redecoration, it was reopened as the Victoria, by way of compliment to the future Queen. Although at times its boards were trodden by the greatest actors of the day, among them Edmund Kean and Buckstone and Webster and Liston, it was usually given up to the most sanguinary melodrama, and the piece with which it was opened, *Trial by Battle, or Heaven Defend the Right*, struck the note to

which its music was pretty consistently tuned. "The lower orders," Charles Mathews wrote, "rush there in mobs, and in shirt-sleeves frantically drink ginger-beer, munch apples, crack nuts, call the actors by their Christian names, and throw them orange-peel and apples by way of bouquets." Often the scene outside the doors at opening time was one of wild disorder, and in December, 1858, a false cry of "Fire" during the performance caused a panic in which many persons were trampled to death. The theatre never seems to have been financially successful for any length of time, and on the 9th of September, 1871, it was closed. It was reopened at Christmas as the Royal Victoria Palace Theatre, the interior having been reconstructed, but in 1874 its career as a theatre finally ended. It afterwards became a coffee music hall, where amusement and edification join hands, and as such it is still carried on. Adjoining it is the Morley Memorial College for Working Men and Women, an institution which commemorates Samuel Morley, the philanthropist.

The northern part of Lambeth is associated also with the origin of a yet more famous place of amusement—Astley's Amphitheatre, which has utterly vanished.

Astley's. Philip Astley, a dashing cavalryman "with the proportions of a Hercules and the voice of a Stentor," who became the hero of his regiment by the capture of a standard at the Battle of Ensdorff, was presented by General Elliott, on his discharge from the army in 1766, with a horse, and buying another at Smithfield, he began to give open-air performances on an open space close to the site of the present Waterloo Station. A few years later he built a riding school on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, between Stangate Street and what is now the Westminster Bridge Road, and here he gave performances, mainly equestrian, which attracted crowds of patrons. In August, 1794, the "Royal Grove," as the place was called, was burnt down, but, at once rebuilt on a larger and handsomer scale, was reopened the following Easter as the "Amphitheatre of Arts." In 1803 this second house was overtaken by the same fate as the first. Once more Astley rebuilt, and on the following Easter Monday (1804) the "Royal Amphitheatre" began a career which lasted until

1841, when it also perished by fire, involving Ducrow, the manager, who had been one of Astley's performers, in such heavy loss that soon afterwards he lost his reason. Long before this, in 1814, Astley himself had died, in his seventy-third year, at his own house in the Faubourg du Temple, Paris. On the site rendered vacant by the fire a fourth amphitheatre was built, which in 1862 was converted by Mr. Dion Boucicault into the Theatre Royal, Westminster, though still used partly for equestrian performances. In 1873 it was taken by Mr. Sanger and its name changed to Sanger's Grand National Theatre, and it survived until the 'nineties, when at last it was demolished.

But in telling the story of Astley's we have arrived prematurely at Westminster Bridge Road, and must return to the Waterloo Road. Here, on the same side of the road as the "Old Vic," is the red-brick and terra-cotta front of the new Royal Waterloo Hospital for Women and Children, of which the first stone was laid in 1903. The institution was founded at St. Andrew's Hill, in the City, in 1816, and was removed to Lambeth in 1823. Close by, on the same side of the street, is St. John's Church, built in 1823-24, with an unspeakably

St. John's. clumsy Doric portico—one of the half-dozen ugliest churches in the county of London; but we must not pass it by unnoticed, because here lies the dust of Elliston, the actor, who, born at Bloomsbury in 1774, was educated at St. Paul's School. "Great wast thou in thy life, Robert William Elliston," apostrophises Charles Lamb, "and not lessened in thy death, if report speaks truly, which says thou didst direct that thy mortal remains should repose under no inscription but one of pure Latinity." At the back of this church were the fields through which ran the way known as the Halfpenny Hatch, from Christ Church, Blackfriars Road, to the Marsh Gate, near Westminster Bridge Road.

Yet further along the Waterloo Road, on the same side, is the Union Jack Club, popularly known as "The Flag,"

"The Flag." opened on the 1st of July, 1907, by his Majesty the King, mainly to serve as a temporary home and meeting-place for our sailors and soldiers as they pass through London, and as a memorial of mem-

bers of both services who had lost their lives in recent campaigns. Its yellow terra-cotta front, handsome as it is, suggests no idea of the size of the building, which contains over two hundred bedrooms, with all the accessories of a club-house, but, even so, its accommodation has already proved inadequate to the requirements. The club involved an outlay of £80,000, the whole of which was raised before the building was opened. As the head of the Army and Navy, the King, at the opening ceremony, received the gift from the Prince of Wales, the patron of the club.

Waterloo Station, on the other, the south-eastern, side of the Waterloo Road, dates from 1848, when it superseded Nine Elms as the terminus of the London and South-Western Railway Company. Since then it has constantly been growing, and at the beginning of the present century a further considerable extension, the seventh, was undertaken on the south side, which has enlarged its area by some six acres, and has involved the complete or partial destruction of eight streets lying between Lambeth Lower Marsh and the railway, and the widening of the viaduct over Westminster Bridge Road and of the whole length of line to Clapham Junction, as well as the reconstruction of that great station.

By way of Lambeth Lower Marsh, the continuation of the New Cut, both of them streets in which open-air markets are held, we may make our way from Waterloo Road to Westminster Bridge Road, into which the Lower Marsh runs just opposite the Canterbury Variety Theatre, the first of the music-halls which have become so numerous in London, opened by Mr. Charles Morton in 1849 as a development of an harmonic meeting at the "Canterbury Arms" public house.

At the point where the Kennington Road joins the Westminster Bridge Road stands Christ Church, one of the most successful adaptations of the Gothic to congregational worship which the Metropolis can show. It was built under the late Rev. Newman Hall for the church which was founded by Rowland Hill in Surrey Chapel in the Blackfriars Road (p. 995), at a cost, including the site, of £63,000, more than half

Waterloo Station.

Westminster Bridge Road.

Christ Church.

of which was contributed by the preacher's admirers outside his own congregation, and it was opened on the 4th of July, 1876, the centenary of American independence. The body of the church is octagonal, a shape which does not lend itself to exterior effect, and viewed from without its chief architectural feature is the Lincoln Tower and spire, upwards of 200 feet in height, with the stars and stripes inwrought into the stone and the British Lion

old wooden pulpit of Surrey Chapel, in which preached Rowland Hill and many other famous divines whose names are inscribed on its front.

When Mr. Hall, who was perhaps more famous for his tracts than for his preaching, retired in 1892, he was succeeded by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., who made Christ Church the centre of an even more remarkable work than his predecessor's, a work that was



Photo. Pictoria Agency.

CHRIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD.

and the American Eagle breaking the angles of the tower. The cost of this structure, one of the finest of modern steeples, well worth the £7,000 spent upon it, was largely borne by Americans, in gratitude for the sympathy with the Union evinced by Mr. Newman Hall during the Civil War. The beautiful alabaster pulpit is a token of the gratitude of the congregation to Mr. Newman Hall for the efforts which resulted in the rearing of this fine church. Adjoining on the south is a subsidiary building for social and religious work, named Hawkstone Hall, after the Shropshire seat of the family from which Rowland Hill sprang. Here, now used as a reading desk, is treasured the

variously and broadly social and yet was patently inspired by religious enthusiasm. In "Life and Labour" Mr. Charles Booth bears striking testimony to its value, as rivalled only by that carried on at the Metropolitan Tabernacle in Spurgeon's palmiest days. One of its features which he singles out for notice is the Free Church Council for the district, which, under Mr. Meyer's presidency, not only united all, or nearly all, the Nonconformist bodies for concerted action on social questions, but had been able to combine with some of the Established churches to effect the suppression of vice and the limitation of liquor licences. Mr. Meyer, who resigned the pastorate of the

church in 1907 in order to devote himself to the work of a travelling missionary, was a Baptist, and when he came to Christ Church, where the Congregational use had prevailed, a baptistery was provided, though infant baptism was still administered as well. The pastoral charge was temporarily undertaken, after Mr. Meyer's retirement, by the Rev. John McNeill, who in 1909 was urged to become the regular minister of the church, but felt himself unable to accept the invitation.

We must not begin our exploration of the Kennington Road without a word about Hercules Road, which joins it at the point where Christ Church stands, for here is a house (No. 23) distinguished by a tablet of the London County Council which indicates that it was one of the abodes of William Blake, who dwelt here for about three years from 1793. His residence in this part of London was believed to have been destroyed, until the officers of the County Council discovered that it still existed, though under another number.

Making our way southwards along the Kennington Road, we pass, at the junction of that road with the Lambeth Road, the spacious Public Baths and Wash-houses of the borough, opened by the present King in 1897, and designed by Mr. A. H. Tiltman. They include a large swimming bath which is a favourite centre for swimming matches. Near the south end of the Kennington Road is the old Town Hall, built for the Lambeth Vestry in 1852-53, but now superseded as the municipal centre of the borough by the handsome group of buildings at Brixton, and in 1909 taken over by the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society as the headquarters of that organisation. Over against this building, but in Upper Kennington Lane, is the Licensed Victuallers' School, and at the point where the Kennington Road runs into the Kennington Park Road is the "Horns" tavern, with its large assembly rooms, dating in its present form from 1887.

We now find ourselves at Kennington, a royal manor from Saxon days to those of the Stuarts, which appears in Domesday as Chenintun, a name not improbably derived from the Saxon Kyning-tun, the king's

town or place. It was here that King Hardicanute, son of Canute, drank himself to death at the marriage-feast of Tostig, his standard-bearer. Here, too, lived the Black Prince's widow, with the boy who was to become Richard II., and to meet so dismal a fate. By James I. the manor-house is said to have been rebuilt, and the manor itself was settled upon Prince Henry, and after his death upon Prince Charles, and it still belongs to the Duchy of Cornwall, and so forms part of the estates of the Prince of Wales. As the "Long Barn," the house rebuilt by James I. survived until the year 1795, the site being at Kennington Cross, the spot in the Kennington Road where Upper and Lower Kennington Lane meet. The palace has left behind it not a single vestige, nor is there so much as a name in this part of Kennington to recall it to the memory of the curious wayfarer.

In these days Kennington is known chiefly for its park, a pleasant little demesne of twenty acres, on the east side of the Kennington Park Road, well furnished with trees which are the resort of swarms of chirping sparrows. The lodge at the central entrance, facing the Kennington Road, was designed as a model cottage by Prince Albert, and shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851, but has since been modified. In about the centre of the wider part of the park is a terra-cotta drinking fountain, modelled by Mr. George Tinworth, and presented by Sir Henry Doulton in 1869. Until 1852, when, the copyholders' rights having been extinguished, the place was formed by the Government into a park, it was mere common land. It was transferred to the late Metropolitan Board of Works in 1887, and now, of course, is under the control of the London County Council.

Kennington Common was not without historic memories, though of a gruesome kind, for until the early years of the nineteenth century it had for 150 years or so been occasionally used as a place of execution. Here suffered many of those who had flown to arms to sustain the cause of the Young Pretender in 1745, among them Captain Dawson, a gallant young fellow upon whose mangled

**The
King's
Town.**

**William
Blake.**

**Kennington
Road.**

**Kennington
Park.**

**The
Common.**

body his betrothed fell in a swoon, dying shortly afterwards heartbroken. Four years before its conversion into a park the common was the scene of the great Chartist rendezvous which so seriously disturbed the peace of mind of Londoners. The workingmen were to have mustered a quarter of a million strong, but only some 15,000 or 20,000 turned up, and they had more prudence than to oppose themselves to the soldiers and policemen and the tens of thousands of special constables whom the Duke of Wellington had at his disposition, so instead of marching to Westminster with their petition to overawe Parliament they very sensibly went home to bed.

The church at the south end of the park, St. Mark's, with a heavy Doric portico, was built in 1824, on the spot where the ultimate rigour of the law used to be enforced. On the north side of the park is the new "bishop's house" of the see of Rochester, a plain but well proportioned building of red brick, with dormer windows, built by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., and finished in 1906. There are no ecclesiastical symbols in the decoration to indicate to the passer-by that this is the residence of the bishop of the diocese. Close by, but with its face turned to the Kennington Park Road, is Kennington Theatre, opened in 1898.

On the western side of the Kennington Park Road, opposite the park, is Kennington Oval, the famous cricket ground of the Surrey County Club, overlooked by monstrous gasometers of the South Metropolitan Gas Company. The Club was founded at a meeting at the "Horns" in 1845, as a result of a hint thrown out by the Prince Consort that the Duchy of Cornwall would grant on easy terms a lease of what was then a market garden to any properly constituted body formed to promote the sport. Surrey cricket, however, goes back much further than the year named, for from 1773 to 1844 the Club played seventy-nine matches, of which it won forty-one and lost thirty-seven, only one being drawn. Spacious as is the Oval, it has happened now and again that a ball has been hit out of the ground.

West and south-west of Kennington Oval lies the region of Vauxhall, an uncouth name

which was formerly rendered *Faux* or *Fox Hall*, the hall of Fulke de Breauté, one of King John's knights, by **Vauxhall**, whom this manor of South Lambeth was held. Long after his day the name was changed to *Copped* or *Copt Hall*, but in the struggle for existence the earlier name, though in a corrupted form, has survived. Vauxhall is a familiar name to us, not because of its association with the Norman knight or his successors in the lordship of the manor, but because of its gardens, which had a longer career than any other of these resorts of frivolity. They were laid out just after Charles II. came to his own, and, with intervals, they continued to be a place of popular amusement for about 200 years. At the outset they were styled the *New Spring Gardens*, by way of distinguishing them from the *Spring Gardens* at Charing Cross, and it was not until more than a hundred years later that they were generally known as *Vauxhall Gardens*, and even to the end they were licensed under the earlier designation. So recently as 1849 the Gardens must have enjoyed at any rate a spell of popularity, for Forster, in the *Life of Dickens*, describes a visit to them with his hero, Talfourd, Stanfield, and Sir Edwin Landseer, and their pleasure at seeing the Duke of Wellington there in a bright white overcoat, with Lady Douro on his arm and some children by his side, and all the company cheering him and making way for him. But the end was at hand. Many managers had tried to bring back the prosperity the Gardens had once enjoyed; but the taste of the age had changed, and they were finally closed on Monday, the 25th of July, 1859. Upon the site, a few yards to the east of Vauxhall Bridge, streets soon sprang up, and with them a church, that of St. Peter, in Upper Kennington Lane, a structure of dingy brick which was one of the works of the late John Loughborough Pearson, and behind it, in St. Oswald's Place, the Lambeth School of Art (p. 1009), one of the least ambitious of such institutions in an architectural sense. A little to the south of the site of the gardens is a small recreation-ground of another kind, **Vauxhall Park**, eight acres in extent, opened by his Majesty the King in 1890,



Photo: T. J. J. Agency.

C. H. SPURGEON'S TOMB.

and maintained by the Borough Council. Here, facing the South Lambeth Road, on the site of the house in which Henry Fawcett died, is Mr. George Tinworth's statue of that brave man, the gift of the late Sir Henry Doulton. It shows him seated, looking, it must be allowed, smugly self-conscious of the fact that Victory is crowning him with her wreath.

Vauxhall Bridge, a structure of iron and steel, the work of Mr. Maurice Fitzmaurice, was opened in 1906, as the successor of the old bridge, which, having done duty since 1816, had become unsafe. Close to the Vauxhall end of the bridge, in Bond Street, is the earliest of the lodging-houses founded by the late Lord Rowton, opened on the last day of 1892, and having nearly 500 beds. There are now six of these "poor men's hotels" in various parts of London, the others being at King's Cross, Newington Butts, Hammersmith, Whitechapel, and Camden Town, and altogether they contain more than 5,000 beds.

From Vauxhall Bridge the South Lambeth Road leads to Stockwell, past the Tate Free Library, at the corner of Wilcox Road. A little to the north of this point is Beaufoy's Distillery, which we must mention because it stands on the site of Caron House, built by Sir Noel Caron, Dutch Ambassador to the court of St. James's early in the seventeenth century, to whom Charles I.

granted the manor of Kennington. Close by, near Meadow Road, there stood until a few years ago the house of John Tradescant, buried as we have seen in St. Mary's Churchyard. His museum of natural history and other specimens brought to South Lambeth many distinguished persons, including Charles I., whose gardener he was, and Queen Henrietta Maria. He left his collections to Elias Ashmole, who, as Izaak Walton tells us, kept them "carefully at his house near to Lambeth," and through whom they found their

way to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

A hundred years ago Stockwell was "a small rural village." It has no history that need detain us, and its name is chiefly

Stockwell. familiar by reason of the Stockwell

Orphanage, a pleasant quadrangular group of buildings off the Clapham Road. This admirable institution was founded in 1868 by the late C. H. Spurgeon for 500 fatherless boys and girls, and is worked on the family system. With his sons as President and Vice-president, and with Mr. Vernon Charlesworth as Director, the enterprise, like all the others founded by that great-hearted man, still flourishes. Almost adjoining the Orphanage on the south, but facing the Stockwell Road, is another institution which is readily associated with this part of Lambeth—the British and Foreign Schools Society's (p. 998) Training



Photo: T. J. J. Agency.

THE TATE TOMB-HOUSE.

College for Schoolmistresses with Practising Schools attached. To the original buildings, erected in 1861, several additions have been made, as in 1897, when the Berridge Cookery School was opened, and in 1905, when a new wing was added. Further along the Stockwell Road, separated from it by a shady circular courtyard, is an institution connected with the Church of England—the first of the Ingram Houses, a kind of residential club for young business men in receipt of small salaries, built by a company that sprang out of the Church of England Men's Society. Of this house—named, of course, after the Bishop of London—the foundation-stone was laid in 1903 by the Bishop of Rochester, and the arms of that see are carved on the entrance. Running out of the Stockwell Road towards Clapham is Landor Road, where is the South-Western Fever Hospital of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, established in 1877, and now numbering about 350 beds.

The Stockwell Road ends in the suburban district of Brixton, a hundred of the county of Surrey, with a name old enough **Brixton.** to appear in the Domesday Book under the form of Brixistan, but with nothing else ancient about it, for the oldest of its churches, St. Matthew's, lying in the angle between the north end of Brixton Hill and of Effra Road, with a heavy Doric portico at the east and a steeple at the west end, dates back no further than the year 1824. Very distinctly suburban, with its chief thoroughfare, Brixton Hill, lined with acacia trees, Brixton is one of the pleasantest parts of the borough of Lambeth. At the south end of the Brixton Road are the Bon Marché and other large business houses and many smaller ones, forming the trading as it is the geographical centre of the borough. Now, too, it is Lambeth's municipal centre, for in the angle between Brixton Hill and Acre Lane, with a frontage to both roads, are the new Municipal Offices of the borough, architecturally, perhaps, the finest Town Hall in the Metropolis, built of small red bricks with Portland stone dressings, and having as its chief exterior feature a massive square tower rising above the main entrance, at the point of junction of the two façades. It was built from designs by Messrs. Warwick

Town Hall.

and Hall, at a cost of about £45,000, and was opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on the 29th of April, 1908. This was not the first municipal building to spring up at Brixton, for separated from the Town Hall only by a little public garden and the roadway is Lambeth's Central Library, not the only

Central Library.

library, as we have seen, for which the borough is indebted to the generosity of the late Sir Henry Tate. It was built in 1892, from designs by Mr. Sidney Smith. Thirteen years later Sir Henry's widow, by way of rounding off his gift, acquired the piece of ground known as the Oval, lying between it and the main road, surrounded it with an iron palisading and transformed it into a pleasant garden, where is now to be seen, mounted on a massive pedestal of Portland stone approached by a flight of white marble steps, a bronze bust of the donor of the Library, a replica—executed by the sculptor himself—of the one by Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., in the Tate Gallery. This memorial was erected with funds raised by public subscription in recognition of Lady Tate's generosity. Adjoining the library, but not improving it, is the front of Brixton's Theatre, and in Brighton Terrace, on the western side of the Brixton Road, is the Empire Theatre of Varieties.

Half a mile or so along Brixton Hill, almost on the summit of that eminence, but screened from observation by Briscoe Buildings, a large group of dwellings reared by the London County Council, is Brixton Prison, which has undergone several transformations since it was first built, in 1820, as one of the houses of correction for the county of Surrey. Under the administration of the county magistrates it was often overcrowded, and was dirty, ill-managed and unhealthy, and it was one of the first prisons, if not the first, in which the treadmill was employed. In 1862 it was bought by the Government and converted into a convict establishment for women. Later it was used as a military prison, and in 1902-3 it was largely reconstructed in order that it might serve as a place of detention for male prisoners on remand and awaiting trial, for male debtors, male offenders of the first division and male prisoners whose sentences do not exceed two years.

On the other or eastern border of the

borough, at Denmark Hill, is Ruskin Park, a beautiful demesne of twenty-four acres which was acquired at a cost of £48,000, and dedicated to the public early in 1907. The funds were provided by the London County Council, the Borough Councils of Camberwell, Lambeth and Southwark, and by private subscription. The name commemorates the long association of John Ruskin with this neighbourhood, noted in the chapter on the borough of Camberwell. Close to this charming park is being reared the new King's College Hospital; and a short distance to the north-east is

Ruskin Park. Myatt's Fields, otherwise Camberwell Park, of which the land was the gift of Mr. Minet, while the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association laid it out as a park, when (1889) it was opened to the public.

If instead of going along Brixton Hill to the prison when we left the central part of Brixton we had entered Effra Road **The Effra.** it would have taken us by way of

Tulse Hill to Brockwell Park. Effra Road, we must note *en passant*, is named after a little stream that, rising at Norwood, skirted Brockwell Park and ran down the Brixton Road on its way to keep tryst with the Thames just above Vauxhall Bridge, but it has long since been degraded to the uses of a sewer. Until about 1890 Brockwell Park was a private demesne with a mansion built in the early years of the nineteenth century, on the site of the old manor-house, by Sheriff

Brockwell Park. Blades, from whose mediate successor in the ownership the property was purchased for £120,000. A drinking fountain, with a bust, near the Herne Hill entrance of the park, forms a memorial of Mr. Thomas Lynn Bristowe, M.P. for Norwood, one of the leaders of the movement for acquiring the park for the public, whose sudden death was a melancholy incident of the opening ceremony, performed by Lord Rosebery on the 6th of June, 1892. At first the park consisted of eighty-four acres, but it has since been extended, especially in 1903, when upwards of forty acres on its north side were acquired, at a cost of £64,000. When the leases of the whole of this extension have fallen in, Brockwell Park will measure 127 acres, and its extremely

undulating character makes it look even larger than it is. Brockwell House, a plain building with an Ionic porch, has been converted into a refreshment house; in front of it is a bandstand with a shapely tiled roof that ends in a dovecote, and close by is the old aviary of the park. Other features of this fine demesne are a large swimming pond with a graded bed, and a charming old garden with sundial, and fountain, and chain-and-bucket well, and rustic arbours and alleys festooned with creepers, the whole surrounded by high walls up which climb trees that bear luscious peaches and other fruits. In this garden, as in that at Waterlow Park, are to be seen all the herbs and garden plants mentioned by Shakespeare, with many to which the poet was a stranger.

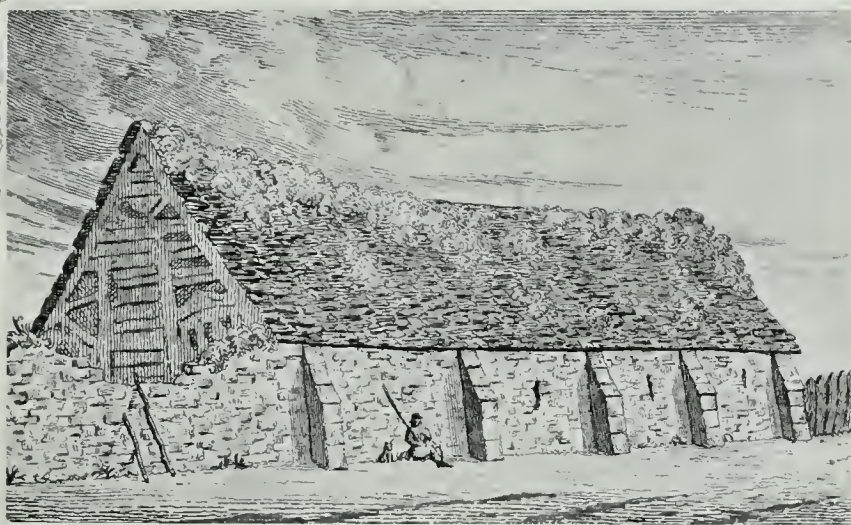
North-east of Brockwell Park lies a part of the Herne Hill district, where, in the Herne Hill Road, near Loughborough **Herne Hill.** Junction, is a Public Library opened in 1906, the gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Away to the south of the park lies Knight's Hill, where formerly stood a mansion that was built for Lord Chancellor Thurlow, though its owner, it is said, never occupied it, because it cost more than he had expected, choosing rather to live in a much humbler house known as Knight's Hill Farm. Twiss, the author of the "Life of Lord Eldon," records that as Thurlow was leaving one of the Drawing Rooms a lady asked him when he was going into his new house. "Madam," was the gracious reply, "the Queen has just asked me that impudent question, and as I would not tell her, I will not tell you."

At Knight's Hill we are in the northern part of Norwood, the "wood" to the "north" of Croydon. Once it was a favourite haunt of gipsies, who had the good taste to appreciate its breezy heights and sylvan charms, and who are still kept in mind by Gipsy Hill. Here in 1760 there died, at the reputed age of 109, Margaret Finch, one of the tribe, who for half a-century had maintained herself by telling fortunes, and who had to be buried in a large square box, for by long sitting with her chin resting on her knees she was bent double. "This woman," as is observed by Larwood, "when a girl of seventeen, may have been one of the dusky gang that pretty Mrs.

Samuel Pepys and her companions went to consult in August, 1668, as her lord records in his 'Diary' the same evening, the 11th: 'This afternoon my wife, and Mercer and Deb, went with Pelling to see the gypsies at Lambeth and have their fortunes told; but what they did I did not enquire.' A granddaughter of Margaret Finch," Larwood adds, "was living in a cottage close by in the year 1800."

Norwood, too, once had its spa, the Beulah Spa, which is thus described by a writer in the *Mirror* for April, 1832:—"We entered the

Jerrold and Frederick Robson, Sharon Turner and Sir William Napier, and a few others; but there is one tomb which draws to the cemetery many visitors—that of Charles Haddon Spurgeon and his wife, which is to be found almost on the summit of one of the eminences, in front of the cloister beside the chapel for Nonconformists. Of dark-grey granite, with a medallion portrait of the great preacher in white marble, it is massive and solid as the character and work of the man whose mortal remains it guards. Mr. Spurgeon, it will



THE LONG BARN, KENNINGTON (p. 1014).

Etched by T. Allen.

grounds at an elegant rustic lodge, where commences a new carriage-road to Croydon, which winds round the flank of the hill. . . . The spring rises about fourteen feet, within a circular rock-work enclosure; the water is drawn by a contrivance at once ingenious and novel; a glass urn-shaped pail, terminating with a cock of the same material, and having a stout rim and cross-handle of silver, is attached to a thick worsted rope, and let down into the spring by a pulley, when, the vessel being taken up full, the water is drawn off by the cock." But gypsies and spa have vanished, and Norwood is now a favourite residential district, with much natural beauty that bricks and mortar have not succeeded in destroying. Here is the Norwood Cemetery, perhaps the most undulating of the burial-grounds in the County of London. Not many men of note lie here—Douglas

be remembered, lived at Beulah Hill, in the extra-metropolitan part of Norwood. Beside the same path upon which his tomb looks down is the family tomb of that benefactor of the borough, and of London, Sir Henry Tate—a beautiful structure of terra-cotta, with a pyramidal roof, and with windows and door protected with delicate scroll-work of wrought iron; and if the wanderer among the graves goes a few paces farther on and turns into a path diverging to the left he will see the very similar building which forms the family tomb of another of Lambeth's worthies, the late Sir Henry Doulton.

It would be a pleasant task to explore the southern parts of this delightful suburb, but we have reached the limits of the County of London and must call a halt, turning a deaf ear even to the claims of the Crystal Palace to have its story told in these pages.



Photo: Pictoria Agency.

ROYAL FREEMASONS' GIRLS' SCHOOL, BATTERSEA.

CHAPTER XCIV

BATTERSEA

Population—The Wards—Industries—The Shaftesbury Estate—Open Spaces—Municipal Institutions—The Centre of Things—Old Battersea—The Church—Vanished Antiquities—Lord Bolingbroke—The Manor—Battersea Fields—The Park—The Ferry—The Albert Palace—Dogs at Battersea

LESS than three-quarters of a century ago, Battersea, in the words of a contemporary directory, was a pleasantly situated village, the houses "irregularly built and in detached situations, and in other parts of the parish much of the land is occupied by market gardeners," while it was noted also for its honey and its salmon. The parish had but 5,540 inhabitants all told: now it has upwards of 180,000. It was not till the

Population. fourth quarter of the last century that the population began to advance by leaps and bounds. In the decade from 1871 to 1881 it nearly doubled, increasing from 54,016 to 107,262, and in the next ten years it added more than 40,000 to its total. In size Battersea comes fourteenth among the metropolitan boroughs, having an area of 2,160 acres. It is divided into nine wards—Nine Elms Ward on the north-east, Park Ward on the north, Church Ward on the north-west, Winstanley and St. John's Wards on the west, Broomwood Ward on the south, and, in the central part of the borough, Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury, and Latchmere Wards. Large parts of the

borough have been appropriated by the railways and by other great industrial concerns. In the north-east, at Nine Elms, named after lofty trees which once

Industries. grew here, are the great goods depôt and railway works of the London and South Western Company, besides the works of the South Eastern and Chatham Company, a goods depôt of the Midland Company, works of the Gas Light and Coke Company, and the Southwark and Vauxhall works of the Metropolitan Water Board; in the western part of the borough is Clapham Junction, one of the busiest stations in the land, as well as a goods depôt of the London and North Western Company; beside the river, at Battersea Creek, is Price's mammoth candle factory, with many chemical works and wharves. The borough also takes in a good deal of washing, which is done at the huge steam laundries in the Battersea Park Road. The population belongs mainly to the industrial section of the community, but clerkdom is largely represented, and south of Battersea Rise, between Clapham Common

and Wandsworth Common, are many better-class houses, while overlooking Battersea Park on the south side have sprung up great blocks of "mansions." Between the railway and Lavender Hill lies the workmen's dwelling estate which has given its name to the Shaftesbury Ward. Of this remarkable estate we read in Mr. Booth's "Life and Labour" that it could with ease be turned into a citadel. "It can be entered only at each corner of the plot of ground on which it stands. . . The houses are most of them built on a uniform pattern, but relieved from monotony by a touch of architectural beauty in the half porches and pointed window-tops, aided by the minute gardens in front of each house, which show sedulous and successful care, and are supported by a further array of plants and flowers in many of the well-kept parlour windows."

Of the amenities of a suburban district Battersea has certainly no lack. The Thames at this point, as one goes up stream, is just beginning to think of leaving behind the grime and uncouthness of a port and become the holiday river, and on the other bank lies Chelsea, the historic and picturesque. In Battersea Park the borough possesses a demesne which, if it is not, as Sir Walter Besant thought, "the most beautiful"

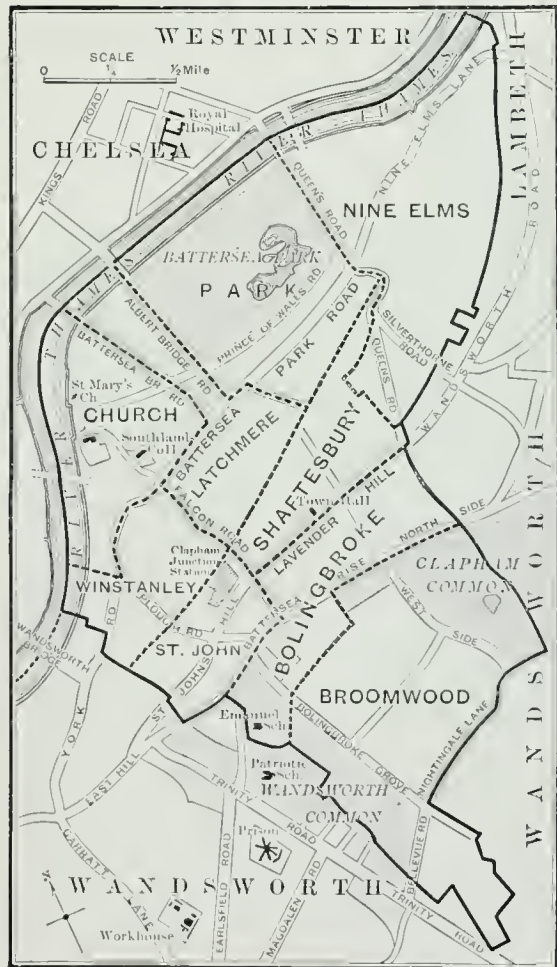
Open Spaces. of all London parks, certainly takes high rank among them, and within the boundaries of the borough lies half of Clapham Common and a good slice of Wandsworth Common, so that altogether its open spaces measure about 400 acres, not far short of a fifth of the total area. It boasts one of the finest sets of municipal buildings in the County of London.

Municipal Institutions. Besides Public Libraries and Baths and Wash-houses in different parts of the borough, the Council has its own electric lighting works, and carries on workshops at which a great deal of work usually put out to contract is done, and it was the first Council in the Metropolis to establish, in the interests of public health, a municipal milk depôt, where milk is prepared and bottled for distribution at various centres among mothers who are unable to nurse their children. For years the leading figure in the public life of Battersea has been the Right Hon. John Burns, its representative in Parlia-

ment, and formerly, until after he became President of the Local Government Board, its representative on the London County Council, whose work for and influence in the borough are handsomely recognised in "Life and Labour."

The centre of modern Battersea is to be found in the valley into which Lavender Hill descends from the east and St. John's Hill from the west, with St. John's Road bringing a third stream of traffic from the south, and Falcon Road yet another from the north. Here, with Clapham Junction close by, there is a never-ceasing flow of vehicles and pedestrians, while on Saturday evenings there are crowds such as are to be seen at few of the suburban centres of London. This is the municipal as well as the traffic centre of Battersea. On the brow of Lavender Hill as it slopes northwards towards the railway is the great block of

The Hub of the Wheel.



PLAN OF BATTERSEA, SHOWING THE WARDS.

Municipal Buildings which includes the Borough Council's Offices and the Town Hall, with the Police Court and the Post Office, and on the other side of the road is the central Free Public Library. Beside the Municipal Buildings stands one of the finest suburban theatres in London—the Shakespeare—and on the other side of the valley, near the foot of St. John's Hill, is another large "house," the Grand. Separated by the railway from St. John's Hill stands the Royal Freemasons' Girls' School, a red-brick building of which the older part was built in 1852 from designs by Mr. Philip Hardwick, and in a form of the Gothic which reminds one of the new Hall of Lincoln's Inn, the work of the same accomplished architect. This fine group of buildings has recently undergone considerable extension. Close by, at the Plough Road corner of St. John's Hill, are the new buildings of the Battersea Grammar School, an institution which was founded in 1700.

By following the Plough Road, past the Borough Museum, Art Gallery and Reading Room for Children, which was built by the Council's own staff of workmen, and opened in 1906, we may get by way of York Road,

one of the busiest shopping streets in the borough, to the narrow High Street, and so to the oldest and most crowded part of Battersea, that which lies between Battersea

**Old
Battersea.**

Bridge Road and the river, and forms the Church Ward. The narrow winding road which leads westwards from the road just named towards the old parish church is still known as Surrey Lane, and still has some traces of rusticity, including a village smithy. The present church, occupying a fine situation on the

river's brink, facing up stream, with a vestry window under the western portico which was one

**Battersea
Church.**

of Turner's favourite points of observation, dates only from 1777, when it superseded the old church, said to have been a twin sister to Chelsea Old Church on the other side of the river. It is a poor building, with an ungraceful spire of greenish copper, but it must have looked meaner still before the Doric portico was added, in 1823. Five years after it came into use there was celebrated at its altar the marriage of William Blake, the artist-mystic, to Catherine Boucher, the daughter of a Battersea market gardener. The painted glass in the east window was transferred from the old church, in which it was inserted in 1650 by the St. Johns, lords of the manor, by way of blazoning to the world their relationship with the Tudors: hence the portraits of Henry VII., Margaret Beauchamp, and Queen Elizabeth. Some of the old monuments in the old church were also preserved, among them that of Oliver St. John, Viscount Grandison, the first member of the family to settle at Battersea, and that of his descendant, Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the statesman and political philosopher, Battersea's most distinguished son, who was both baptized and buried in the old church in 1751. The monument, the work of Roubilliac, also commemorates Lord Bolingbroke's second wife, Mary, Marchioness of Villette, niece of Madame Maintenon. Another monument, reared to the glorification of Sir Edward Wynter, an officer of the East India Company in the reign of Charles II., is a remarkable specimen of the latitude exercised by the writers of tombstone literature. The reader is told that—



THE BOLINGBROKE MONUMENT IN BATTERSEA CHURCH.

"Alone, unarm'd, a tiger he oppressed,
And crushed to death the monster of a beast;
Twice twenty Moors he also overthrew
Singly on foot; some wounded; some he slew;
Dispersed the rest. What more could Sampson
do?"

It is easy to believe, at any rate, that the gallant knight fought better than his panegyrist rhymed.

A little to the south of the church, in Vicarage Road, is the National Society's Training College, the extensive grounds

Bolingbroke House, too, the family seat of the St. Johns, which stood close to the church, has gone, except the west wing, in which Pope is said to have written the "Essay on Man." The manor came into the

**The
St. Johns.**

hands of the St. Johns by grant from Charles I., and it was within its walls that Viscount Bolingbroke drew his first breath and his last. "Ah, Harry!" said his father, when in 1712 he was raised to the peerage, "I ever said you would be hanged, but now I find you will be be-



OLD BATTERSEA CHURCH.

From a Drawing by Chatelain.

masked by a churlish brick wall, and on the other side of the High Street is Southlands Training College, a similar institution carried on by the Wesleyans. Battersea has preserved nothing of archaeological interest, and almost the only building with any pretensions to antiquity in this, the oldest part of the borough, is the Castle Inn. York House, an occasional residence of the Archbishops of York in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was made away with at the beginning of the nineteenth century, leaving to Battersea nothing but its name, borne by York Road and York Place. Its site is now covered by the huge works of Price's Candle Company, which stretch from York Road to the river.

**Vanished
Antiquities.**

headed." Nor was the prophecy very wide of the mark. Two years later, when Queen Anne died, the Whig leaders acted more promptly than he, and proclaimed the Elector of Hanover king, and the new Parliament proving to be violently Whig, Bolingbroke fled to France to escape impeachment, and openly entered the service of the Pretender. In 1723, allowed to return to these shores and reinstated in his possessions, he joined the Opposition against Walpole. In the next decade he once more found it prudent to retire to France, and did not return until 1742. On Walpole's fall his allies, who knew him too well to trust him, denied him office, and, giving up politics in chagrin or despair, he spent the

remaining years of his life at Bolingbroke House, dying of cancer in the face in 1751.

At the time of the Domesday Survey the manor of Battersea was one of those held

**The
Manor.**

by the Abbey of St. Peter at Westminster, and there is little doubt that to this association it owes its name, which appears in the Survey as Patricsey, that is, Peter's "ey" or island, for the place in those days must have been virtually an island, like many other of the low-lying marshy places on the south bank of the Thames. At the dissolution the manor reverted to the Crown, and remained a royal possession until it was conferred by Charles I. upon Sir Oliver St. John, whose descendants held it until a few years after Viscount Bolingbroke's death, when (1763) it was sold to Earl Spencer, with whose descendants it remained until 1835.

Nowhere in the Metropolis has a happier transformation been wrought within living

**Battersea
Fields.**

memory than that which has given us Battersea's beautiful park, with its trees and shrubs, its parterres and ornamental water and its sub-tropical garden, for Battersea Fields, a dismal tract of marshy ground which was the haunt of the devotees of pigeon-shooting and other elevating recreations. The late Sir Walter Besant remembered the place perfectly well, and shivered at the recollection. The fields, he says in his volume on "South London," "were low, flat, damp, and, I believe, treeless; they were crossed, like Hackney Marsh, by paths raised above the level; at no time of year could the Battersea Fields look anything but dreary. In winter they were inexpressibly dismal." Here in 1829 was fought the duel, arising out of the Catholic Relief Bill, between the Duke of Wellington and the young and hot-headed Earl of Winchelsea, the leader of the Protestant party, who had assailed the Duke's personal character, but had the grace, when he had escaped his antagonist's shot, which pierced his hat, to fire in the air and tender an apology. Beside the river stood the "Red House," a tavern which at one time had a good deal of vogue as a rival to Vauxhall and as a resort of aristocratic pigeon-killers, but which in its later days attracted the riff-raff of London in their thousands, and became such an intolerable nuisance that

at last this and other taverns were bought up by the Government in order that by the creation of a public park, as advocated by Thomas Cubitt, the creator of Belgravia, the whole face and character of the neighbourhood might be changed. The Act authorising the formation of the park was

**Transfor-
mation.**

passed in 1846, but a further Act was necessary to provide for the extinction of commonable rights. The work of transformation proved to be of a very formidable character, for not only had the land to be drained and the Thames embanked, but the whole surface of the ground had to be raised, for which purpose enormous quantities of earth obtained from the Victoria Docks extension works were brought here in barges. It was not, therefore, until 1858 (March 28th) that the park, having been laid out by Sir James Pennethorne, was opened. The sum paid for the land was no less than £246,517, of which £10,000 went into the pockets of the proprietary of the Red House and grounds, and a further sum of nearly £70,000 was spent upon the work of laying out. The lovely sub-tropical garden, on the west side of the lake, where it is sheltered from all the winds that blow, is the most attractive feature of the park, but the Central Avenue, formed of fine-grown English elms, and running across the demesne in about its centre from east to west, also wins much admiration. The enclosure is of ample size, measuring 198 out of the 320 acres which the Government acquired, the remainder being let for building sites. Battersea Park was one of the royal parks until 1887, when it was transferred to the Metropolitan Board of Works, from whose custody it passed to the London County Council.

East and west of the park are the roads leading to the Albert and Chelsea Suspension Bridges, which are noticed in our chapter on Chelsea, as also is the one that bears Battersea's name, the successor of the old wooden bridge of seventeen arches which was beloved of Turner and Whistler and many another artist. This primitive structure was built in 1772 to replace the ferry which until then was the only means of transit across the river.

**The
Ferry.**

About the beginning of the eighteenth century the ferry came into the hands of the St. Johns, lords of the manor, and it was

sold, with the manorial rights, by Viscount Bolingbroke's nephew and heir in 1762 to Earl Spencer. Old Battersea Bridge was built at the charges of a number of proprietors, and the rights of their successors were acquired by the Metropolitan Board of Works and in 1879 the bridge was made toll free.

In the Battersea Park Road, which runs parallel with the southern border of the park, is the Battersea Polytechnic, one of the largest and most many-sided of such

Alexandra Palace on the other side of London. It was because the Prince Consort had favoured the idea of re-erecting the Exhibition building of 1851 in Battersea Park that this ill-starred undertaking—built on land bought from the Government, a little to the south of the park, with the materials of a Dublin Exhibition—was named after him. It was opened in 1885, with the Connaught Hall for its chief feature. Three years later it was closed, and was allowed to cumber



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

BATTERSEA TOWN HALL.

institutions in London, which teaches, among a multitude of other subjects, the art of motor-driving and the manufacture of paper. It is not unfitting, by the way, that the borough should thus be prominently associated with the great technological movement of these later days, for in the eighteenth century Battersea was famous for its enamel, of which specimens are to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. Designed by Mr.

**The
Albert
Palace.**

Edward Mountford, the architect of the Town Hall, and opened in 1892, the Polytechnic occupies

the site of the Albert Palace, which was an even more conspicuous failure than the

the earth, a melancholy ruin, until at last it was pulled down.

In Battersea Park Road, too, some distance eastwards from the Polytechnic, is the Battersea Dogs' Home, where lost

Dogs. dogs are taken care of, and those that are worthless and unclaimed are consigned to the lethal chamber. Battersea also possesses, in one of the streets leading out of the Battersea Park Road, the only public monument to a dog in London—a memorial, rather provocative it must be allowed, of a dog which is said to have been vivisected; and one of its hospitals is also associated with the anti-vivisection movement.

CHAPTER XCV

WANDSWORTH

Area—Wards—Surrey Iron Tramway. Wandsworth: Great Public Institutions—The Garratt Elections—Wandsworth Common—George Eliot at Wandsworth—Royal Hospital for Incurables. Putney: The Church—Roundheads at Putney—Thomas Cromwell—Cardinal Wolsey—Edmund Gibbon—A. C. Swinburne—Other Literary Memories—Putney Heath—William Pitt—Fireproof House. Tooting: The Two Manors—The Commons—Hospitals and Asylums—The Library—Defoe Memorial Church. Streatham: Thrale Place—A Charming Suburb—The Common. Clapham: The Name—Bishop Gauden—Samuel Pepys—The Clapham Sect—William Wilberforce—The Macaulays—Henry Cavendish—The Common

WITH its area of over nine thousand (9,199) acres, or fourteen and a-half square miles, Wandsworth—which owes its name to the Wandle, the little tributary of the Thames that rises a few miles

Area. to the south in the neighbourhood of Croydon—is the largest of all the metropolitan boroughs. If, indeed, Woolwich and Lewisham be excepted, it is larger than any two others put together. In population (about 300,000) it comes fourth, the three boroughs which excel it in this particular being Islington, Lambeth, and Stepney. Made up of parishes so diverse as Wandsworth, Tooting Graveney, Putney, Streatham, and Clapham, it can make little claim to unity, and it is difficult to conceive of any reason for grouping these parishes together into a borough beyond the fact that they had formed the district of the Wandsworth Board of Works under the old *régime*. A division of this rather amorphous borough has been suggested, but in 1907 the Borough Council recorded its opinion that no such change was expedient. The population of Tooting and of some other parts of the area has been advancing with giant strides, and this circumstance led to a demand for a Local Government Inquiry into the representation of the wards; but the very rapidity with which the facts that determine apportionment of members among the wards are changing was presented by the Council as an argument against redistribution, it being urged that any such re-arrangement would quickly fall out of date, and early in 1908 the Local Government Board informed the Council that no case had been made

out for effecting a redistribution at that juncture. The wards are nine in number:

Wards. Putney on the west, the three Wandsworth wards of Fairfield, Springfield and Southfield in the centre, Tooting on the south, and Clapham North, Clapham South, Streatham and Balham on the east. In the matter of open spaces Wandsworth exemplifies the principle

Open Spaces. that to him that hath shall be given, for with a population that is small relatively to its vast area, and with Wimbledon and Barnes Commons on its border, it has within its limits, not to mention many smaller pleasancess, the whole of Streatham, Tooting Bec and Tooting Graveney Commons, Putney Heath, Putney Lower Common and Wandsworth Park, while it shares Wandsworth and Clapham Commons with Battersea, and has also within its boundary a slice of Richmond Park.

Owing to the fact that in four of the original parishes forming the borough of

Wandsworth the Public Library **Libraries.** Acts had been adopted and libraries established, the Council, while adopting the Acts in the remaining parish, resolved not for the present to appoint a chief librarian of the borough, and not to displace the chief librarians who were then in office. The libraries are at Clapham, Putney, Streatham (also at Balham and Tooting), and Wandsworth (also in Allfarthing Lane and Garratt Lane). The chief of the libraries in the parish of Wandsworth, that at West Hill, is under the charge of Mr. Cecil T. Davis, a recognised authority on the history and antiquities of the borough. There are

Public Baths in the High Street, Wandsworth, and in Tooting High Street. The ancient ship which forms the crest of the

Arms. borough arms is a reference to a tradition which connects the Vikings with Wandsworth; the chequy azure and or to the arms of the lords of Surrey; the guttés to the "tears" of the Huguenots, who, as we shall see, settled here; the five stars to the five parishes which make up one borough.

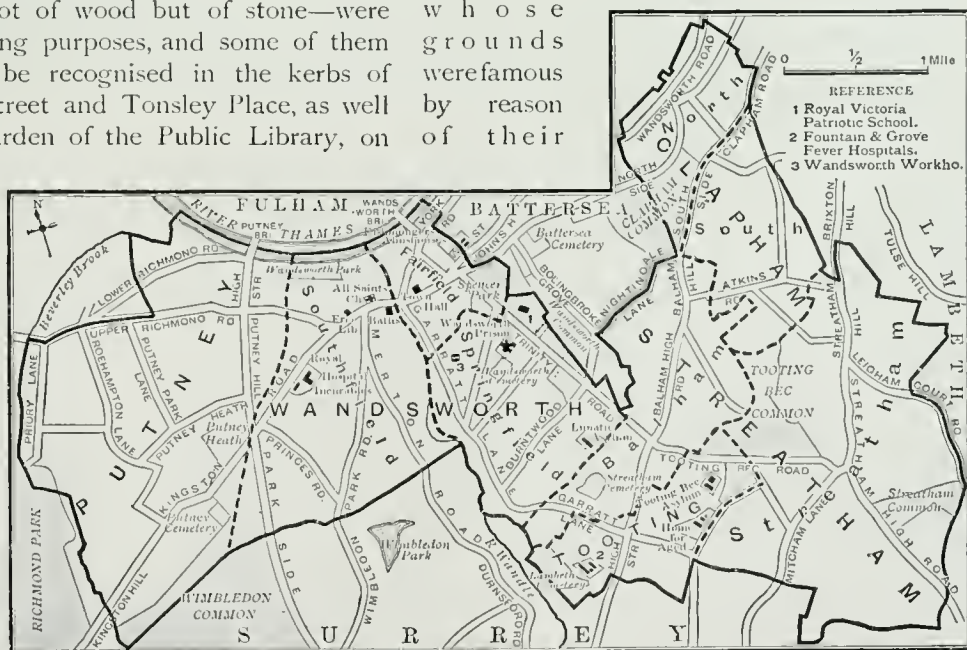
Though Wandsworth cannot lay claim to that huge railway centre, Clapham Junction, which lies just over the Battersea border, its name is not unknown in the early annals of the railway system, for this riverside village, as then it was, formed the northern

terminus of the Surrey Iron Tramway, which was laid down under the powers of an Act passed in 1801—the first of the long series of such Acts that are enrolled on the statute-book. The line ran from this point to Merstham—a distance of some eighteen miles—and conveyed to the Thames the chalk dug out of the Surrey hills, as well as taking raw material to the numerous mills on the Wandle and bringing back the finished products. Upon this line there worked, as a young man, Sir Edward Banks, who, under the Rennies, was the builder of Waterloo, Southwark, and London Bridges. When the line was taken up, some of the sleepers—they were not of wood but of stone—were used for paving purposes, and some of them are still to be recognised in the kerbs of Red Lion Street and Tonsley Place, as well as in the garden of the Public Library, on West Hill.

Like the other parishes which make up this great borough, Wandsworth is poor in antiquities, and the explorer finds little in the way of visible memorials of a

distant past except the tiny cemetery known as Mount Nod, in the angle between East Hill and North Side, where are tombstones which remind him that at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes a number of French Protestants settled at Wandsworth, and earned a livelihood by silk-dyeing and other industries in which the waters of the Wandle were serviceable. Wandsworth Bridge, a little to the east of the mouth of the Wandle, is a modern structure, designed by Mr. J. H. Tolmè, on the lattice-girder plan, and opened in 1873. The mother church, in the High Street, dedicated to All Saints, dates only—except the lower part of the tower, which is two centuries or so older—from the end of the eighteenth century, and few of the houses to be seen are even so old; but there has been left standing, on the eastern side of the church, a row of comely early seventeenth century residences. The Town Hall, bearing date 1881; the Public Baths, a bright-looking building of red brick and stone, beside the Wandle, built twenty years later, and the Technical Institute, which now has over a thousand students in its classes, are all in the High Street. The Public Library, at the beginning of West Hill—the continuation of the High Street—a stuccoed building to which a wing has been added, was once the residence of Mr. S. Rucker,

whose grounds were famous by reason of their



PLAN OF WANDSWORTH, SHOWING THE WARDS.

shrubs and flowers, and particularly their orchids. There is special fitness, therefore, in the bright display of flowers by which the garden in front of the library attracts and delights the eye of the wayfarer.

But this part of the borough is interesting chiefly on account of the great charitable and county and Government institutions which have grown up in its midst, attracted to it, no doubt, by the breezy open spaces which were—and still are—available for sites. Occupying a commanding position on East Hill is St. Peter's Hospital, the almshouses of the Fishmongers' Company, opened in 1851 to replace the Company's almshouses at Newington Butts. It forms three sides of a quadrangle, with a chapel as its most conspicuous feature. Close by, but in the borough of Battersea, is the Wandsworth and Clapham Infirmary. Separated from this great cluster of buildings by a part of Wandsworth Common is the Royal Victoria Patriotic School for Girls, a free imitation of Heriot's famous hospital at Edinburgh, begun in 1857 with money provided by the Commissioners of the Royal Patriotic Fund, and now accommodating some 300 children. Close by is Wandsworth Prison, which, built in 1851, numbers some 1,250 cells, besides having hospital accommodation for forty prisoners, and is now used for the reception of male prisoners whose sentences do not exceed two years. Close to the prison is the Wandsworth Cemetery, and not far away to the south stands the Middlesex County Lunatic Asylum, a huge building reared in 1840 in extensive grounds that belonged to the Springfield Estate, which has given its name to one of the wards of the borough.

In this Springfield Ward is the hamlet of Garratt, formerly notorious for its mock election of a mayor at each

Garratt. General Election of Parliament—a custom which seems to have originated about the middle of the eighteenth century in an association of the residents here to oppose encroachments upon Garratt Green. Time was when the boisterous fun associated with these burlesques drew to Garratt a crowd 100,000 strong, and they formed the subject of Samuel Foote's farce, *The Mayor of Garratt*. Of

one of the "mayors" of Garratt, Sir John Harper, it is related that when a dead cat was flung on to the hustings and a bystander remarked that it stank worse than any fox, he exclaimed, "That's no wonder, for, you see, it's a poll-cat!" It was not often that the saturnalia produced so happy a sally. The fun ran rather to coarseness than to wit, and gradually the farce fell into abeyance, and an attempt at revival made about 1826 met with no success.

The erratic conformation of Wandsworth Common is explained by the successive enclosures which were perpetrated before an Act was passed, in 1871, authorising a body of conservators, as representing the public, to acquire from the lord of the manor, Earl Spencer, with money to be raised by a special rate, what was left of this open space. From 1794 to 1866 fifty-three separate enclosures of areas varying from a quarter of an acre to ninety-six acres were effected, and the wonder is perhaps that anything at all was left for the public! In 1887 the control of the common passed into the hands of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and from that authority it devolved to the London County Council. Including the part which is in the borough of Battersea, it measures 155 acres, and, though inferior in charm to Putney Heath, it is not without an attractiveness of its own. Wandsworth Park, by the riverside, a pleasant domain twenty and a quarter acres in extent, was acquired for the public in 1897.

In Garratt Lane, near the western border of the Springfield Ward, is the Wandsworth Workhouse, and on the other side of the Wandle, in the Southfield Ward, are the allotments of the Borough Council. A little to the west runs the Wimbledon Park Road, where, at No. 31, now marked by a

George Eliot. London County Council tablet, George Eliot and G. H. Lewes lived from February, 1859, when they left Park Shot, Richmond, until December of the following year, when they removed to Harewood Square. There are not many references to Wandsworth in Mr. J. W. Cross's "Life of George Eliot," but it is clear that the place soon ceased to have attraction for her: "I want to get rid of this house," she wrote to Mrs. Congreve when she had lived here about four

months. "I dislike Wandsworth, and should think with unmitigated regret of our coming here if it were not for you"; and in the following month she wrote to Mr. Blackwood that when she had finished "The Mill on the Floss," she would like to transfer the house "to someone who likes houses full of eyes all round him"—a significant indication of what was perhaps her chief reason for not liking Wandsworth. The house had been

homes or who require more special treatment, have the privilege of spending their declining days in these delightful surroundings. The Hospital occupies the site of the house of Lord Stormonth, purchased about the year 1790 by Mr. J. A. Rucker, who substituted a larger and finer house that passed into the hands of the Duke of Sutherland, and was eventually acquired by the Committee of the Hospital, who first added a wing at each



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL, WANDSWORTH.

taken on a seven years' lease, but presently a tenant was forthcoming and the great writer was able to migrate to a region where she was surrounded by less curious neighbours. The house is a quite commonplace early Victorian dwelling; but it is pleasantly situated near a shady little triangle at the crossing of the roads.

Near the western borders of the Southfield Ward, on the breezy summit of West Hill, is the Royal Hospital for Incurables. This charity was founded in 1854 by Dr.

Andrew Reed for the relief of persons, above the pauper class, afflicted with irremediable maladies, and while some of the beneficiaries receive pensions, others, who are without

end and then another parallel with the road to Putney Heath. But it was, so to speak, by a mere turn of the wheel that the house and grounds were not acquired for the purposes of the Crystal Palace, the difference between the promoters of that enterprise and the owners of the property being a mere matter of £50.

From the beginning the Thames has played a large part in the life of Putney, for even at the time of the Domesday

Putney. Survey the place had its fishery and its ferry, and though these are no longer among the recognised industries of Putney, boating and boat-building and oar-making may be regarded as their modern equivalents. It is here that, as the pilgrim

fares westwards from London, the Thames begins to be the river of pleasure. As one looks upstream from Putney Bridge, past the modern version of the old "Star and Garter" towards Barn Elms, one sees the boat-

The Holiday River.

until 1729, when the river was spanned by a rude timber bridge which in 1886 was replaced by the present rather prosaic bridge of stone, designed by the late Sir J. W. Bazalgette, who, it is pretty safe to say, will be remembered by his embankments and



Photo. Putnam Agency.

OLD HOUSES ON THE EAST SIDE OF WANDSWORTH CHURCH.

houses of the London, Leander and Thames Rowing Clubs; and from the year 1845, Putney, save on three occasions only, has been the starting-point of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race. In spite of Bishop Laud's narrow escape from drowning one dark night by the capsizing of the barge in which he was crossing the river to his palace at Fulham, the ferry was not superseded

his great drainage scheme rather than by his bridges.

Richer in associations than Wandsworth, Putney is almost as poor in antiquities, for one after the other almost all the fine old houses that lent dignity to the town—Fairfax House, Essex House, Grove House, Lime Grove, the Palace, and the rest—have vanished, and now as one walks along the

High Street the eye is caught by such ostentatiously modern erections as the Hippodrome and the arcaded Putney Market, rather than by buildings which savour of even a moderately remote past. One recent building which is to be reckoned among the attractions of the town is the

The Newnes Library.

Public Library, in Disraeli Road, leading out of the High Street eastwards, built from designs by Mr. F. G. Smith, and opened in 1899 by the late Lord Russell of Killowen; both building and site were the gift of Sir George Newnes, Bart., a resident of Putney. Of the church, at the foot of the bridge, the only parts that

The Church.

have any look of antiquity are the stone tower, bearing on its south face a sun-dial with the apposite legend "Time and tide stay for no man," and embodying remains of a tower of the Norman period, and a chapel on the north side of the chancel, originally built by Bishop West in the reign of Henry VIII., but removed from the south side of the chancel in 1836. Putney has had a church, at first a chapel-of-ease to Wimbledon, at least since the beginning of the fourteenth century, but in the year just mentioned the structure, except the stone tower, was rebuilt, of brick. In 1647, when Putney was the headquarters of the Parliamentary forces, the general officers, among them Cromwell, Fairfax, Ireton, and Fleetwood, held their

Roundheads at Putney.

councils in the church, sitting, according to Lysons, around the communion-table. The troops remained at Putney for about three months, until the flight of Charles I. from Hampton Court. This was not the first of Putney's associations with the Parliamentary army, for some years earlier, when the Earl of Essex, after the brush at Brentford (November 12th, 1642), was bent upon following the King into Surrey, he constructed a bridge of boats across the Thames between Fulham and Putney, some 500 yards below the present bridge, defending it with a fort at either end; and the fort on the south bank does not appear to have been finally demolished until about the year 1845.

Cromwell's association with Putney was of a temporary and accidental kind, but the earlier bearer of this name who figures prominently in English history was born here, the son, it is said, of a blacksmith

whose shop stood on the south side of the road between Wandsworth and Richmond. When Thomas Cromwell

Thomas Cromwell.

was created Baron of Okeham and afterwards Earl of Essex, his royal master bestowed upon him lands to enable him to support these dignities, and among the grants was one of the manor of Wimbledon. His drastic dealings with the Church gave the King every satisfaction, but when his foreign policy went awry Henry had no scruple in sacrificing him, and he was beheaded (July 28th, 1540). Cromwell's predecessor in the royal favour is also linked with Putney.

Cardinal Wolsey.

When Cardinal Wolsey was bidden to quit Whitehall Palace and sequester himself at his palace at Esher he came up the Thames to Putney, and it was while riding up Putney Hill that he was overtaken by one of the royal chamberlains and presented with a ring as a token that he was not bereft of the King's favour, whereupon, says Stow, "he quickly lighted from his mule, all alone as though he had been the youngest of his men, and incontinently kneeled down in the dirt upon both knees, holding up his hands for joy of the King's most comfortable message." Giving the chamberlain a gold chain and crucifix, he poured out his regret that he had no worthy token to send the King. "But stay," he added, "here is my fool, that rides beside me; I beseech thee to take him to court and give him to his Majesty. I assure you, for any nobleman's pleasure he is worth a thousand pounds."

Of its literary associations Putney may well be proud, for if not numerous they are of high quality. At Lime Grove, which stood at the foot of Putney Hill and was approached through a grove of limes,

Edmund Gibbon was born, on the 15th of January, 1794, and in the parish registers is recorded his birth

Edmund Gibbon.

and those of five younger brothers and a sister; and at Putney his home continued to be for some years. This same part of

Putney has in our own day A. C. Swinburne, acquired fame from its connexion with the late Mr Swinburne, who from 1879 until his death dwelt here, with his friend Mr. Watts-

Dunton—another man of letters of high distinction—in the house known as The Pines, at the foot of the hill, on the east side—just such an ordinary looking house as George Eliot's house at Wandsworth, Holly Lodge (p. 1028). It was here that Mr. Swinburne died, on the 10th of April, 1909. In the house bearing the name of West Lodge, at Putney Lower Common, between the Lower Richmond Road and the river, Douglas Jerrold dwelt from 1845 to about 1853, and here he wrote for *Mr. Punch's* merry pages the "Candle Lectures." In the High Street of Putney Leigh Hunt died in 1859, while on a visit to a friend who lived here. At Putney also died (in 1722) John Toland the deist, and (in 1825) Fuseli the artist.

The southern part of Putney consists of Putney Heath, a glorious open space some 400 acres in extent, which

Putney Heath.

is under the control not of the London County Council, but of conservators. It is more like Hampstead Heath than is any other of the open spaces in the County of London, and as the northern heath merges into another great open space, Parliament Hill Fields, so Putney Heath coalesces with Wimbledon Common. It has a double link with William Pitt, for here he fought his bloodless

William Pitt.

duel with Mr. George Tierney on a Sunday in May, 1798, and in Bowling-Green House, an unambitious dwelling of two storeys, with the Pitt arms over the doorway, he lived for some years and died (June 23rd, 1806), being still but forty-six, although he had been Prime Minister for nineteen years. The house owes its name to the circumstance that it was once the rendezvous of a fashionable bowling-club. Close at hand are the villa which for two years was the residence of Mrs. Siddons and her husband, and Bristol House, which until the second half of the last century belonged to the noble family whose name it bears. A little to the west of Tibbett's Corner, where the main roads cross, is the site of Fireproof House, built in 1776 by

Fireproof House.

David Hartley to exemplify his theories for rendering buildings immune from fire—theories which he repeatedly put to the test by ineffectually setting fire to the house in the presence

of the King and Queen, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City, and other persons holding official positions. His device seems to have consisted mainly in the interposition of sheets of laminated iron or copper between the ceiling of one room and the floor of the room above. Although an obelisk was reared in the grounds by the City Corporation "in memory," as the inscription quaintly phrases it, "of an invention for securing buildings against fire," the contrivance failed to become a commercial success, and now, while the obelisk remains, Fireproof House has gone the way of so many other old houses, and its site forms the lawn of Wildcroft, the seat of Sir George Newnes, Bart., donor of Putney's Public Library. Close by are the "Telegraph Arms," named after the Admiralty semaphore which stood on this elevated spot, and the large reservoir formerly belonging to the Chelsea Water Company, now transferred to the Metropolitan Water Board. To the north the road which bears the name of Putney Heath, and is bordered by Grantham House, Exeter House, Dover House (the residence of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the American millionaire), and other mansions, leads to Roehampton, a delightful part of Putney, where are some important Roman Catholic institutions.

Tooting has changed more rapidly perhaps than any other part of the borough of Wandsworth. Many acres of

Tooting. ground that a few years ago were pastoral land are now covered with maisonettes for the working classes, and the Broadway is one of the busiest shopping centres in the southern suburbs. The parish church is modern, dating only from 1833; nearly all the old houses have been ruthlessly swept away, and now the place is notable mainly on account of its spacious commons, and the great hospitals and infirmaries and asylums that have sprung up here. Tooting Common is really not one, but two; for it is made up of the waste lands of two ancient manors, that of Tooting Graveney (more properly Tooting Gravenelle, after the De Gravenelles in whose hands it was soon after the Conquest, and who also lent their name to the little stream which rises in the parish), and that of Tooting Bec, which, when the

Domesday Survey was made, belonged to the Abbey of St. Mary de Bec in Normandy. The manor and parish of Tooting Graveney are virtually identical, and the area being but 565 acres, Tooting is able to claim to be the smallest parish in the county of Surrey. It is said, indeed, to be the smallest parish in England, but the assertion would be difficult to verify. The other manor, Tooting Bec,

is that it is an ecclesiastical parish formed out of the ancient parish of Streatham, and that it has its Assembly Rooms and Hippodrome.

Of the two commons of Tooting, that of Tooting Bec is much the larger, having an area of $151\frac{3}{4}$ acres, while that of Tooting Graveney measures sixty-six acres, but, except in an historical sense, they may be regarded as one,



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

PUTNEY CHURCH.

comprised what is left of the common of that name, and a part of the parish of Streatham. In both instances the manorial rights over the commons were purchased by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and are now held by the London County Council.* Tooting Graveney is known as Lower Tooting, while Upper Tooting, which is virtually identical with Balham, appears to have no right to the title at all, being only a creation of the Post Office, and it can therefore make no complaint at being included in the Balham ward of the borough. Of Balham, all that it is necessary to say

for they are separated only by a road. Before they became the property of the public they both suffered mutilation at the hands of enclosers, and they were also defaced for the sake of their sand and gravel; but Nature, though she could not restore the appropriated land, has done much, with her mantle of grass and gorse, to heal the scars inflicted by the excavators, and various improvements, such as the formation of a horse ride, and the provision of a bathing lake, have been made by the London County Council, without robbing them of the natural beauty which they had retained. Between Tooting Bec Common and the High Road of Streatham is the Magdalen Hospital, removed to this

* Sexby, "Municipal Parks, Gardens, and Open Spaces of London."

spot from St. George's Circus in days when land at Streatham was less valuable than it has since become.

Among the great institutions to which reference has been made are the Tooting Home of the Wandsworth Union in Church Lane; the Metropolitan Asylum Board's Asylum for Imbeciles, on the western border of Tooting Common, opened in 1903, and providing accommodation for 855 patients, together with a receiving home for children;

One of the acts of enclosure from which Tooting Bec Common suffered was that of the district now known as Streatham. Streatham ham Park, which became the grounds of Thrale Place, the property of the Mr. Henry Thrale who was friend of Dr. Johnson and husband of his wife. At Thrale Place the great Doctor was often an honoured guest during Mr. Thrale's life, as also was Sir Joshua Reynolds, who at Mr. Thrale's charges painted



THRALE PLACE IN 1792.

From a Drawing by William Ellis.

and two large fever hospitals, established by the same authority—the Grove, opened in 1899, and the Fountain, opened in 1893, together containing some 900 beds. Near the fever hospitals is the Lambeth Cemetery, and on the other side of Garratt Lane is the Streatham Cemetery. Tooting certainly cannot be charged with refusing hospitality to the sick or to the dead! Its Public Library it owes to Sir William Lancaster, who presented it to the town when Mayor of Wandsworth in 1902, and enlarged it in 1908, and who is also the donor of the Coronation Garden, a pleasant little open space in the Merton Road. The Defoe Memorial Church, in the High Street, is said to have been founded by the author of "Robinson Crusoe," but there appears to be no solid proof of the claim, nor of the tradition which identifies with his residence a house on the road from Tooting to Sutton.

portraits of some twenty-four of his guests, the series being known as the Streatham Gallery. The house was taken down in 1863, but in the High Road there are still the Thrale Almshouses, founded by the daughters of Mr. Thrale in 1832, to remind one of the most notable of Streatham's associations. Streatham is an ancient place, of which the name no doubt signifies the *ham* or village on the *street* or high road to Croydon, and though its antiquities have gone, it can better afford to dispense with such attractions than most regions, for it is one of the very pleasantest of these southern suburbs, having, thanks to the spacious and shady gardens which surround many of the houses, not a little resemblance to a garden city. Like Clapham and Tooting and Wandsworth, Streatham has its common, measuring sixty-six and a-quarter acres,



CLAPHAM COMMON IN 1825.
From a Drawing by J. Powell.

and stretching away from the main road to the Camberwell border. In these days it is the resort of crowds of children and others who come here to indulge in a variety of games; in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries it was a fashionable spa, and one of the mineral springs which gave it fame is still to be seen close at hand.

Clapham is frequently said to be named after Osgood Clappa, the Danish lord at whose daughter's marriage feast at

Clapham. Kennington Hardicanute died; but the derivation, like so many others mentioned in these pages, is a mere conjecture. The place had no history that is worth recounting until there gathered here, on the border of the common, as residents, the band of pious philanthropists and reformers whom Sydney Smith dubbed the "Clapham sect"—

The Clapham Sect. Zachary Macaulay, Lord Teignmouth, William Wilberforce, Granville Sharp and others. Clapham, however, is not quite destitute of earlier

associations, for here lived the Bishop Gauden who was the real author of "Eikon Basilike," and here also, with his friend Hewer, his work at the Admiralty done, lived Samuel Pepys the diarist, dying here in 1703.

William Wilberforce first lived at Battersea Rise, on the north side of the Common; afterwards at Broomfield House,

Wilberforce. on the west side, where much of his time was spent during the nine or ten years preceding the triumph of his emancipation crusade. In 1808, the year after this great victory had been achieved, he migrated to Kensington Gore. The house, of which the name was presently altered from Broomfield to Broomwood, survived until 1904, and two years later the London County Council affixed to No. 111, Broomwood Road, a tablet recording that Wilberforce's residence stood on a site behind that house. Broomwood House was built by Henry Thornton, another member of the band, and it was first occupied by William Pitt's brother-in-law, who was frequently visited here by the "heaven-born statesman."

Zachary Macaulay dwelt at the north-eastern angle of the common in a house in The Pavement which was afterwards converted into a shop. Thus it was that the son, whose

fame was far to outshine his own, spent five years of his boyhood at Clapham. In the

Life of his uncle, Sir George **Macaulay.** Trevelyan speaks of the romance and mystery the boy found in the common. "He explored its recesses, he composed and almost believed its legends, he invented for its different features a nomenclature which has been faithfully preserved by two generations of children . . . ; the elevated island covered with shrubs, that gives a name to the Mount Pond, was regarded with infinite awe as being the nearest approach within the circuit of his observations to the majesty of Sinai." Close to Zachary Macaulay's house stands the parish church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, an uninteresting building that dates only from 1776, when it superseded an older church, nearer the Wandsworth Road, which, depressed to the status of a mortuary chapel, is now again in use as a church. Holy Trinity was dear to Macaulay for its memories, although when he revisited it in 1849 he heard "a Puseyite sermon."

It should be added that on the south side of Clapham Common, in Cavendish House, at the corner of the road of this name, dwelt Henry Cavendish, famous not only for his scientific achievements, but also for his indifference to money, and other eccentricities. His house was still standing in 1905, but when the present writer sought it out in 1909 he found that its place had been usurped by new buildings.

The Mount Pond, upon which young Tom Macaulay exercised his imagination, is still

one of the little sheets of water that diversify the common, and the **The Common.**

Windmill Tavern, on the south side, adds to its look of rusticity. The manorial rights over the 205 acres which it measures were bought up in 1877 for £18,000; and the common is now maintained by the London County Council. Near the north-eastern corner, facing Londonwards, is a rather striking drinking-fountain, a bronze group raised on a granite pedestal, the gift of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, and in the High Street, close to the "Pleugh," is a clock tower of polished Aberdeen granite and Portland stone which was set up in 1906 by the then Mayor of Wandsworth, Mr. Councillor Glegg.



OLD VIEW OF CAMBERWELL, FROM THE GROVE.

CHAPTER XCVI

CAMBERWELL

Rus in Urbe—The Camberwell Beauty—Origin of the Name of the Borough—Roman Remains—Sir Thomas Bond—Borough Statistics—St. Giles's—The Fair—The Green—Thomas Hood—Denmark House—Denmark Hill—John Ruskin—Sir Henry Bessemer—The Grove—Mary Datchelor Girls' School—The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain—William Black—Wilson Grammar School—Town Hall—Public Libraries—Art Gallery—Baths and Wash-houses—Golf—Camden Chapel—Robert Browning—Alfred Domett—Peckham—Oliver Goldsmith—The South Metropolitan Gas Company—Sir George Livesey—Licensed Victuallers' Asylum—Peckham Rye—Peckham Rye Park—Nunhead—Honor Oak—Dulwich—Edward Alleyn—"God's Gift"—Dulwich College—Alleyn's School—The Picture Gallery—Dulwich Park—The "Greyhound"—The "Green Man"

LYING within an hour's walk of the centre of things in the cities of London and Westminster, the somewhat unwieldy parish of Camberwell has always been a favourite residential quarter. During

several centuries its population was sparse and the well-wooded heights of Grove Hill, Champion Hill, Denmark Hill, Herne Hill, and Sydenham Hill offered ideal sites for the mansions of the "nobility and gentry," who accordingly almost exclusively monopolised the land. Though the inhabitants now number some 290,000, at the beginning of the nineteenth century they mustered only 7,000. A very considerable portion of the area was given over to market gardens, and Camberwell acquired more than local fame for flowers and fruit.

Rus in Urbe.

The melons reared at Peckham were deemed to be a "dainty dish to set before the King," while near Camberwell New Road station the pleasant park called Myatt's Fields (actually situated in Lambeth, just across the border) keeps folk in mind of the days when the ground was occupied by strawberry beds. Myatt's berries were famous in Covent Garden market. The *rus in urbe*, however, has the defects of its qualities. William Harnett Blanch, the industrious historian of the parish, relates that in 1782 caterpillars abounded to such an extent that the overseers expended 6d. a bushel in "apprehending" them, on the plea that they were "dangerous to the public in general." Hedgehogs, he further declares, were "more numerous than ratepayers," and were bought

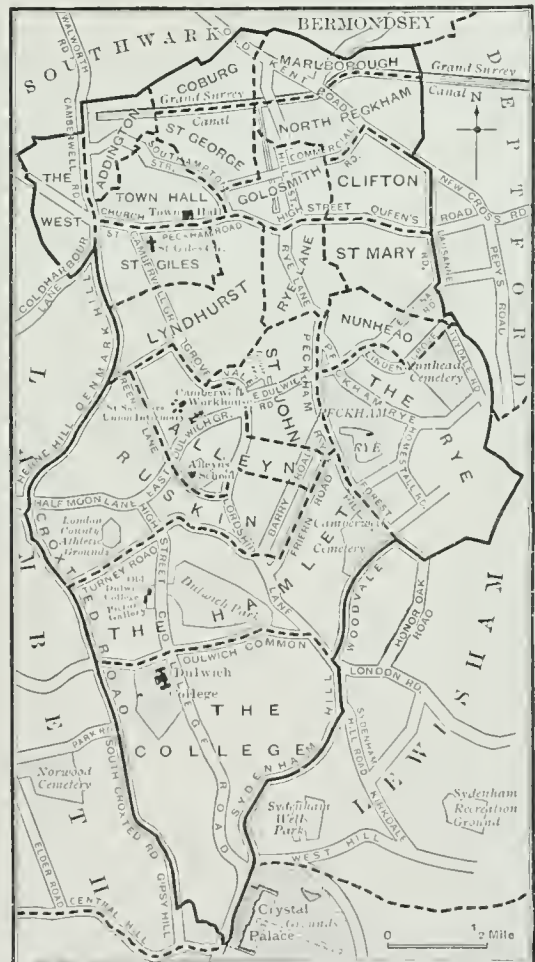
up, alive or dead, at 4d. a-piece, while polecats were such a pest that the authorities paid 1s. for each one killed. Even the saucy sparrow had grown a marketable commodity, the churchwardens, egged on by aggrieved farmers, purchasing them at 3d. the dozen heads. On the other hand, it is fair to surmise that the rarest of the British species of Vanessa, the large chocolate-coloured, yellow-bordered butterfly, styled the Camberwell Beauty (*Vanessa antiopa*), acquired its popular name because it was met with most plentifully in the woods and gardens of this parish, its patronage affording ocular demonstration of the succulent nourishment supplied by its "happy hunting-grounds."

By the time of the Domesday survey, the estate had already obtained its present style and designation, for it is recorded in that Book of Judgment that "Haimo himself holds Ca'brewelle," the said tenant being a viscount in the hundred of Brixistan, or Brixton, and Sheriff of Surrey. For several centuries after this, however, the place was variously called Camwell, Cammerwell, or Camerwell, but about 1712 the existing spelling came into vogue, though it was not officially recognised until the middle of the eighteenth century. Customary ingenuity has been expended on the attempt to elucidate the origin of

The Name.

the name. There is a consensus of opinion that a mineral well noted for its healing properties was situated within the area, near the head of what is now The Grove. Giles, the patron saint of the parish, was especially the protector of cripples, beggars and lepers who, we are to suppose, frequented the blessed spring near the church dedicated to him. But the Old English word "cam" signifies "crooked": hence the well, in popular parlance, came to be spoken of as the "cam well," or "well of the crooked," or crippled. It all seems rather fanciful, though often the remote is preferred to the obvious. It would not be singular were a holy well to be protected with a cambered or vaulted roof and described in current speech as the "Camber Well." Those who have seen St. Margaret's Well at Arthur's Seat, in Edinburgh, will agree that any such structure would be sure to impress popular imagination in an illiterate age. But this suggested derivation of the name is probably too simple for general acceptance.

At the period of the Roman Occupation the low-lying tracts were, it is believed, marsh lands, submerged at every tide. With their extraordinary talent for engineering, however, the invaders lost no time in draining the locality and dyking the Thames, although few remains of their presence have been discovered here. Apart from utensils and coins, which hardly count in this regard, the most interesting relics that have been unearthed were a glass urn dug up at Peckham, a marble head of Janus found in 1690 near St. Thomas à Watring—which stood close to the point where the modern Albany Road and Old Kent Road intersect, which was so named because it was the first watering-place of the horses of pilgrims bound for Becket's shrine at Canterbury, and which, till 1740, served the purpose of a Surrey-side Tyburn—and a causeway met with in 1809 during the excavations for the Grand Surrey Canal. On the whole, the



PLAN OF CAMBERWELL, SHOWING THE WARDS.

stream of national history left Camberwell severely alone. To a slight extent the Stuart fortunes involved a few of the magnates. Sir Thomas Bond, of Peckham, whom the merry monarch, during his exile, had created a baronet at Brussels in 1658, having espoused the cause of James II., fled the country when his royal master threw up the sponge. His fine mansion and beautiful garden were thereupon pillaged by the populace and the estate was forfeit to the Crown. It was restored in the following reign to his son Sir Henry, who sold it to Sir Thomas (afterwards Lord) Trevor, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Nevertheless local annals were not always either humdrum or idyllic. Tradition fixed upon Fountain Cottage, in Camberwell Grove, as the scene of the murder of his uncle by George Barnwell, the London apprentice. The youth was instigated to the deed by Sarah Millwood, a "wanton of Shoreditch," to supply whose greed he had already thrice robbed his employer. The ballad on the subject printed by Bishop Percy and the drama by George Lillo (1693-1739), entitled "The London Merchant; or, The History of George Barnwell," which held the stage for a long time and was credited with producing highly moral effects, gave the squalid tragedy a prominence which it would not otherwise have commanded and which the good folk of Camberwell, who repudiated the tradition with scorn, bitterly resented.

Measuring 4,480 acres, or seven square miles, Camberwell enjoys the distinction of being the largest borough in London consisting of a single parish, and is exceeded in size by only three of the metropolitan boroughs. From the Bermondsey border in the north to the Crystal Palace in the south it

**Borough
Statistics.**

has a maximum length of nearly five miles, and from Brockwell Park in the west to the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway at Honor Oak, its greatest width is fully two miles and a-half. For municipal purposes it is split up into twenty wards, disposed thus: in the northern third, Addington, Coburg, Marlborough, West, Town Hall, St. George's, North Peckham, St. Giles's, Goldsmith, Clifton, Rye Lane, St. Mary's; in the middle third, Lyndhurst, St. John's, Nunhead, Ruskin, Alleyn, The Rye;

in the southern third, The Hamlet, and The College. In the borough coat of arms, reproduced in the ornamental border of the Introduction to this work (p. 10), the wells in the first and fourth quarters are a "canting" indication of the borough generally; in the third quarter is the lion from the Peckham arms, probably borne by Henry Duke of Gloucester, son of Henry I.; the chevron and cinquefoils in the second quarter are a copy of the arms of Edward Alleyn, and represent the hamlet of Dulwich; the wounded hind with the crosier which forms the crest is emblematic of the legend which tells how St. Giles, the patron saint of the parish, found a stricken deer and succoured and protected it; the motto, "All's Well," is another canting allusion to the wells of the borough.

St. Giles's, the mother church, in Church Street, has a venerable history. Not only is it mentioned in Domesday Book, but there is reason to believe that the earliest

St. Giles's. structure was built about 670, that is, within three-quarters of a century of the landing of St. Augustine at Ebbs Fleet, on Pegwell Bay. In 1154 the benefice was presented by William de Mellent, Earl of Gloucester, to St. Saviour's Abbey in Bermondsey, in whose possession it remained until the dissolution of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. At this period what is supposed to have been the third edifice was erected and stood intact—though much altered, enlarged and embellished from time to time—until 1841, when, on the night of Sunday, the 7th of February, the building was gutted by fire. The present church, built from designs by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Gilbert Scott at a cost of £24,000, and completed in 1844, is in the Transition style, on a cruciform plan, with central tower and spire, and is a favourable example of the architect's manner, although, when viewed from a short distance, it appears as if the tower needed a larger nave and larger transepts. The eastern window is a fine specimen of stained glass. In the adjoining God's acre there lies in a nameless grave John Wesley's Xanthippe, Mary Vazeille, the poor shrew who at times during their thirty years of married life led the preacher such a weary dance.

With that curious unconcern for the

sanctity of their churches which distinguished our forefathers till as late as the eighteenth century, the annual fair was originally held in the burying-ground of St. Giles's, and even the church itself was not immune from base uses. Formerly the fair lasted from the 9th of

tions, was tastefully laid out and converted into a miniature park. Every trace of the rural has vanished from the locality, and since five important roads converge at this point, all alive with tram-cars, and motor and horse 'buses, it is now one of the busiest and liveliest spots in South London.



Photo. Pictorial Agency

ST. GILES'S, CAMBERWELL.

August till the 1st of September, the feast day of St. Giles, but ultimately it was limited to three days. When decency had grown strong enough to forbid the celebration of such saturnalia in such a scene, the venue was changed from the churchyard to the High Street, whence by a natural process it spread to the more commodious tract of the Green, which lay in fortunate vicinage. It was held for the last time in 1855. The Green itself, which had long ceased to wear even a colourable resemblance to the village green of peaceful, pastoral, poetic associa-

In the Camberwell New Road, not far from its junction with the Green, in a house then known as 8, South Place, resided for a few months in 1840 Thomas Hood, whom we have encountered several times before in our perambulations. He would appear to have lived also for a short time in the same year in Union Row in the High Street, of which it now forms a part. At the foot of Denmark Hill may be noticed two of Camberwell's most popular places of amusement—the Palace and the Empire music-halls, the latter being

Thomas Hood.

opened at first, in 1894, as a theatre. The Palace involved the sacrifice of the fine green of the Temple Bowling Club, which was, however, lucky enough to secure another good lawn at Warner Road, within easy reach of its earlier home. The Empire occupies part of an extensive estate on which stood a mansion that was built, according to uncorroborated tradition, for Prince George of Denmark (1653-1708), the consort of Queen Anne, from whom it has been conjectured that Denmark Hill derived its name. A later owner of the house and grounds was John Perkins, who was one of the successors of Mr. Henry Thrale in the proprietorship of the famous Southwark brewery (p. 992). Dr. Johnson is said to have been a frequent visitor, and a part of the woodland was called "Dr. Johnson's Walk." Before the sale of the site for building purposes, the house became the Denmark Hill Grammar School.

Denmark Hill, on the western border of the borough, will always be associated with two memorable men—John Ruskin and Sir Henry Bessemer. In 1823, when their son was four years old, Ruskin's parents moved from town (Hunter Street, Brunswick Square) to 28, Herne Hill, where they remained till 1843, when they flitted to a larger house in spacious grounds at 163, Denmark Hill. John received his elementary education at Thomas Dale's school in Grove Lane. The beauty of the near Surrey lanes enchanted him, but the encroachments of the speculative builder spoilt the whole district for him, and the change that came over Croxted Lane almost broke his heart. He displayed an interest in local affairs as long as he was connected with the parish—that is, until he took possession of his new home at Brantwood in 1871. On the 24th of January, 1865, he delivered a lecture on "Work and Play" to the members of the Camberwell Working Men's Institute, the lecture afterwards appearing in "The Crown of Wild Olive." To the Art Gallery in Peckham Road his cousin, Mrs. Joan Ruskin Severn, presented, *in memoriam*, several minerals which had formed part of Ruskin's valuable collection, and to the Central Library she gave (among other things) his mother's Bible, some drawings by him, a map of England

and Wales which he drew at the age of nine, and a number of his books. A later tenant, named the house at Denmark Hill "Ruskin Manor."

This mansion immediately adjoins the stately house which Sir Henry Bessemer gradually perfected after he had acquired it in 1863, and which is now called "Bessemer House." Sir Henry almost exhausted his own unique capacity for invention in laying out and decorating the grounds, some of the more conspicuous features of which were a domed conservatory with sumptuous appointments in marble, a pavilion summer-house, and a lake winding in and out of an environment apparently natural, but the result of the most elaborate study applied with consummate skill.

Following the main road from the Green to Peckham we soon reach, on the right, The Grove, which still preserves much

The Grove. of its sylvan aspect, thanks to the fine old elms and other trees that border either pavement. Near the foot of the street, established in 1877 at a cost of £12,000, stands the well-known Mary Datchelor School for Girls, which was reorganised in 1895 under the munificent control of the Clothworkers' Company. Farther up, on the same side, we come first to the Thatched House, the thatch yet in admirable condition, the house in which, according to a somewhat vague local tradition, Mrs. Fitzherbert received her husband, the Prince Regent, and then to No. 188, the house in which the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was born on July

Mr. Chamberlain. 8th, 1836. Miss Murrell Marris, one of his biographers, says in her "Life" of the statesman that for one year he attended Miss Pace's school hard by, where at a later date Sir Harry Johnston, the African explorer, was also a pupil. Young Joseph founded a Peace Society in the school and was one of the boys who fought for the Presidentship of the influential organisation. Already, too, had appeared his indifference to athletics and exercise.

In 1845 the Chamberlains flitted to Highbury in North London. From 1872 to 1878 another well-known resident in The Grove was William Black, the novelist, who found much of the local

Denmark Hill: John Ruskin.

colour for his story of "Madcap Violet" in the immediate vicinity. When Black removed to Brighton for his health's sake his friend and fellow-journalist, Mr. E. D. J. Wilson of *The Times*—"Alphabet Wilson," as his intimates called him—took over the lease of Airlie House, the novelist's home.

Returning to Peckham Road, the building next to St. Giles's, on the eastern side, is

zeal and enlightened rule gave it at last an honourable place amongst metropolitan secondary schools.

Peckham Road might be called the Whitehall of Camberwell, for nearly all the chief public buildings concerned with the good of the borough are situated in it or in off-lying streets. At the corner of Havil Street are the Guardians' Offices, a meritorious



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THATCHED HOUSE, THE GROVE, CAMBERWELL.

the Grammar School, founded under royal charter in 1615 by the Rev. Edward Wilson, who became vicar of Camberwell in 1577. Unfortunately, Wilson was heredity-mad, and enjoined not only that the head "should be chosen out of my own kindred before any others," but also that governors' heirs should succeed them in their office. The faults of such a scheme are obvious, but more than two centuries elapsed before dissatisfaction reached a crisis, and the school was actually in abeyance from 1842 to 1882. Having been reconstituted in 1880, the institution made a fresh start under the mastership of the Rev. Dr. Frederic McDowell, whose well-directed

building in the Jacobean style, dating from 1904, with a sun-dial and the motto in strong Saxon, "Do To-day's Work To-day." At the opposite corner stands the Town Hall,

a *quasi*-Renaissance structure of pleasant aspect, opened in 1873.

The Council has never hesitated to adopt a spirited municipal policy, which may be best illustrated by a succinct summary of the various enterprises it controls in addition to the administration of the ordinary affairs of the borough. It owns

six public libraries—the Central, in Peckham Road, built at a cost of £15,000, the Dulwich, in Lordship Lane; the Livesey, in Old Kent Road; the Nunhead, in Gordon Road; the North

**Wilson
Grammar
School.**

**Municipal
Institutions.**

**Public
Libraries.**

Camberwell, in Wells Street, and the Minet, in Knatchbull Road. The entire cost of the Livesey Library, land as well as building, was borne by Sir George Livesey, of whom there will be more to say presently; the Minet was the gift of Mr. William Minet, and is owned conjointly with the borough of Lambeth; and the libraries have benefited to the extent of £10,500 from the munificence of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards. The Council is overlord also of the Art Gallery and Technical Institute, which it acquired in 1898 from Lord Avebury, as sole surviving trustee of the South London Fine Art Gallery Council. Four years later another building was erected—they stand side by side in Peckham Road—as an extension of the Institute. In 1906 the Institute and the extension were leased for 900 years at a nominal rental to the London County Council, which, in return, relieved the Borough Council of liability for the loan of £12,000, contracted for the cost of the extension, and which styled the structure the London County Council Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts. The Art Gallery, in which exhibitions of a high standard are held periodically, was retained under the control of the Borough Council. Mr. Passmore Edwards gave £10,000 towards the total cost (£25,000) of building and extending the Institute. Careful of the ratepayers' minds the Council has not been heedless of their bodies, and has spent close upon £150,000 in providing Public Baths and Wash-houses—in Church Street, in Goose Green, Dulwich, in the Old Kent Road, and in Wells Street. The borough cemetery, beautifully laid out, comprises thirty-seven and a-half acres in Forest Hill Road, and the Council has also secured, for future use as a burying-ground, sixty-eight acres at Honor Oak, the greater part of which is let, necessarily on short lease, to the Honor Oak Golf Club, who have adroitly adapted the land to an excellent course of nine holes.

Farther east, on the northern side of Peckham Road, stands Camden Chapel, which at one time had a remarkable succession of Evangelical preachers. It was built in 1797, and in 1829 was licensed as an Episcopal

chapel, in which year Henry Melvill, famous as a pulpit orator, became the incumbent. He was succeeded by the Rev. Daniel Moore, who in turn was followed by the most distinguished of all its incumbents, the silver-tongued James Fleming, a man whose elocutionary gifts were displayed to the greatest advantage on the lecture platform. Camden Chapel was originally a building of almost barn-like severity, but in 1854 was enlarged by the addition of a Byzantine chancel. This was looked on at the moment as a doubtful experiment, but Sir Gilbert Scott was justified of his boldness—and was supported therein by John Ruskin—and the effect was immensely to improve the interior.

Hard by is Southampton Street, where Robert Browning was born on May 12th, 1812, in a house that no longer exists. As a child he was difficult to manage, and was early sent to a neighbouring school kept by a dame who, like the gossip who "keekit into Robert Burns's loof," is credited with having foretold his intellectual greatness. At the age of fourteen he attended the Rev. Thomas Ready's school in Peckham, but afterwards was mainly educated at home, though he took Greek at University College. Two natives of Camberwell were amongst the dearest friends of the poet's youth. These were Sir Joseph Arnould and Alfred Domett, the former of whom ultimately became head of the Supreme Court at Bombay, with a knighthood. When Domett emigrated to New Zealand in 1842, Browning voiced his regret at the severance in the poem entitled "Waring," first published in "Bells and Pomegranates." Domett prospered in New Zealand, filling in time nearly all the highest administrative posts, including that of Prime Minister. On his return to England, in 1871, he renewed his friendship with Browning, to whom he dedicated his last book of verse, "Flotsam and Jetsam" (1877).

Old Peckham has been almost entirely swept away by the inexorable necessity of providing house-room for London's workers. It figured in Domesday Book under the name of Pecheha, and for centuries nearly the whole district was covered with forest land where the

**Art
Gallery.**

**Robert
Browning.**

**Camden
Chapel.**

Peckham.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' ASYLUM.

kings occasionally hunted the stag. A village gradually formed around what is now the foot of Rye Lane and the adjacent part of High Street, and hereabouts stood the mansion and grounds belonging to Sir Thomas Bond. In the vicinity of the "Kentish Drovers" tavern was held Peckham Fair until 1826, when it was done away with, "all holiday at Peckham" finally proving repugnant to the inhabitants.

Oliver Goldsmith's brief sojourn in the village is still its most valuable literary asset. On returning, in 1756, from his *Wanderjahr* on the Continent, more impecunious than ever, he was obliged to take service as usher in a school presided over by the Rev. Dr. John Milner, who was also pastor of Hanover Chapel at the corner of Rye Lane, then called South Street, and whose son had met Goldsmith in Edinburgh. "Noll" seems to have been a favourite, and used to entertain the boys with the flute which had been so useful on his travels. The borough is proud of the lovable Irishman, and has named a ward after him. In the High Street will be found the Hippodrome, formerly the Crown Theatre. One wonders whether it was raised on the site of the building, half theatre, half barn, in which the one and only John Baldwin Buckstone—who had, or ought to have had, one fortune in his face, another in his voice, and a third in his acting—made his *début* as Captain Aubri in the melodrama of "The Dog of Montargis."

By far the most important industrial

undertaking in the borough is that of gas-making, and in the extreme north of the

Peckham area, on the right-hand side of the Old Kent Road, Londonwards, stand the works of the

South Metropolitan Gas Company, occupying some thirty-six acres of ground. The Company was formed in 1829, and was equipped for manufacture four years later. From its manufacturing stations at Bankside, East and West Greenwich, Rotherhithe, Vauxhall, and Old Kent Road, it serves nearly the whole of the southern portion of the County of London. The number of men employed in all branches is no fewer than 6,000. The success of the Company is principally due to the sagacity, enterprise, and capacity of Sir George Livesey, who, born in April, 1834, entered the works as a boy at the age of fourteen, became engineer in 1862, succeeded his father, Thomas Livesey, as secretary and general manager in 1871, joined the Board in 1882, was elected chairman in 1885, knighted in 1902, and died—almost in harness, for he had attended a directors' meeting on September 9th—on October 4th, 1908. His brother, Frank Livesey (1844-1899), had succeeded him in 1882 as chief engineer and Mr. Charles Carpenter (chief engineer since 1899) was elected to fill the vacancy on the Board and to succeed to the Chairmanship of the Company, which owes so much to the Livesey family. Probably Sir George's greatest and most lasting title to fame will be found in the co-partnership scheme which he instituted in

1889, as offering, in his judgment, the best solution of the vexed question of the relations between Labour and Capital. In virtue of this scheme the employes receive a bonus, and are enabled to participate in the profits which they help to create, by acquiring stock at the market quotations. So enthusiastically was the scheme received by them that at the founder's death 5,108 co-partner employes held stock of the market value of £298,866, had on deposit at interest £55,375, and had purchased through their Building Society houses valued at £33,850, or a total of £388,091. Moreover, to cope with the interest manifested by the workers in the scheme it became necessary to start (on January 1st, 1904) a monthly magazine to chronicle the growth of the movement and allied topics. This periodical, under the name of the *Co-partnership Journal*, is edited with exceptional ability by Mr. Walter T. Layton, and wields an influence not by any means confined to the gas world.

In Asylum Road, just off the Old Kent Road, in this vicinity, on the left-hand side, will be seen the well-known Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, founded in 1827-31 for impoverished publicans of good character, their wives or widows. The terrace of buildings forms a shallow segment of a circle, and consists of a northern and southern wing of one-storeyed houses, with a central chapel in the Grecian style. The dwellings front on spacious lawns, the whole occupying an area of six acres. The Duke of Sussex, the first patron, was succeeded, at his death, in 1843, by the Prince Consort, to whom a statue has been erected in the main approach. The Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., consented to accept the office on his father's decease.

Although Peckham Rye had been a people's playground for centuries, it was not until 1868 that all risk of enclosure was put an end to for ever. The common comprises sixty-four acres, and is mostly devoted to recreation—cricket in summer, and in winter football. Formerly it was well wooded, and it is related that one day wee Willie Blake wandered from his home in Broad Street, Golden Square, as far as Peckham Rye. Here a strange sight met his gaze,

for even as a child visionary imaginings had already possessed him: he beheld a tree full of angels, their bright wings shining amongst the leaves. Contiguous to the Rye is Peckham Rye Park, forty-eight and three-quarter acres in extent, which was acquired for £51,000, adapted to the purposes of a pleasure at an outlay of £7,500 more, and opened in 1894. It has since been added to, and is now one of the most richly wooded areas in the Metropolis, its charms being enhanced by an old English garden and many beautiful glades. The quaint buildings of the Homestall Farm lend an acceptable touch of rusticity to the spot. Tradition has it that in another farm house, that of Friern Manor, which stood in the immediate neighbourhood, Alexander Pope wrote a part, if not the whole, of his "Essay on Man," but the same legend, as we have seen, clings to Bolingbroke House at Battersea.

To the east of the Rye lies the populous district of Nunhead, noted for its cemetery and the vaulted Beachcroft Reservoir. The latter, a world's wonder, belongs to the Metropolitan Water Board. Open-air **Nunhead.** reservoirs having been condemned on hygienic grounds, Mr. J. W. Restler, of the Board's engineering staff, designed an immense under-cover basin consisting of spacious caverns beneath a roof of concrete arches supported on brick piers. The structure is of brickwork and concrete, the 19,000,000 bricks utilised having been made out of the excavated clay. The depth of the reservoir varies from twenty-one and a-half to thirty-four feet, and its utmost capacity is 60,000,000 gallons of water, drawn from the Thames above Hampton—a single day's supply for one-fourth of the total population served by the Board. Nunhead's lake will thus always be full to the brim, though it can never overflow. This remarkable engineering feat occupied 400 men constantly for three years, cost £230,000, and was opened by the Lord Mayor in 1909.

Honor Oak, in the extreme eastern area of the borough, pleasantly recalls the visit which Queen Elizabeth paid to Sir Richard Buckley in Lewisham on May Day, 1602. She is said to have lunched under a great oak, standing in solitary grandeur, which thereafter not only became sacrosanct as the Oak of Honour, but also gave the eminence its alternative name in popular speech of One Tree Hill. The hill

**Licensed
Victuallers'
Asylum.**

**Peckham
Rye.**

**Honor
Oak.**

risers to a height of 300 feet and, in pre-telegraph days, was used as a semaphore station. Formerly when the bounds in this quarter were beaten it was customary for the participants in that ceremony to muster at the oak and sing the 104th Psalm. The hill and the adjoining land were secured to the people in 1905 at a cost of £6,000.

From this point an enjoyable stroll soon brings us to the hamlet of Dulwich, which happily still preserves much of its old-time

in some accounts—to build, near the south end of the old hamlet, a college for the accommodation, maintenance, and education of six poor brethren, six poor sisters, and twelve poor scholars. The beneficiaries were to be drawn in equal proportion from the four parishes of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate (in which Alleyn was born); St. Saviour's, Southwark, and St. Luke's, Old Street, taken from St. Giles's, Cripplegate (in which he had business

"God's Gift."



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

HOMESTALL FARM, PECKHAM RYE PARK.

aspect of Sleepy Hollow. The manor was given to Bermondsey Abbey by Henry I. in 1127 and by it retained until the

Dulwich. suppression of monasteries. Henry

VIII. then granted it to the Calton family, and in 1606 Edward Alleyn (1566-1626), the actor and friend of William Shakespeare, purchased it from Sir Francis Calton for £5,000. He bought other estates in the locality, and the land he thus acquired amounted altogether to an area nearly three miles in length (from Champion Hill to Sydenham Hill) by a mile and a-half at its widest point. It soon appeared that he had a laudable motive in adding acre to acre, for in 1613 he commissioned John Benson of Westminster—not Inigo Jones, as is stated

interests); and St. Giles's, Camberwell (in which latterly he resided). As applicants were to be chosen by lot, Alleyn piously called his foundation Alleyn's College of God's Gift, with the motto *Detur gloria soli Deo*. The structure, which was opened on the 13th of September, 1619, is on the plan of three sides of a square, the chapel (in which the founder was buried on November 27th, 1626) occupying the southern side and the wings the eastern and western sides. Before his death Alleyn enlarged the educational constitution so as to provide for the teaching of eighty boys (including the twelve "poor scholars"), and he also stipulated that the master and warden should both be "single and unmarried, of my blood and sirname."

The departure from the terms of the royal charter and the limitation of the headship to persons bearing his name operated disastrously, the one involving repeated costly litigation and the other depriving the school of the best available talent. The result was that in 1857 an Act was passed providing for a root-and-branch reconstruction of the entire foundation. The original College was reserved as an almshouse and two new schools were established. For the Upper, now known as Dulwich College, a magnificent suite of buildings, designed in the Italian Renaissance style by Charles Barry, son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament, and built, at a cost of £100,000, some little distance to the south of the original College, was opened on June 21st, 1870, by King Edward (then Prince of Wales). The curriculum is divided into classical, modern, science and engineering sides, and within a remarkably short period the College took rank with the oldest and best of the great public schools, its record on the practical sides, in fact, being second to none. The Lower School, called Alleyn's School, finally lodged in commodious premises in Townley Road, speedily acquired a deservedly high reputation as a middle-class institution. Yet this did not exhaust the wealth of the estate, and in East Dulwich Grove James Allen's School for Girls, so named after a former Head of the College, an admirable secondary school, increased the splendid educational privileges for which Londoners have to thank the proprietor of the Fortune Theatre in Cripplegate and the Bear Garden in Bankside.

Adjoining the old College on the southwest stands the quaint, creeper-covered building designed by Sir John Soane and opened in 1814 for the exhibition of the pictures which had been bequeathed to the College Governors by Noel Joseph Desenfans and his widow, and Sir Francis Bourgeois, R.A. The gems of the collection, which is particularly rich in examples of the Dutch school, are Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," Gainsborough's "Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell," Watteau's "Ball Under a Colonnade," Albert Cuyp's "Road Near a River," Rembrandt's "A Girl at a Window," Adrian van Ostade's "Boors Merry Making" and "Man and Woman in Conversation,"

Gerard Dou's "Lady Playing on the Virginals," Brekelenkamp's "Old Woman Eating near a Fireplace," Brouwer's "Interior of an Alehouse," Murillo's "Madonna del Rosario," "Spanish Flower Girl," and "Spanish Peasant Boys," Velazquez's "Philip IV.," Guido Reni's "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness," and the "St. Sebastian," once ascribed to Reni but probably a copy, the picture so eloquently descanted on in "Alton Locke" by Charles Kingsley, whose description of the Gallery still holds good.

Partly with a view to quicken the development of their vast estate the Governors of Dulwich College in 1885 presented to the Metropolitan Board of Works seventy-two acres of meadow land lying to the east of the old College for the purposes of a public park, and, after an outlay of £40,000, it was opened in June, 1890, by Lord Rosebery, the first Chairman of the London County Council, which had come into being the year before. The Park is a triumph of landscape gardening. Flowers in beds, depressed as well as raised; a lake large enough for boating, of which the brooklet that meandered sleepily through the pastures acts as a feeder; a bowling green, tennis and croquet lawns, and cricket pitches; well-stocked aviaries; and rockwork finely displaying Alpine and other hardy plants are only a few of the more noticeable features of one of the most beautiful parks in the Metropolis.

At one period the hamlet could boast of several picturesque inns. The "Greyhound," least quaint-looking of all, was best known because it was most central and was the headquarters of the celebrated Dulwich Club, who entertained from time to time Thackeray, Dickens, Thomas Campbell, Mark Lemon, Sir Joseph Paxton and other famous men. Almost opposite to it stood the "Crown," perhaps more plebeian in character and largely affected by beanfeasters from town. Towards the close of the nineteenth century the Governors of Dulwich College, deeming that two taverns in close proximity were more than the needs of the village required, decided to pull down the "Greyhound," which had been erected in 1770, and build upon its extensive grounds, and the "Crown," having been rebuilt on modern lines in the

Dulwich Park.

The Picture Gallery.

The "Greyhound."

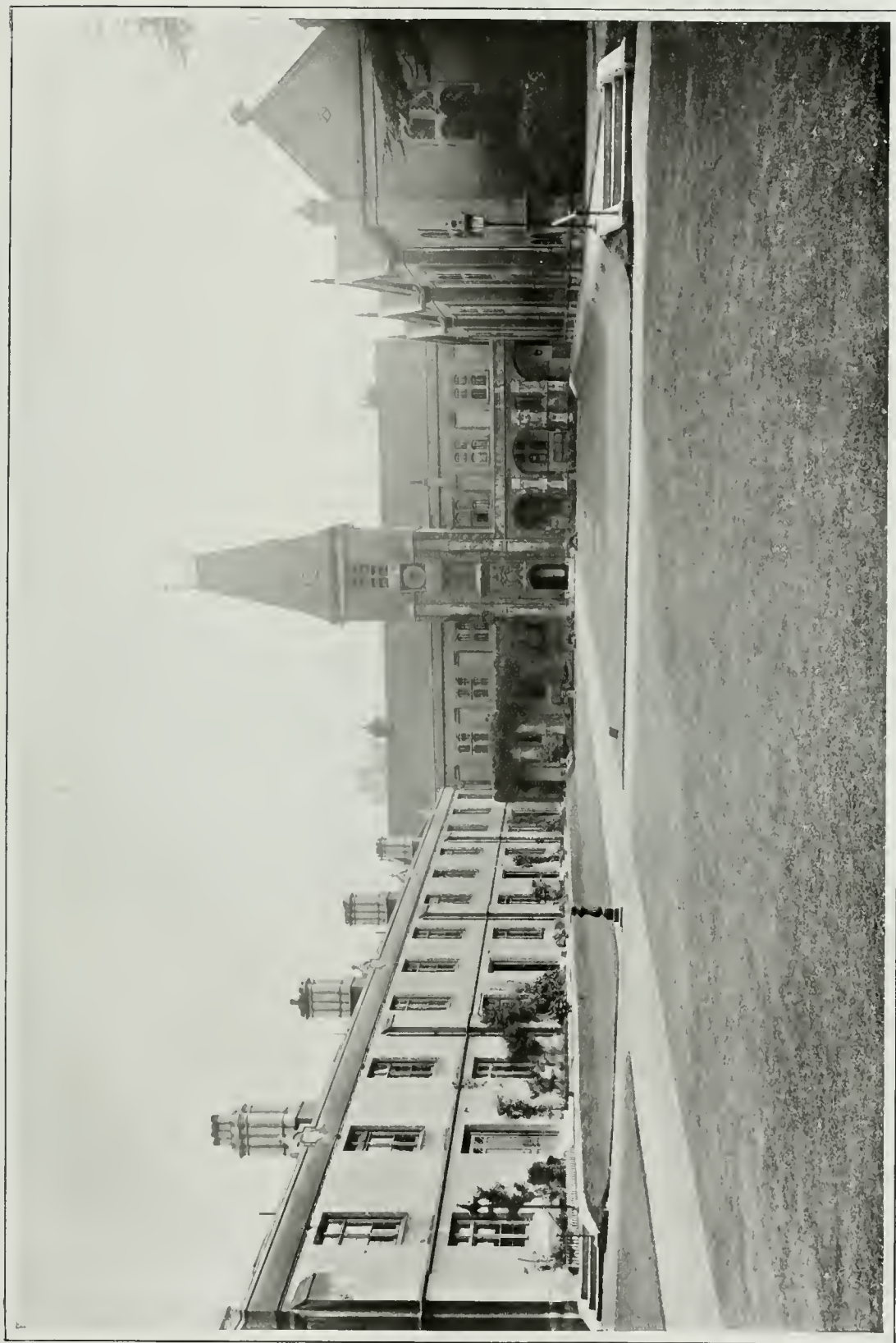


Photo: Pictorial Agency.
DULWICH COLLEGE: THE OLD BUILDINGS.

interval, was re-named "The Crown and Greyhound." The "Grove," occupying the angle where Dulwich Common and Lordship Lane meet, replaced buildings of some interest historically. The "Green Man" was a favourite resort here in the eighteenth

century, being convenient to a saline spring which attracted a number of valetudinarians.

It gradually lost its trade and the site was acquired by Dr. Glennie for the purposes of an academy. Amongst his pupils was Lord Byron, who spent about two years at the school and appears to have taken much less interest in his lessons than in interviewing the gipsies who haunted Dulwich Wood and Common, and in playing at brigandage, the not infrequent cases of highway robbery suggesting the mimic sport. When Glennie's Academy ceased to pay, Bew, a handyman

at the old College, opened a beer-house in some of the school buildings and used the grounds as a tea garden. Then Bew's Corner called for modernisation and the "Grove" tavern blossomed forth in lieu of the beer-house, but the grounds are still used for parties of various kinds, and a bowling lawn recalls one of the attractions of the original "Green Man."

When one sees the ancient and the modern cheek by jowl, so to say, as in Dulwich, one wishes it were possible to save the things that make for beauty, whilst admitting that changes are inevitable. The glory of the hamlet lies in its profusion of venerable trees, and one may look to the Governors of Alleyn's noble estate to protect the oaks, chestnuts and elms from the vandalism of "improvers" who have wrought so much havoc in various parts of London town.



DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY.

CHAPTER XCVII

BERMONDSEY

Dimensions—Arms of the Borough—Population—The Tanning Industry—Municipal Buildings—Bermondsey Abbey and its Associations—Other Religious Houses—St. Olave's—Carter Lane—The Borough Compter—Tooley Street—St. Olave's and St. Saviour's Grammar School—Horselydown—St. James's Church—The Bermondsey Settlement—Rotherhithe—Southwark Park—Spas and Gardens—Tower Bridge Road

SAVE Southwark, its neighbour on the west, Bermondsey, measuring 1,500 acres, is the smallest of the metropolitan boroughs south of the Thames. Stretching from London Bridge to Deptford,

Area. its northern and eastern boundary is formed by the river with its wharves and docks, and it is bordered by Southwark on the west, and by Camberwell and Deptford on the south. It is made up of the parishes of Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Horselydown, and St. Olave's and St. Thomas's, Southwark, and is divided into twelve wards, of which only three—St. Thomas's, St. Olave's, and St. John's—are honoured with names, the rest having to content themselves with numbers. The arms of the

The Borough Arms. borough, figured on page 23 of this work, are a combination of the arms of the parishes of Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, and St. Olave, the lion with crosier representing Bermondsey with its ancient abbey; the ship symbolising Rotherhithe with its docks and shipbuilding; and the axe and crown, the device of the warrior king St. Olaf, being the arms of the late St. Olave's District Board of Works.

The only considerable recreation ground in the borough is Southwark Park, which measures sixty-three acres, the other open spaces amounting altogether to only a dozen acres. In its area of less than two and a-half square miles are packed not far short of 130,000 souls, and the overcrowding is greater than even these figures would indicate, owing to considerable appropriations of land for railway and warehouse purposes. Except to the social student, for whom it provides much matter for thought, Bermondsey offers little to

attract the stranger. What history it has is disembodied history: its ancient things have vanished. Its riverside life is interesting enough, and is not without an uncouth picturesqueness; but its churches lack dignity as they lack antiquity, and anyone who wants to feel thoroughly wretched may be recommended to wander at large on a sunless day among the mean streets still to be found here in spite of the improvements of late years.

Of the population of Bermondsey—the *eye* or island of one Beormund, as we may suppose the name to signify—the greater number are occupied in riverside industries and in a variety of forms of casual labour. But there are larger timber-yards and breweries, and enormous factories, such as Peek, Frean's, and though much of the tanning that used to be done here has gone to the provinces, the

Tanning. borough, especially in its western part, where stands the Leather Market, still smacks with sufficient distinctness of this interesting, if not elegant, industry. Men, as is recorded in "Life and Labour," still "tramp about in heavy clogs; some wear high boots, while others have their legs tightly bound in matting to protect them from the damp and dirt in which they work." And enough of the industry is still left in London to enable the Bermondsey market to give the tone to the leather markets of the world. The tanner, as we learn from Mr. Booth's monumental work, gets his hides fresh from the slaughterhouse, or salted and sun-dried from the importer. Having been divested of the hair that covers them, they are cleansed and scraped until only pure fibre and gelatine

are left; then they are put into pits containing tannic extract, and so are hardened into leather. Here the raw hides have to be soaked for at least three months, and in some cases for so much as fifteen months! They are moved from pit to pit, into tan of which the strength is gradually increased, and at each change of pit, if not oftener, they are laid in heaps to drain. From the tanner such of the leather as has to be made soft and pliable goes to the currier, a highly-skilled workman, who with a sharp two-handled knife reduces it to the required thickness by shaving. It is then treated with fatty matter, and so made soft and waterproof. The market, which is in private ownership, was established in Weston Street in 1833. Close by, in Long Lane, is an old-established tavern which bears the sign—believed by Larwood to be unique—of “Simon the Tanner,” in allusion to the tanner of Joppa.

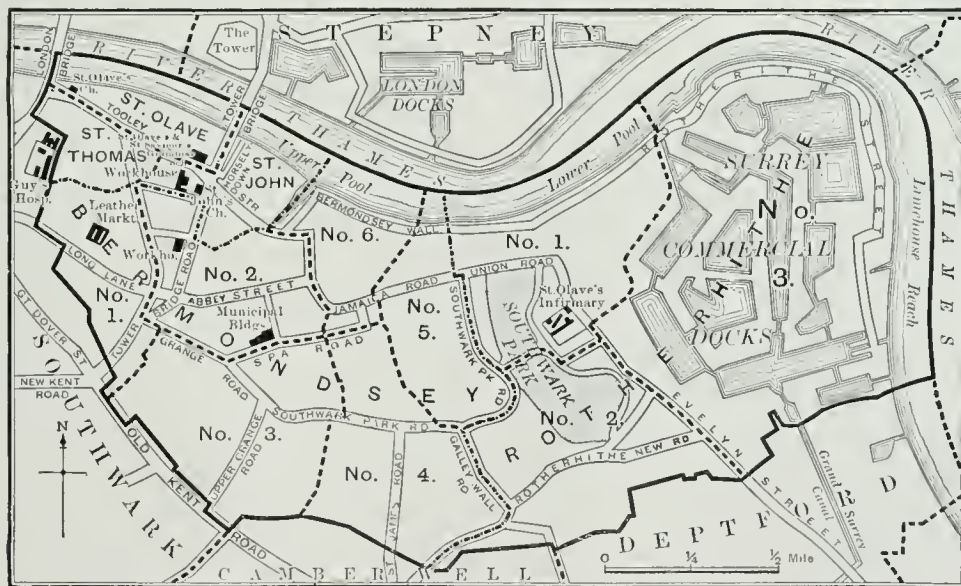
The civic centre of the borough lies half a mile or so south-west of the Leather Market, in an angle formed by Spa and Neckinger Roads. Here, covering three acres of ground, is an immense group of buildings which comprises the Town Hall, the Central Library, the Central Baths and Wash-houses, the electric lighting works and dust destructor, a disinfecting station, a mortuary, with workshops where flags for the footways are manufactured out of the clinker

Municipal Buildings.

from the furnaces. It is, in fact, perhaps the most complete group of municipal buildings on one site in the whole of the Metropolis. It began with the erection in 1853 of baths and wash-houses—the first municipal baths, it is said, to be built in the Metropolis; the Town Hall, a massive structure of stone, followed in 1879; the Library in 1892; the electric lighting and dust destructor works in 1902. Almost the whole of the great scheme, therefore, was carried out by the Bermondsey Vestry before the advent of the Borough Council, whose policy, however, has been marked by the same vigour and energy that characterised its predecessor's. The Council also maintains Baths and Wash-houses for Rotherhithe in Lower Road, opposite the principal entrance to the Surrey Commercial Docks, and here also, in the Town Hall of Rotherhithe, are a branch Public Library and Museum, while there is another library in Tooley Street in a building acquired from the Governors of St. Olave and St. Saviour's Grammar School, and used until that time as a girls' school. The dimensions and number of the Poor-law buildings of Bermondsey bear witness to the poverty of this region. Besides casual wards

Pauperism.

and relief offices and children's homes and schools, there is a large workhouse in Parish Street, adjacent to St. John's Church; another a few yards to the south in Tanner Street, and a third



PLAN OF BERMONDSEY, SHOWING THE WARDS.

at Ladywell, in the borough of Lewisham, while on the east side of Southwark Park is a huge infirmary.

The ecclesiastical centre of the borough, if it can be said to have one, is about midway between the Leather Market and the Municipal Buildings. Here, facing Bermondsey Street, at the point where it joins Abbey Street, is the parish church of

Parish Church.

St. Mary Magdalen, rebuilt in a degraded form of the Gothic in 1680, and much altered in more recent days. Of it we need say nothing more; but it occupies the site of the church of Bermondsey Abbey, of which not a vestige remains except a salver of the fourteenth century, now used as an offertory dish at St. Mary's.

Bermondsey Abbey.

It was after this famous Cluniac monastery, founded in 1082 by Aylwin Child, a London citizen, that Abbey Street is named, and The Grange and Grange Walk are also reminiscent of it. The abbey was enriched by William Rufus with the manor of Bermondsey, and it rose to be a house of great consequence, especially famous for its cross, which stood at the north-west end of Bermondsey Street. At the dissolution, when the Abbot was rewarded for his complaisance with a handsome pension of £336 6s. 8d., the monastery with its manor and demesnes was granted to Sir Robert Southwell, Master of the Rolls, and by him was sold to Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford, who tore down the church and with the materials built Bermondsey House, on a part of the site of the Abbey represented by the present Bermondsey Square. Bermondsey House afterwards came into the hands of Thomas, Earl of Sussex, who here was visited by Queen Elizabeth. As Mr. E. T. Clarke points out in his volume on the history of Bermondsey, the Abbey survived the manor-house by which it had been superseded, some fragments remaining until the early years of the nineteenth century, when they were destroyed to make way for Abbey Street, the eastern part of which follows the line of a water-course that was navigable from the Thames to the Abbey precincts.

The most famous of the associations of Bermondsey Abbey have to do with two

of our dowager queens. When Queen Katharine, the widow of Henry V., had borne her fourth child to

Katharine of Valois.

Owen Tudor, her handsome Clerk of the Wardrobe, whom she had secretly married, she was remitted to this religious house, and here in less than a year she died, full of sorrow for having neglected an astrologer's warning not to bring the King (Henry VI.) into the world at Windsor. In her will, made a few days before the end, she touchingly charged him to see that her debts were paid and her servants guerdoned. Her husband was committed to Newgate when his royal spouse was rusticated at Bermondsey, but he contrived to escape, fought for the King his stepson, and was beheaded after the battle of Mortimer's Cross.

The other queen-widow whose memory clung to the walls of the Abbey so long as

they stood was Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward IV., who was bidden here by Henry VII.

Elizabeth Woodville.

soon after he had married her daughter Elizabeth. Here she lived for twelve years, dying in 1492. A note of pathos is to be heard in her will also, as in this clause, quoted by Sir Walter Besant in his volume on "South London":—"Whereas I have no worldly goods with which to do the Queen's Grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure, neither to reward any of my children, according to my heart and mind, I beseech God Almighty to bless her Grace, with all her noble Issue, and, with as good a heart and mind as may be, I give her Grace aforesaid my blessing and all the aforesaid my children." There is reproach as well as pathos in these words, for the "goods" with which she desired to enrich her children had been wrested from her by the Council when she was sent into retirement.

Bermondsey has memories of other religious houses also besides the Cluniac Abbey of St. Saviour. A little to the east of St. Olave's Church, near the west end of Tooley Street, was in ancient days an Inn of the Abbot of St. Augustine's at Canterbury, which by Stow's day had come into lay hands, and was known as "St. Ledger House," a name that, corrupted into Sellinger, was borne in the nineteenth

century by a wharf. Battle Bridge Lane and Battle Bridge Stairs, about midway between St. Olave's Church and the new Grammar School, bear names which have reference to an Inn of the Abbot of Battle, the monastery reared on the site of the fatal field of Senlac, while opposite the church was yet another ecclesiastical residence, that of the Priors of Lewes, which in Maitland's day had become degraded into a cider-cellar.

Of these houses not a trace remains.

wood lost his life, victim of a much more extensive conflagration, which destroyed property valued at two millions. He was commemorated by a tablet affixed to a warehouse built on the scene of the disaster.

South of St. Olave's Church, lying between Tooley and St. Thomas' Streets, is one of the metropolitan termini of the London Brighton and South Coast and the South Eastern and Chatham Railways. It is curious, by the way, that while the great railway

**London
Bridge
Station.**



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

TOWN HALL AND MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, BERMONDSEY.

Gone, too, is old St. Olave's, which Stow describes as "a fair and meet large church."

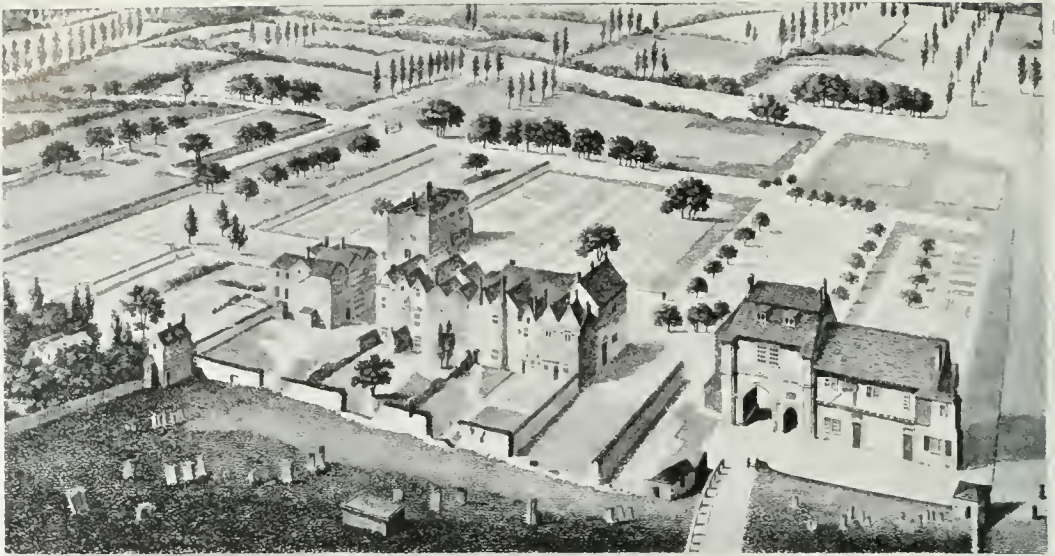
It was rebuilt in 1737-39 by **St. Olave's.** Flitcroft, the architect who built St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and its only noticeable feature is a large square tower at the west end. It was all but destroyed by fire in 1843, but was at once restored. The organ, built by Hill, was designed by Dr. Gauntlett, who at one time was organist of St. Olave's.

It was said that in the fire just referred to St. Olave's might have been saved had not Superintendent Braidwood, the head of the Fire Brigade, thought it his duty to prevent the flames from reaching valuable business premises close by. In that vicinity, a little to the east of St. Olave's, eighteen years later, Mr. Braid-

systems of the north, east and west are each content with one metropolitan terminus, the south-eastern lines have several. This, at the south end of London Bridge, the meanest of the great railway stations of London, began its career as the London and Greenwich station in the 'thirties, but it has since been virtually rebuilt and much extended.

Close by the station there was, until about the year 1830, when it was destroyed to make way for the approaches to London Bridge, a narrow turning out of Tooley Street which bore the name of Carter Lane, famous in Nonconformist annals. Here stood the meeting-house that was the local habitation of the Baptist church which numbered among its ministers Dr. Gill and

**Carter
Lane.**



REMAINS OF BERMONDSEY ABBEY IN 1805.

From a Drawing by C. J. M. Whichelo.

Dr. Rippon, and from which the church that now worships in the Metropolitan Tabernacle derives. The Carter Lane meeting-house that disappeared with the street itself was built in 1757; but the church to which it belonged was founded in the time of the Commonwealth in Goat's Yard, Horselydown, where it was ministered to by Benjamin Keach. Dr. Gill's ministry began in 1720; that of Dr. Rippon, his immediate successor, lasted until 1836; so that the church had but two pastors in the long space of 116 years. Dr. Gill was a man of considerable learning, but he could scarcely have been a lively writer, or his "Exposition of the Old and New Testament," in nine volumes, which John Ryland spoke of as "an ocean of divinity," would not have been stigmatised by Robert Hall as "a continent of mud." Of Dr. Rippon it is related that it once fell to his lot to read to George III. a Nonconformist address congratulating him upon his recovery from illness, and that when he reached the end of a passage acknowledging the goodness of God in healing the sick King, he paused and said, "Please your Majesty, we will read that again," which he did with special emphasis. It was, one may conjecture, a piece of unconventionality which gave no offence to the simple-minded monarch who was the object of it. Dr. Rippon was still

pastor of the church when, its meeting-house in Carter Lane having been appropriated by the local authorities, it migrated to New Park Street, Southwark, whence it afterwards moved further west to its present headquarters at Newington Butts.

Leading out of Tooley Street on the other, the north side, is Battle Bridge Lane, formerly Mill Lane, where there stood the Borough Compter, a prison for debtors, male and female, which was removed hither from St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, early in the nineteenth century. It was visited in 1817 by Thomas Fowell Buxton, who gives of it a truly dreadful description. In a room twenty feet long and six feet wide, "on eight straw beds, with sixteen rugs, and a piece of timber for a bolster, twenty prisoners had slept side by side the preceding night. I maintained that it was physically impossible," Buxton adds, "but the prisoners explained away the difficulty by saying they slept edgeways. . . . I was struck with the appearance of one man, who seemed much dejected. He had seen better times, and was distressed to be placed in such a situation. He said he had slept next to the wall, and was literally unable to move, from the pressure. In the morning the stench and heat were so oppressive that he and everyone else, on waking, rushed unclothed, as they must be, into the yard; and the turnkey told me

**The
Borough
Compter.**

that the smell on the first opening of the door was enough to turn the stomach of a horse." The Compter survived until 1853.

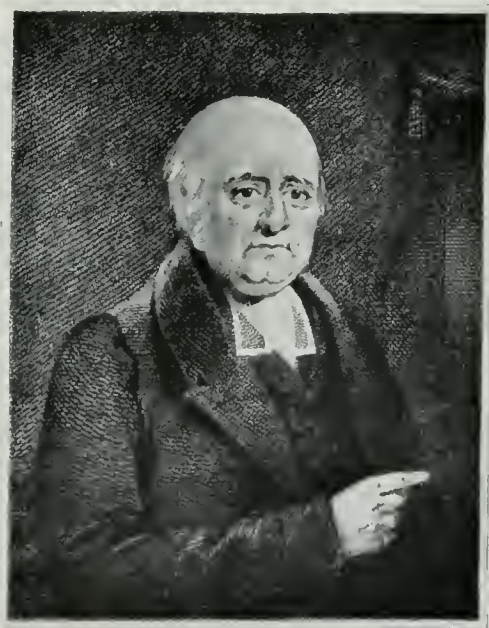
Tooley Street, which runs parallel with the railway from London Bridge to Dock-head, has been widened throughout its entire length, a much-needed improvement that was completed in 1884. Its undignified title is a corruption of St. Olave's Street, for it is named after the church that stands upon its northern side; and in Cromwell's time, in an advertisement of Thomas Garway, the founder of the celebrated City Coffee-house, it appears as "St. Tulies Street." Canning could not have had a better name than that into which "St. Olave's Street" was debased with which to associate his immortal story of "the three tailors of Tooley Street,"

who began their memorial for the redress of popular grievances with the phrase, "We, the people of England." How much less effectively would "the three tailors of St. Olave's Street" have served his purpose!

On the north side of Tooley Street, at the point where it is joined by Queen Elizabeth Street, stands one of the few handsome buildings of which Bermondsey can boast, the Grammar School of St. Olave's and St. Saviour's, built from Mr. Edward W. Mountford's designs, in what may be described as modern Renaissance, at a total cost of £32,000, and providing accommodation for some 500 boys. The building, erected in 1892-95, but not completed in its present form until 1896, includes a spacious gymnasium, and beneath it a well-fitted workshop of the same size. In the gymnasium is preserved a statue of Queen Elizabeth from the principal entrance to the old school, of which some fragmentary remains are built into the walls of the covered playground—formed by the west wing being raised on pillars—while the original clock and bell have been refixed in the roof turret, and the old wrought-iron railings are to be seen on the boundary wall. The schools of this now united foundation were both founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The earlier of the two is St. Saviour's, which was opened shortly before 1562, when it obtained its first charter, in premises near St. Saviour's

Church, on the west side of London Bridge, where it remained until in 1843 the site was appropriated for the Borough Market. It then migrated to new buildings in Sumner Street, which now belong to St. Peter's Church. St. Olave's Grammar School secured its first charter in 1571, but it was started ten years before this in buildings which were pulled down in 1830 to make way for the railway. Five years later a new school was built in Bermondsey Street, but in 1849 this also was absorbed by the railway. After occupying temporary premises in Maze Pond, Southwark, new buildings were reared for it on the site of the present united school—a part of the old field of Horselydown, which had belonged to the Governors since 1571, and from which they draw the greater part of their revenue. It is interesting to note that Robert Browne, founder of the Independent denomination, which at first was known by his name, was master of St. Olave's School from 1586 to 1591.

The foundation, it should be added, now includes a large school for some 350 girls in the New Kent Road, Southwark, opened by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales in 1903, having been built, from designs by Mr. W. Campbell Jones, under the provisions of a scheme dated November 28th, 1899, which unites into one foundation the endowments



DR. RIPPON.

not only of the St. Olave and St. Saviour's Grammar School, but those also of St. Thomas's School and St. John's Girls' School, Horselydown.

The region known as Horselydown, in which, as we have seen, the Boys' Grammar School is situate, stretches as far eastwards as St. Saviour's Dock, and northwards to the river. In olden days it was a large field in which horses were grazed; hence the name which, after undergoing sundry mutations, became Horsedown and Horseydown, and finally Horselydown. Fair Street, running parallel with Tooley Street to the south, and notable as the birthplace of the founder of Guy's Hospital, just over the Southwark border, is by its name a reminder of the fair which was held at Horselydown at least as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Artillery Street, which joins Fair Street, recalls the fact that on the west side of St. John's Church stood the old Artillery Hall of the Southwark Train Bands, converted into a workhouse in 1725. Horselydown, anciently a part of the parish of St. Olave's, was erected into a separate parish in 1733, when the present church dedicated to St. John, with an Ionic column doing duty as a spire and claiming from passengers approaching London Bridge Station an attention which it little deserves, was built. Nearer the centre of Bermondsey, at the eastern end of Spa Road, is St. James's Church, built in 1829, with a

St. James's. lofty and effective square tower, which makes a better landmark. Between it and the river, in Farncombe Street, is the substantial building of red brick which, opened in 1892, is the home of the Wesleyan Settlement in South London.

**The
Bermondsey
Settlement**

Here is carried on a work, social and educational as well as religious, that was initiated in 1889, and has been vigorously prosecuted under the direction of the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, M.A., the warden, who is an Alderman of the London County Council and Editor of the *Methodist Times*, and in 1908-9 was President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. Some 6,000 names are now enrolled in the societies that have sprung up in connexion with this successful enterprise.

By way of Jamaica Road, named after

an inn that was formerly a well-known feature of this part of Bermondsey, we find our way to Rotherhithe, which is made up mostly of wharves and docks

Rotherhithe. and of Southwark Park. There is no lack, therefore, of fresh air, and though in the older part of Rotherhithe there is still room for improvement, the inhabitants are, on the whole, a healthy race. In "Life and Labour," indeed, we read of a lady occupied with mission work who twenty-six years before the time of writing came to Rotherhithe as an invalid under sentence of imminent death, and was still engaged in her pious activities.

At the time of the Domesday Survey Rotherhithe formed part of the royal manor of Bermondsey. Various derivations of the name have been suggested, but it appears from Wheatley and Cunningham that in a charter of the ninth century it figures as "*Ætheredes hyd*," and in view of that fact it is not worth while to canvass mere speculations. In the seventeenth century the place was almost universally called Redriff, and in 1774 this was still the popular designation, though the polite "Ambulator" of that year gives its correct name as Rotherhith and scorns the other as a vulgar cognomen. Now the vulgar name has entirely died out, but the local authorities have named a road leading to the docks Redriff Road. The personal associations of Rotherhithe are mostly of a maritime order, and it is able to claim as one of its sons Admiral Sir John Leake, who took part in the relief of Londonderry, and was buried as well as born here. Here, too, if we may believe Swift, who ought to have known, was born Samuel Gulliver, who, if not a mariner, was at any rate a great traveller. It was at Rotherhithe that the *Timénaire*, the subject of Turner's great painting, was "tugged to her last berth" in 1838. In a letter to the *Times*, written in 1877 by Canon Beck, at that time rector of Rotherhithe, it is stated that the yard at which she was broken up was close to the Surrey Canal entrance of the Surrey Commercial Docks, and that the altar rails and two sanctuary chairs in the church of St. Paul's, on the north side of the docks, which was being built at that time, are made of some of her timbers, presented by the shipbreaker, Mr. Beatson, to the architect

The parish church of Rotherhithe, dedicated to St. Mary, and standing on the western side of the entrance to the Thames Tunnel, dates only from 1715, when it superseded the old church. In the churchyard is the East India Company's memorial of Prince Lee Boo, son of the king of one of the Pelew Islands in the Pacific Ocean. The king had shown much kindness to the captain and crew of the frigate *Antelope*, wrecked on the island in 1783, and they brought his son to England to be educated;

The Church.

with spas and tea gardens and bowling greens; but this part of South London had its full share of such places of amusements in its less crowded and less strenuous days, as the names of many of the streets serve to remind us. Thus we find Cherry Garden Street, leading to Cherry Garden Pier; Jamaica Road, already mentioned; St. Helena Road, at the southern end of Rotherhithe; and Spa Road, which perpetuates the memory of gardens containing a chalybeate spring that

Spas and Gardens.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. OLAVE AND ST. SAVIOUR'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

but the young man died of small-pox at the age of twenty and was buried here.

Southwark Park runs to length rather than to breadth, for it stretches almost from the riverside to the Deptford border on the south. Sixty-three acres in extent, with a lake in the centre, it was made out of market gardens by the Metropolitan Board of Works and opened in 1869. Its name has by lapse of time become a misnomer, for this part of London is no longer a part of the Parliamentary borough of Southwark, as it was when the park was created.

Southwark Park.

It is not easy in these days to associate Rotherhithe or any other part of Bermondsey

was discovered in 1770. Neckinger Road, running beside the Municipal Buildings, is named after a stream, while Maze Pond, close to Guy's Hospital, at the north-western end of the borough, has reference to the ancient manor of the Maze.

It should be added that of the more recent street improvements in the borough, the most considerable are the creation of the Tower Bridge Road, a thoroughfare sixty feet broad running from the bridge to the corner of the Old Kent Road, and the formation of an approach to the Rotherhithe Tunnel. At the corner of the Old Kent Road stands the Bricklayers' Arms Tavern, which has given its name to the great railway goods depot.

CHAPTER XCVIII

DEPTFORD

A Mutilated Deptford—The Dockyard, now the Foreign Cattle Market—Francis Drake Knighted at Deptford—Peter the Great—Saye's Court and John Evelyn—Pepys on Evelyn—Saye's Court Grounds—Deptford Park—The "Discovery" of Grinling Gibbons—The "Red House"—Trinity House—St. Nicholas' Church—St. Paul's—The Town Hall—Schools—New Cross College—Telegraph Hill

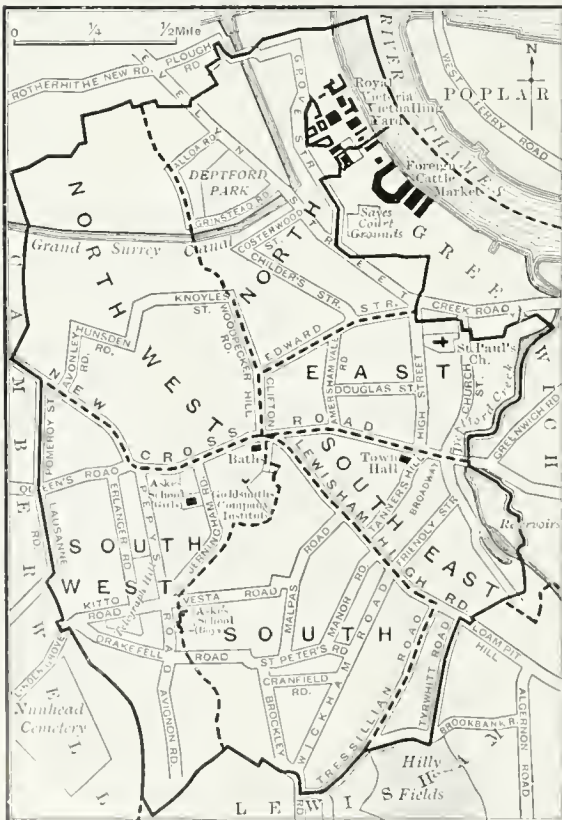
THIS borough is believed to owe its present name to a "deep ford" across the Ravensbourne, the little stream which for some part of its course forms its eastern border, and of which the lower and wider part, for some little distance from its influx into the Thames, is styled Deptford Creek. But in more ancient times, before it borrowed a name from the ford, it was known as West Greenwich, and there is therefore something, though not much, to be said for the extraordinary anomaly that the older part of

Deptford, including the church of St. Nicholas, the historic dockyard where Drake's

A Mutilated Deptford.

Golden Hind was laid up when she became unfit for service and where Peter the Great studied the art of shipbuilding, and so much as is left of the grounds of Saye's Court, the seat of the Evelyns, are all included in the borough of Greenwich. The borough of Deptford, indeed, consists only of the less ancient of the two civil parishes of Deptford, that of St. Paul, which was separated from the parish of

St. Nicholas about the year 1730, and so it is that though the historic memories of Deptford are mostly bound up with its dockyard, it now has only a meagre frontage to the Thames, little more, indeed, than the extent of the Royal Victualling Yard. With its 1,563 acres, it is the smallest but two of the metropolitan boroughs on the south side of the river, the two smaller ones being its northern neighbour, Bermondsey, and Southwark. It is divided into six wards, which are named according to their geographical positions. In 1834 it was a little town lying beside the Thames and the Ravensbourne, and the two churches of St. Nicholas and St. Paul sufficed for the religious needs of its inhabitants; now it has a population numbering about 120,000, and its largest open space, Deptford Park, measures no more than seventeen acres. It has not chosen to indulge in the luxury of a coat of arms, but the seal of the Corporation and the mayoral badge are reminiscent of the ancient fame of Deptford as the seat of the chief dockyard on the Thames and of the labours therein of Peter the Great.



PLAN OF DEPTFORD, SHOWING THE WARDS.

Declining to recognise the surgical operation by which Deptford was shorn of its most historic features, we shall deal in this chapter, and not in that on Greenwich, with the dockyard and Saye's Court, and the church of St. Nicholas. And first the dockyard. This, founded by Henry VIII., was the starting-point of Deptford's career, for until then it was nothing but a small fishing-village. In its later years it was one of the smaller dockyards, for in 1839 it was exceeded

**The Dock-
yard.**

necessary under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act to provide accommodation for the slaughter of foreign animals brought into the Port of London, the City Corporation acquired the larger part of the dockyard at a cost of £95,000, and spent nearly £150,000 in adapting it to the purposes of a Foreign Cattle Market. Though the trade of the market fluctuates with the rise and fall of cattle disease in foreign countries, the market has on the whole prospered, and a few years ago its extension was found necessary.



OLD VIEW OF DEPTFORD, FROM THE GREENWICH ROAD.

From a Drawing by Schnebbelie.

in size by Woolwich and Sheerness and Chatham, and was only about a third as large as either Portsmouth or Plymouth, but earlier in its career it was of much greater consequence, and here were built many of those wooden walls which carried adventurous Englishmen into distant seas in quest of spoil and peril. Early in the nineteenth century it was closed, but after some years was reopened, and remained in full swing until British oak was superseded by iron and the shallow water in the Thames caused its operations to be restricted to the building of gunboats. The last vessel to be launched here was the corvette *Druid*, on the 13th of March, 1869, and before the month had run out the long career of Deptford Dockyard was over. Two years later, it having become

Of all its naval associations, the one upon which Deptford most prides itself is the honour which Queen Elizabeth here conferred upon Sir Francis Drake in dining with him on board the *Golden Hind* and then and there knighting him. It was by her orders that the ship, when it was worn out, was preserved in the dockyard as a memorial of the man who had singed the King of Spain's beard, and here accordingly was it kept until it fell into decay, when at last it had to be broken up. A chair made from some of the timber was presented to the University of Oxford, where it may still be seen in the Bodleian Library.

**Francis
Drake.**

It was in 1698, two years after the death of his half-brother had left him sole occupant of the throne, that Peter the Great came to the

dockyard to learn the art of shipbuilding. In 1872 the City Corporation put up in the Foreign Cattle Market a tablet inscribed—"Here worked as a ship carpenter Peter, Czar of all the Russias, afterwards Peter the Great, 1698." When not actually at work in the Dockyard he would be rowing or sailing on the Thames, and many of his evenings were spent with boon companions in carouses at a public-house close to Tower Hill, as related in an earlier chapter.

During the Russian monarch's stay at Deptford he and his suite occupied John Evelyn's house, Saye's Court, close by, a doorway being broken through the boundary wall of the dockyard that he might have direct access to his place of residence. The mansion was originally the manor-house of West Greenwich, and it is believed to have occupied the site of a castle built by a follower of William the Conqueror. For a time the house which succeeded the castle was held by the family of Says or Sayes, whose name was ever afterwards borne by the estate, but in Evelyn's day it was the property of his father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne, who soon after Evelyn's marriage, in 1647, gave it up to him. In 1653

John Evelyn. Evelyn began the formation of those gardens and groves and plantations in which he took such keen delight. Here for the most part he lived during the next forty years, honoured with visits from the widowed Queen Henrietta Maria, from Charles II. and the Duke of York, from glorious John Dryden and the observant Pepys, from Abraham Cowley, botanist as well as poet and essayist, and from many other celebrities, who admired the evidences of his skill in arboriculture and gardening. Pepys

The Two Diarists. gives a most interesting account of his accomplishments—praises his miniature paintings and his engravings, listens with edification to extracts from his works on Gardening—"a most noble and pleasant piece"—thinks his plays very good, though not so good "as he conceits them, I think, to be," and sums him up, no doubt discriminatingly enough, as "a most excellent person," whom it was easy to pardon for "a little conceitedness" because he was "a man so much above others." In the same judicial spirit the one diarist records how the other

read, "though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own that were not transcendent, yet one or two very pretty epigrams."

How great a transformation Evelyn wrought here we know from himself. "I planted every hedge and tree," he writes, "not only in the garden, groves, etc., but about all the fields and house, since 1653, except those large, old and hollow elms in the Stable Court and next the sewer; for it was before all one pasture field to the very garden of the house, which was but small; from which time also I repaired the ruined house." Here, as we have said, he spent most of his time until in 1693 he removed to Wotton, where he was born, and soon afterwards he let Saye's Court to Admiral Benbow on the condition that the garden should be kept up. The gallant old salt turned out to be an unsatisfactory lessee, for Evelyn confides to his diary his mortification at seeing his labour and expense "impairing," and sighs for "a more polite tenant." He was still less fortunate in his next tenant, Peter the Great, who is said to have amused himself by trundling a wheelbarrow through the magnificent holly hedge in which its creator took special pride, and to which he is believed to allude in a noble passage in the "Sylva."

After Evelyn's death Saye's Court was allowed to fall into decay. The groves and gardens disappeared, and according to Lysons the house was pulled down in 1728 or 1729 and its place taken by a workhouse—a large brick-built building of two stories, which was possibly, as some believe, a part of the original mansion rather than a new structure. After the dockyard was closed the late Mr. W. J. Evelyn, the representative of the family to which the diarist belonged, who owned a good deal of property at Deptford, converted the workhouse into almshouses, and buying back from the Government as much of the estate as could be acquired, formed it into a recreation ground of about seven acres, of which the public are allowed to have the enjoyment, though Mr.

Saye's Court Grounds. Evelyn did not divest himself of the ownership of it, and maintained it at his own expense. In one corner of Saye's Court Grounds, as the enclosure is styled, are to be seen the almshouses referred to above, a comely looking

building; in another, nearer the Cattle Market, is a building of Mr. Evelyn's erection which is used for a variety of public purposes. Another part of the Evelyn estate, a little to the north-west of Saye's Court Grounds, measuring seventeen acres, latterly let out in market gardens, and lying in the borough of Deptford, was in 1897 dedicated to the public under the style and title of Deptford Park, having been acquired from Mr. Evelyn on terms below its market value. It is almost circular in shape, is devoid of ornament, and is surrounded by a ring of dwelling-houses. Mr. Evelyn, by the way, was a collateral descendant of the famous diarist, whose direct descendants did not die out until 1848, when the baronetcy became extinct.

We must not pass on from John Evelyn without recalling that it was at Deptford, in 1671, that he accidentally "discovered" Grinling Gibbons, the incomparable sculptor in wood. As he passed "a poore solitary thatched house" near Saye's Court, he looked in at the window and saw the artist carving Tintoret's large crucifix, a copy of which he himself had brought from Venice. Entering, his eyes were charmed with such work as "for the curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness" he had never seen in all his travels. "I asked if he was unwilling to be made known to some greate man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit; he answer'd he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell off that piece; the price he said £100. The very frame was worth the money there being nothing in nature so tender and delicate as the flowers

about it, and yet the work was very strong; in the piece were more than 100 figures of men." It was Evelyn who made the sculptor known to Sir Christopher Wren, who was glad to press his genius into the service of embellishing St. Paul's.

The Royal Victualling Yard, the chief of



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

DEPTFORD TOWN HALL.

the three storehouses of the British Navy, a little to the north of the Foreign Cattle Market, opened in 1745, and greatly

The "Red House."

enlarged, occupies the site of the "Red House," a group of warehouses and storehouses built of red bricks which was burnt down in 1639. This property was included in the grant of Saye's Court to the Evelyns, from whom it has been purchased by the Government from time to

time, and some of the present buildings stand upon gardens that once rejoiced the heart of the author of "Sylva."

To Deptford belongs the further glory of being the cradle of the Corporation of Trinity House, which is believed to have originated early in the fifteenth century in a fraternity of pilots, seamen, and mariners at what was known as Deptford Strond. We have briefly recounted the history of this corporation in our notice of its present headquarters at Tower Hill, where it has been located since 1798. In spite of the researches of Mr. C. R. B. Barrett, author of "The Trinity House of Deptford Strond," some obscurity hangs over the hall and almshouses of the Guild at Deptford, but the remains of the last of their halls here are still to be seen in the building off Church Street which in its later days has been known as Trinity Temperance Hall.

The church of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of sailors, near the north end of Church Street, is not older than the year 1697, except the tower, which was left standing when the older church on the same site was taken down and replaced by the present one. In October, 1901, a portion of the tower was blown down, but the structure was repaired, though not until after long delay. John Evelyn wor-

shipped both in the old church and in the one which superseded it, and speaks of the latter in 1699 "as a pretty new church." In St. Nicholas' lie several of his children, and his father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne, rests in the churchyard under the south-east window—for he thought it not seemly that the remains of the dead should be deposited in a building to be used by the living. In the churchyard, too, in a grave that is not identifiable, lies Kit Marlowe the dramatist, who met his death here at Deptford in 1593 in a brawl with one Francis Archer, who is believed to have been his rival in love. Several mariners of note are commemorated in the church, among them Peter Pett, "a master shipwright in the King's Yard," the inventor of the frigate, and Captain George Shelvocke, "bred to sea-service under Admiral Benbow." The altar-screen is said to be a specimen of Grinling Gibbons' work, and the church also contains his gruesome representation of the prophet's vision of the Valley of the Bones; the organ is one of Father Smith's; and on one of the walls hangs a portrait of Queen Anne from the pencil of Kneller.

St. Paul's, the only other Deptford church which is not modern, situated between the High Street and Church Street, was built in 1730 and was one of the fifty new churches provided for by Acts passed in the reign of Queen Anne. It is a massive-looking Renaissance edifice with a not ungraceful western spire astride a semi-circular portico, and is surrounded by a rather dismal-looking churchyard—now disused—in which is the tomb of one Margaret Hawtree, who died in 1734, and is declared by the epitaph to have been

"... an indulgent mother, and the best of wives;
She brought into this world more than three
thousand lives."

Mrs. Hawtree was, in fact, a midwife of some note in her day, who presented to the church a silver basin for christenings, and another to St. Nicholas'.

Deptford, which a hundred years ago was largely given up to market gardens, has, if we except a Unitarian chapel in Church Street dating from the Commonwealth, no antiquities that need detain us, and its modern



JOHN EVELYN.

interests are industrial rather than æsthetic. Old Deptford, with a population largely employed in the Foreign Cattle Market, has had the reputation of being one of the roughest regions in the Metropolis; but the character of the district has been rising, if slowly, and the hand of the London County Council is plainly to be seen in the streets of pleasant working-class dwellings which have taken the place of slums, and in Carrington House, a working man's hotel modelled on the pattern of the Rowton Houses, in Brookmill Road, near the Broadway. There is a handsome Town Hall on the south side of the New Cross Road, almost exactly in the centre of the borough, built from designs by Messrs. Lanchester and Rickards, and completed in 1905. The façade is replete with nautical symbols; in the tympanum of the pediment is a relief representing a naval battle in the olden time; and there are statues of four famous admirals—Drake, Blake, Nelson, and a typical admiral of the present day. Beside the Town Hall, in Laurie Grove, are the Baths and Wash-houses. The Free Libraries Act was adopted in 1904, and in the following year Deptford's first public library was opened in temporary premises in the New Cross Road. In this road, too, besides the Broadway Theatre and the Empire Music Hall, is the Addey and Stanhope School, a pleasant looking building which represents two foundations, **Schools.** one being that of John Addey, a king's master shipwright at the Dockyard, the tercentenary of whose death was celebrated by a memorial service at St. Nicholas' in December, 1906. Some little way westwards, with its entrance in Jerningham Road, is the Aske's Hatcham Girls' School of the Haberdashers' Company, built to accommodate some 400 girls when in 1891 the whole of the buildings of the same foundation on the top of Telegraph Hill were appropriated for boys. The school is separated from the main road by extensive grounds enclosed by a wall high enough to prevent passers-by from being cheered by the spectacle of the girls at play.

South of the New Cross Road, which runs through the borough from east to west, lies the part of Deptford which in a social

sense may be styled its "west end." Here, in the Lewisham High Road, near its junction with the New Cross Road, is the building which was known as the **New Cross Goldsmiths' Institute** from 1891, **College.** when the Goldsmiths' Company opened it as a Technical Institute, until in 1905 it was taken over from the Company as a gift, together with the grounds in which it stands, by the University of London, which now maintains it, in association with the London, Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey County Councils, as a Training College for Teachers, besides using it for other educational purposes. A new wing has since been added to it at the charges of the Goldsmiths. The building was formerly the Royal Naval School, which occupied it from its erection in the 'forties until 1889. On a commanding site in Pepys Road, on the summit of Telegraph Hill at Hatcham, is the Aske's Boys' School of the Haberdashers' Company, built in two sections in 1875 for 300 boys and 200 girls, but now, as we have said, used for boys alone. At Hampstead and Acton are other schools of the same foundation, which originated in a bequest made in 1688 by Robert Aske, a haberdasher of the City of London, and a lineal descendant of the Robert Aske who was leader of the Pilgrimage of Grace in the reign of Henry VIII.

Telegraph Hill, one of whose slopes has been converted into a pleasant recreation-ground divided into two parts, **Telegraph and measuring altogether between** **Hill.** nine and ten acres, is so called from the fact that on its summit was one of the semaphore stations of the Admiralty in the days before the electric current had been yoked to the service of man. It was from this station, according to Sturdee's "Reminiscences of Old Deptford," that the news of Waterloo was flashed to London. Before it was put to this use the hill bore the curious name of Plowed Garlic Hill. Telegraph Hill is in the manor of Hatcham Barnes or Hatcham Bavant, which at some time was separated from the ancient manor of Hatcham. In this part of the borough was one of the London residences of Robert Browning; but, like the one in Camberwell, it has vanished. It is said to have stood on a part of the site now occupied by the Aske's Girls' School and grounds.

CHAPTER XCIX

LEWISHAM

Origin of the Name—Alfred the Great—Statistical Account—The Ravensbourne—Blackheath—Golf and Football—Dartmouth House—The "Green Man"—Abraham Colfe—The Grammar School—Colfe's Almshouses—Lewisham Proper—Limes Grove—St. Mary's—The Central Library—Hither Green—Lee—Ladywell—Brockley—Rushey Green—Catford—The Town Hall—Place House—Forest Hill—Horniman's Museum—Sydenham—The Wells—Southend

EVEN in its more populous places the borough of Lewisham wears at certain points the air of a provincial town: in London, yet not wholly of it. This impression is due partly to its spaciousness, partly to the curious intermixture of old and new, and is, besides, heightened by the fact that much of the district is still almost open country. Though the stock derivation of the name from the Anglo-Saxon *lewsu*, "pastures," and *ham* "a village"—

Origin of the Name.

that is, "the village of pastures"—is no longer tenable, one can hardly blame the historians who gave it currency for jumping at a meaning which so completely answered to the natural character of the locality. Professor W. W. Skeat informed Mr. Leland L. Duncan, the author of a commendably concise "History of the Borough of Lewisham," that "Liofshema," a form occurring in a grant of 862, and "Leofsuhaema," a form found in a charter of 958, are Anglo-Saxon words meaning "Leof-sunu's home," or "the farmstead of Leof-sunu" (literally "the dear son"). The modern English equivalent of "Leof-sunu" is "Leveson," pronounced "Lewson," which is very close to "Leusam," as the village was often popularly called in the seventeenth century. By an easy transition to the now more usual style of "Lewis" for "Leus," we reach at length the present accredited designation. But who this dim and distant Saxon farmer-magnate was will never be known.

In 912 Elthruda, the youngest daughter of Alfred the Great, bestowed Lewisham, along with other lands, upon the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter in Ghent, possibly moved thereto by regard for her husband, Count

Baldwin II. of Flanders, who died three years afterwards. This grant was confirmed by later kings, including the Con-

The Manor.

queror, and is mentioned in Domesday Book. Nevertheless, many a baron cast covetous eyes upon the property, and a spirit hostile to absentee overlords gradually acquired such strength that Henry V. in 1414, the year before Agincourt, assented to the petition of the Commons and deprived the alien priory of its estate in England, only to give it, on his return laurel-crowned from France in 1415, to the Carthusian priory at Sheen. The monks retained possession of it for 116 years, when they ceded it (under pressure) to Henry VIII. Though granted at various dates to different tenants, it remained a Crown manor until 1624, when James I. conferred it upon Edward and Robert Ramsay, on the request of their relative the Earl of Holderness, who, as Sir John Ramsay and in the capacity of page, had saved the King's life in the affair of the Gowrie conspiracy in 1600. The Ramsays disposed of the manor in 1640, and in 1673 it was conveyed to George Legge, nine years afterwards made Baron Dartmouth. In 1711 his son William was created Viscount Lewisham and Earl of Dartmouth, the former title becoming thenceforward the courtesy title of the eldest son.

Lewisham, with an area of 7,014 acres, or about eleven square miles, is the third largest borough in the

Statistical Account.

metropolitan county. The population, which in 1801 numbered 4,000 persons, is now a little over 160,000. Comprising the parishes of Lewisham and Lee—which, however, for all civil purposes

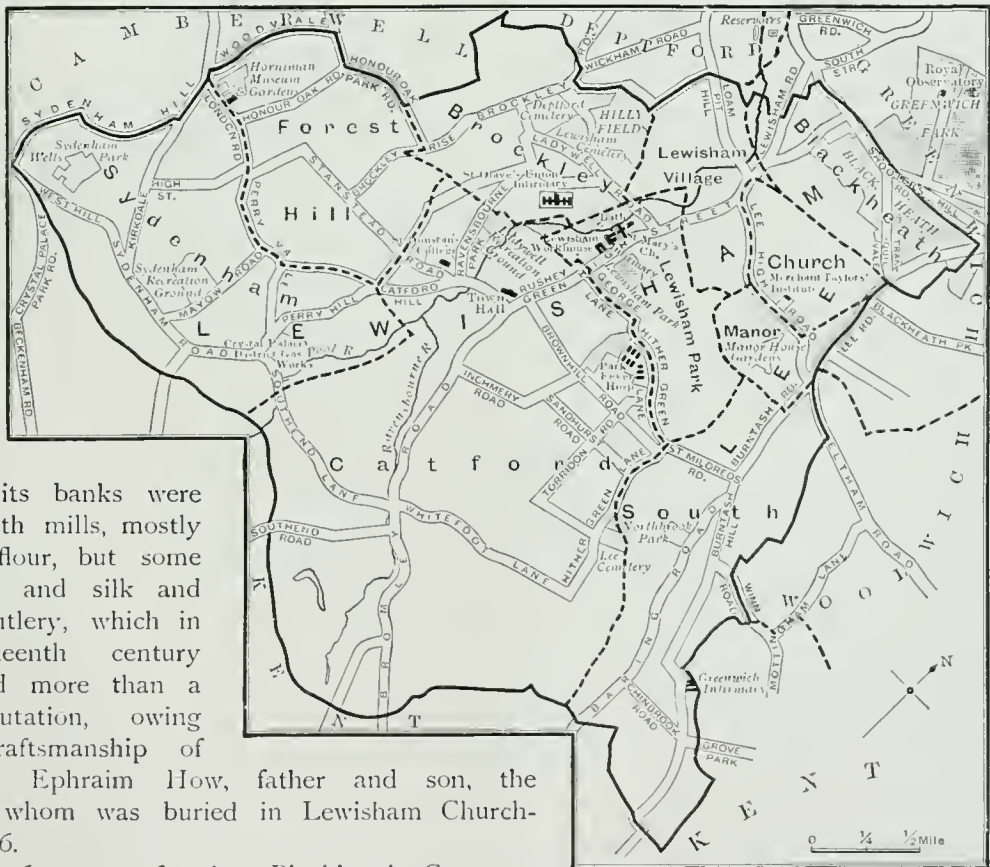
are one—the borough is divided into ten wards, namely, Church, Manor, South (these three disposing of Lee), Blackheath, Lewisham Village, Lewisham Park, Brockley, Catford, Forest Hill, and Sydenham Wards. Besides discharging the usual municipal functions, the Council has established cemeteries at Ladywell and Hither Green; has constructed baths at Forest Hill, Bell Green, and Ladywell; and manages six free libraries—the Central, in Lewisham High Street; the Brockley, in Brockley Road; the Lower Sydenham, in Sydenham Road (the cost of these three has been borne by Mr. Andrew Carnegie); the Forest Hill, in Dartmouth Road; the Manor House, in Lee Old Road; and the Hither Green. Physically, the borough lies high in the north and south-west and is roughly bisected by the Ravensbourne, which enters it near the railway station of that name and pursuing a winding course, mainly northerly, leaves it near the Kent Water Works, finally discharging into the Thames at Deptford Creek. The stream rises near Farnborough and re-

ceives the Quaggy on the right and the Pool on the left, but before it reaches Ladywell it has already lost all natural charm.

Formerly its banks were studded with mills, mostly used for flour, but some for leather and silk and one for cutlery, which in the eighteenth century had gained more than a local reputation, owing to the craftsmanship of John and Ephraim How, father and son, the former of whom was buried in Lewisham Churchyard in 1736.

Of the 267 acres forming Blackheath Common, 144½ acres belong to Lewisham, the rest to Greenwich.

The heath is supposed to derive its name either from the colour of the soil, or its bleak situation, or (preferentially) the dark aspect it presented before it was stripped of its once luxuriant covering of gorse and undergrowth. Owing to its proximity to the capital the heath has witnessed many spectacles both picturesque and tumultuous, of which we may cite a few conspicuous instances. In 1012 the Danes met here in menace of London and slew Alphage, Archbishop of Canterbury; here in 1381 Wat Tyler and his insurgents encamped before marching to the Smoothfield, or Smithfield, to encounter Richard II. and Sir William Walworth; in 1400 Manuel Palæologus, the Emperor of the East, with proper pomp here appealed to Henry IV. for help against Sultan Bajazid I.; here was "brave Harry," the gallant hero of Agincourt, welcomed by the Lord Mayor and citizens, robed in red, on the morning of Saturday, the 23rd of November, 1415; here in the following year, the City Fathers greeted



PLAN OF LEWISHAM, WITH THE WARDS.



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

THE COLFE ALMSHOUSES, LEWISHAM.

Sigismund, the haughty Kaiser who said at the Council of Constance, when a Cardinal corrected his grammar, "I am King of the Romans and above grammar"; here in 1420 the loyal crowd hailed Kate of France as she accompanied her lord to the crowning, and here, two years later, her king's body rested on its sad march to the grave in Westminster Abbey. Jack Cade mustered the rebels on the heath in 1450, and within a few weeks a quarter of his body was displayed here *pour décourager les autres*. The warning sufficed for nearly half a century, but a sorry scene was enacted on June 22nd, 1497, when, at the bidding of Henry VII., a strong force of horse and foot was launched against the Cornish insurgents who had come here, under the guidance of Lord Audley, Michael Joseph, the Bodmin farrier, and Thomas Flammock, a solicitor, to protest against the levying in the south-western shires of a tax to defray the war with the Scots, and of whom it is stated that 2,000 were killed and buried on the heath, and 1,500 taken prisoners.

Blackheath is now most heard of in connexion with the pursuit of pleasure. It is one of the strongholds of Rugby football, and intimately identified with golf. The latter interest arose out of the union of the English and Scots crowns in the person of James I. in 1603. Within some five years of the King's coming to London, he

and his northern courtiers founded a club with a view to playing over Blackheath the game they had followed on Bruntsfield Links in Edinburgh. It is of interest, therefore, to note that though the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews (established in 1754) is the headquarters of golf, the oldest club in the world is that which was started at Blackheath under royal auspices in 1608. A pleasant story is told of the King's son Henry, whose untimely death at the age of eighteen was so much lamented by the people. The prince being about to strike at the ball, called out to his tutor, Master Newton, who was talking to a friend, to stand aside, in accordance with the still recognised custom. Assuming that his cry had been heeded, Henry raised his club for the purpose of his stroke, when an attendant intercepted him, saying, "Beware that ye hit not Master Newton." The prince at once lowered his club, remarking with sly humour, "Had I done so, I had but paid my debts!"

In historical houses of surpassing interest the borough is lacking. Dartmouth House, on the western border of Blackheath, once the property of the Earl, now accommodates the College of Grey Ladies, while in an edifice near to it lived Spencer Perceval, who was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons on May 11th, 1812. The building was named in memory of him Perceval

**Golf and
Football.**

**Dartmouth
House.**

House, but Leland Duncan says that when it was divided into two houses these were called the one "Spencer" and the other "Perceval"! The "Green Man" hotel,

in this locality, was originally known as the Bowling Green House, and as such dated back to 1629. It was, in John Evelyn's

opinion, almost the sole beneficiary of Blackheath Fair, which was established in

1683 by Baron Dartmouth to promote local trade, and suppressed ninety years later, by his great-grandson, as a nuisance. The house received its current name about the end of the eighteenth century. Here, annually, is held the Court Leet, a quaint survival of a distant past, which solemnly appoints aleconners, pound-keepers, and other officials. When the house was rebuilt, in 1869, advantage of the extension was taken to build upon the old bowling-green also.

Perhaps the greatest name in the history of Lewisham is that of Abraham Colfe, or Calf, who became vicar in 1610. He was a true pastor of his flock, and successfully withstood a prolonged effort

to deprive the poor people of their rights in Westwood, or Sydenham Common. Finding that the Grammar School, founded by John Glynn, a former vicar, for which Queen Elizabeth had granted a charter in 1574, languished for want of funds, he ultimately re-endowed and re-modelled it, erecting fresh premises, induced the Leathersellers' Company to accept the perpetual trust, and opened it in 1652 on the lines of St. Paul's and other

public schools. In 1890 the Leathersellers sanctioned the erection of entirely new buildings, which were extended in 1897 to commemorate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Colfe also established a reading, or, as we should call it nowadays, elementary school, which served as a feeder of the Grammar School, and survived until the Education Act of 1870 rendered it obsolete. He left his books to form a free library

for the folk of Blackheath village and, as further evidence of his zealous care for the poor, founded a small block of almshouses in Lewisham High Street, which, maintained in admirable condition, are delightfully refreshing to the eye, wearied of the garishness of the raw, red brick, so plentiful in the vicinity. Nearly all the quaint old inns hereabouts have had to make way for modern structures.

In Lewisham proper the havoc of modernisation is plainly discernible. The picturesque old buildings, with tiled roofs and beautifully mellow bricks, have been pulled down to provide room for streets and shops, those that have escaped the "breaker" only serving to accentuate the contrast, and fill the onlooker with unavailing regret for the irretrievable. The name of Limes Grove is the sole reminder of the Limes—the vast, rather sprawling, roomy house, its roof broken by dormer windows, where John Wesley stayed during his repeated visits to the village between 1746 and 1782, and where he composed many of his sermons. The

The
"Green
Man."



Photo - Pictorial Agency.

LEWISHAM TOWN HALL.

Grammar
School.

New and
Old.

delightful vicarage, rich with the bloom of sun and weather like a toothsome Kentish plum, dates from 1692, when it replaced the timber-fronted house which Colfe and others had occupied, and was repaired in 1879, when the Hon. Augustus Legge (afterwards Bishop of Lichfield) began his vicariate.

The parish church of St. Mary occupies the north-western corner of Ladywell Recreation Ground, from which it is separated

St. Mary's. by the Ravensbourne and the churchyard. Of the earliest church, which, it is presumed, the monks of Ghent erected, nothing is known, but the belfry of its successor still stands, stout and hale, despite its burden of 450 years. The main structure, however, gradually became ruinous, and in 1774 it was decided to rebuild the whole with the exception of the tower. It is a plain oblong structure in stone, the old tower standing at the west end, and a portico of four Corinthian pillars on the southern face presents almost the only attempt at external relief.

To the south of the church stands the Central Library, which was opened in 1901. It is built of red brick,

The Central Library. ornamented with terra cotta, and was designed in a modified Renaissance style by Mr. A. R. Hennell. The

cost of the land and structure amounted to £6,000. Within the library there is a memorial tablet in celebration of the millenary of Alfred the Great, named lord of the manor of Lewisham. It consists of a medallion portrait of the King's head in profile in high relief, with this truly royal sentiment—"I desire to live worthily all my days, that after death I might leave to my successors a memory of good work done." Mr. Richard C. Jackson presented the tablet in honour of Queen Victoria, who had died earlier in the year. In rapid succession, on the same side of High Street, we come to the Colfe Almshouses (already alluded to), the Infirmary and Workhouse, the almshouses erected and endowed in 1840 by a Mr. John Thackeray, and the Grammar School for Girls, which originated in a bequest of £5,000 by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Prendergast, headmaster of Colfe's Grammar School.

If a nation be happy that has no

history, then the parish of Lee, to the east of Lewisham, should have little to complain of. It is true that it was named

Lee. in Domesday Book—did not the Conqueror "convey" the manor from its Saxon holder to his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux?—but the only points worth recording in later manorial vicissitudes are, that it belonged in 1445 to Earl Rivers, whose daughter, Elizabeth Woodville, was wedded to Edward IV., and that, in 1798, it passed to Sir Francis Baring, whose descendant, the Earl of Northbrook, now owns it. The parish church, St. Margaret's, is the third structure of that name. Close by is the beautiful estate of The Cedars, formerly called Lee Grove. In the High Road stood the almshouses endowed in 1683 by Christopher Boone. The buildings (all but the chapel, which is stated to have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren) were demolished in 1877, but the Merchant Taylors' almshouses for widows of freemen of the Company occupy the ground just behind. The Manor House, in close proximity, was purchased by the London County Council from Lord Northbrook in 1902, and was utilised to accommodate the Free Library, the grounds being tastefully laid out as a public space.

South of Lee lies the almost wholly modern district of Hither Green. There seems reason to believe that this is a corruption of Heather Green, a likely enough derivation, since, at the time when it was first used (early in the seventeenth century), the land was meadow, much of it under furze and heather. During at least 400 years earlier it had been known as Romburgh. Now the more conspicuous features are the fine borough cemetery, and the spacious buildings which lodge Park Hospital, one of the fever hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, numbering some 550 beds, and overlooking Mountsfield Park. At Grove Park we reach the extreme limits of the borough in this direction, where nicely-timbered estates are yet numerous, and one feels that at last the Metropolis is exchanged for the country.

On the other, or western, side of Lewisham proper is Ladywell. The well of Our Lady, to which miraculous virtues were ascribed, stood between Ladywell Station

and Ladywell Cemetery, but the water that fed it vanished, during railway excavations, as if in protest against the contamination of the spot. In this neighbourhood, flanking both sides of the Ravensbourne, the ground has been laid out as Ladywell Recreation Ground, which embraces fifty-one and a-half acres, and was ready for public use in 1894. Before this, however, alterations were necessary to prevent the flooding of the low-lying land, which was sometimes under water to a depth of four feet. The burn lends attraction to the scene, and an occasional water-rat gambols in the woody growth on its banks.

Immediately to the north-east of Ladywell Cemetery is situated another public park, rather too obviously named Hilly Fields. In former days it was called Vicar's Hill. It was acquired in 1896 at a cost of £45,000, and comprises forty-five and a-half acres. The adjacent district on the west forms part of the old manor of Brockley, the other portion belonging to the borough of Deptford. In this vicinity the Premonstratensians had a monastery. When the house was dissolved in 1526 Brockley was settled by Cardinal Wolsey on his college at Oxford (Christ Church), but on his fall three years later it lapsed with his other estates to the Crown.

The central quarter of the borough is known as Rushey Green, a name that described the lush meadows which preceded the streets and the fine cricket ground to

which the Kent County Cricket Club has not disdained to assign some of its fixtures.

The old Pound still remains, but is seldom disturbed by the temporary intrusion of beasts of the field, either lost, or stolen, or strayed.

By the average Londoner, Catford, the growth of which has been so extraordinary as to seem almost uncanny, is probably

regarded as exclusively very late Victorian, and the name as fanciful; but before Edward I. reigned a family had already derived its title of De Cateforde from the place. Here, at the very heart of the borough, stands the Town Hall, conveniently accessible from all directions. It was built in 1874, at a cost of £10,000, but in 1900, when it was promoted to its present dignity, considerable additions were



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE HORNIMAN MUSEUM.

made. It is in the Gothic style, and of so ecclesiastical an aspect that the wayfarer might be pardoned if, at first sight, he mistook it for a church. Not far off, at the east end of Stanstead Road, are the imposing buildings of St. Dunstan's College, founded out of various bequests made to the parish of St. Dunstan-in-the-East, in the City. The school, opened in 1888, is one of the most important educational institutions in South London. In Creeland Grove, Catford Hill, was the site of Place House, which tradition declares Queen Elizabeth built in 1580 and presented to her favourite, the Earl of Essex, whom she often visited here.

Place House.

built in 1580 and presented to her favourite, the Earl of Essex, whom she often visited here.

Another favourite suburban neighbourhood without any history to speak of is Forest Hill, the name chronicling the fact that the whole of this high ground was formerly covered with dense vegetation.

Forest Hill.

The most notable building in Forest Hill is Horniman's Museum, in London Road. For upwards of a quarter of a century Mr. Frederick John Horniman, the well-known tea merchant, who died in 1906, had collected curiosities

Horniman's Museum.

from all parts of the world, many gathered by himself in two voyages round the globe. At last it acquired such dimensions and importance that he generously determined to hand it over to the London County Council. In order to house it properly he had a commodious and handsome gallery built for the purpose, at a cost of £40,000, which was opened in 1901 "for recreation, instruction, and enjoyment." The collection is particularly strong in exhibits illustrating ethnology, antiquity, natural history (especially butterflies and moths), and costume, and the house contains a library and reading-room. Nor was this the limit of Mr. Horniman's munificence, for the garden and grounds—some fifteen acres of freehold land—surrounding Surrey Mount, his residence, were laid out as a park and also presented to the public use for ever. The Museum is a fine Renaissance structure, with a white front of Doulton stone and a clock tower, 100 feet high, surmounted by richly-carved turrets. The main façade is adorned with a mosaic panel by Anning Bell, thirty-two feet long and ten feet high, symbolical of art, science and industry, undoubtedly one of the most remarkable examples of mural decoration in the Metropolis.

Sydenham, originally Sippenham or Cypenham, occupies the whole of the south-western area of the borough. The upper tract was common land known as Westwood as far back as Edward I.'s reign. It bore wood of such superior qualities that, by order of Queen Elizabeth in 1559, it was reserved for

the purposes of the Navy. The discovery of several medicinal springs in what is now Wells Park brought Sydenham into some notoriety. Before they lost their vogue the character of the *clientèle* of the Wells had deteriorated greatly, complaints being numerous that Londoners mixed brandy and other potent liquors with the *aqua pura* and were not "ashamed to impute their indisposition to this water." The site is now put to less questionable uses as a beautiful public park, the Sydenham Wells Park, eighteen acres in extent, which cost £12,000 and was opened in 1901. It is maintained by the London County Council, the Sydenham and Forest Hill Recreation Ground in Mayow Road, of almost similar size, being kept up by the Borough Council. From 1804 to 1821 the poet Thomas Campbell lived in Peak Hill, then known merely as Sydenham Common, and sometimes styled himself, perhaps with a touch of affectation, "Thomas of Sydenham." In West Hill stands the noble mansion designed in 1881 by J. L. Pearson in the French Renaissance style for Mr. Henry Littleton, of the well-known music publishers, Messrs. Novello, where the Abbé Liszt stayed during his last visit to England. In 1899 the property was acquired by the Benevolent and Orphan Fund of the National Union of Teachers, and opened as an Orphanage for boys. Inasmuch as Mr. Passmore Edwards had contributed the major portion of the purchase money, the institution was styled the Passmore Edwards Home.

Southend, in the south of the borough, is largely champaign land. Its name recalls the ancient division of the parish into the Northburgh (Blackheath to Catford) and the Southburgh (Sydenham, Bellingham and Southend).

From this spot the main roads conduct to Beckenham in one direction and to Bromley in another. And so Lewisham ends, as it began, in open country, but which is the more delectable, the time-honoured heath in the north or the sylvan charms of the Bromley border in the south, happily it is not our province to decide.



FLAMSTEED HOUSE IN 1676.

CHAPTER C

GREENWICH

National and Naval Interests—Area—Municipal Institutions—St. Alphage—The Manor—Placentia—Henry VII. at Greenwich—Henry VIII.—Anne Boleyn's Arrest—Queen Mary—Queen Elizabeth—Hentzner's Description of the Virgin Queen—Signing a Death Warrant—The "House of Delight"—The Beginnings of Greenwich Hospital—Wren's Work—The Buildings Described—The Royal Naval College and School—The Seamen's Hospital—Greenwich Park—The Royal Observatory—Vanbrugh Castle—The Church—General Wolfe's Grave—Charities—Riverside Taverns—Charlton and its Charms—Morden College—The Herbert and Other Hospitals

IN the borough with which we are concerned in this chapter, municipal interests can make no pretension to rival those which are naval and national. In Greenwich Hospital

it possesses one of Sir Christopher Wren's finest achievements, a convincing proof of his amazing resourcefulness; and though the building is no longer a haven of refuge for our superannuated sailors, it is still associated with the Navy as the Royal Naval College, where officers of our Navy are educated; while the Royal Naval School, lying behind it, carries on the work of training the lads who will presently man our fleets. Greenwich Park is to be numbered among the loveliest pleasantries in the land, undulating, set about with trees of magnificent growth, and commanding a view of London which has few rivals; and within the borders of the borough are several charming specimens of old domestic architecture. But even such amenities and architectural splendours as these are not more precious possessions than the associations in which Greenwich is so unusually rich. Sir Walter Besant is not to be interpreted too literally when he says that the

historical memories connected with Greenwich are of interest "almost equal to those of Westminster." There is much virtue in this particular "almost," but it will be shown, we hope, even in the exiguous limits that have to be prescribed to this chapter, that the exaggeration is not unpardonable.

In former days, that it might be distinguished from West Greenwich, or Deptford, Greenwich was styled East Greenwich, a designation now reserved for the eastern part of the borough. Hence it is that the more ancient part of Deptford—the parish of St. Nicholas—now forms part of the borough of Greenwich, as noted in our chapter on Deptford (p. 1056), where we have given some account of so much of the borough of Greenwich as more properly belongs to Deptford. The other parishes, besides that of Greenwich itself, which go to form the borough with which we here have to do, are those of Charlton and Kidbrooke, which bring up the area to a total of 3,852 acres, with

The Municipality. a population of about 110,000.

Of the eight wards into which the borough is divided, Greenwich has six, St. Nicholas, Deptford, one, and Charlton and Kidbrooke one between them. The Town

Great Memories.

Hall, in Greenwich Road, is a neat building which is hardly commensurate with the importance of the borough. There are Public Baths and Wash-houses in London Street which date from about the year 1855; there are two Carnegie Libraries, one—a very pleasing building of red brick with stone dressings, with a roof rising into two glass domes over the principal rooms—situate in London Street, and opened in 1907, the other—the Central Library—at East Greenwich, opened in 1905. In East Greenwich also are several attractive mission halls, notable among them the picturesque, many-turreted Rothbury Hall, in Azof Street, an offshoot of the Blackheath Congregational Church. The open spaces include Greenwich Park, a part of Blackheath (p. 1063) and of Woolwich and Eltham Commons, with Maryon Park, Charlton, and altogether the pleasure grounds within the borough amount to 422 acres. The stars and the hour-glass between six mullets in the borough arms, with the vessel that forms the crest, have reference to the astronomical, chronometrical and nautical work of the Royal Observatory; the ship may be regarded also as a symbol of the naval associations of Greenwich generally.

The historical memories of Grenevic, the "green town," take us back to the days of Ethelred the Unready. When the Danes attacked Canterbury they had their camp at Blackheath, where they were close to their ships, and here they brought Archbishop Alphege, their greatest prize, and finding him obdurate in his refusal to give ransom, slew him with every circumstance of brutality. For a short time the manor belonged to the

Abbey of St. Peter at Ghent; but when Bishop Odo fell into disgrace it was seized by the Crown. Long afterwards Henry V. bestowed it upon the monastery of Sheen (Richmond). The next Henry conferred it upon his uncle, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who formed some 200 acres of it into a park, in which, on the hill now topped by the Royal Observatory, he built a tower, also rebuilding on the river

bank, where now stands the west wing of Greenwich Hospital, the royal palace which had long occupied the site, though when or by whom it was first reared is not known. The park was enlarged and stocked with deer by Edward IV.,

who then bestowed it upon his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville. About this time there was solemnised here the marriage of Richard, Duke of York, with Anne Mowbray. Having overthrown this tyrant on Bosworth Field, Henry VII. bade poor Elizabeth Woodville betake herself to Bermondsey Abbey, and, enamoured of Greenwich, he finished the tower begun by Duke Humphrey, enlarged the palace, and built a convent for the Grey Friars, who had settled at Greenwich a few years before, having obtained from Edward IV. a chantry, with a little chapel of the Holy Cross. The convent, it may be noted in passing, was dissolved by Henry VIII., refounded by Queen Mary, and finally suppressed by Queen Elizabeth.

The son and successor of Henry Tudor was born in Placentia, as the royal palace had come to be styled, and baptized in the church of St. Alphage, and when he had come to the throne he added lavishly to the glories of the palace. Here he espoused Katharine of Aragon; to Placentia he brought Anne Boleyn after the secret marriage which had made her the successor of his Spanish Queen, and to Greenwich, for her crowning, came the Lord Mayor in his State barge, with a multitude of rejoicing citizens, to escort her up stream to the Tower. At Placentia the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth were both born; and less than three years after giving birth to Elizabeth, Anne Boleyn was arrested here. On May Day, 1536, according to the familiar story, there was a tournament in the Park, at which Bluebeard saw her drop her handkerchief, and interpreting the act as a signal to an admirer, he withdrew with lowering brows and set out for London. The same night her brother, Lord Rochford, and several of his friends were arrested, and the next day the Queen herself was conducted to the Tower, where a little more than a fortnight afterwards, on the anniversary of her coronation procession from Greenwich, her head fell before the axe of the Calais executioner.

At Greenwich, again, Henry married Anne of Cleves, in 1540. Here, in 1553, died Edward VI., and to Greenwich were the Lord Mayor and other City magnates summoned that they might see the document nominating the Lady Jane Grey as the boy

**The
Manor.**

**The
Royal
Palace.**

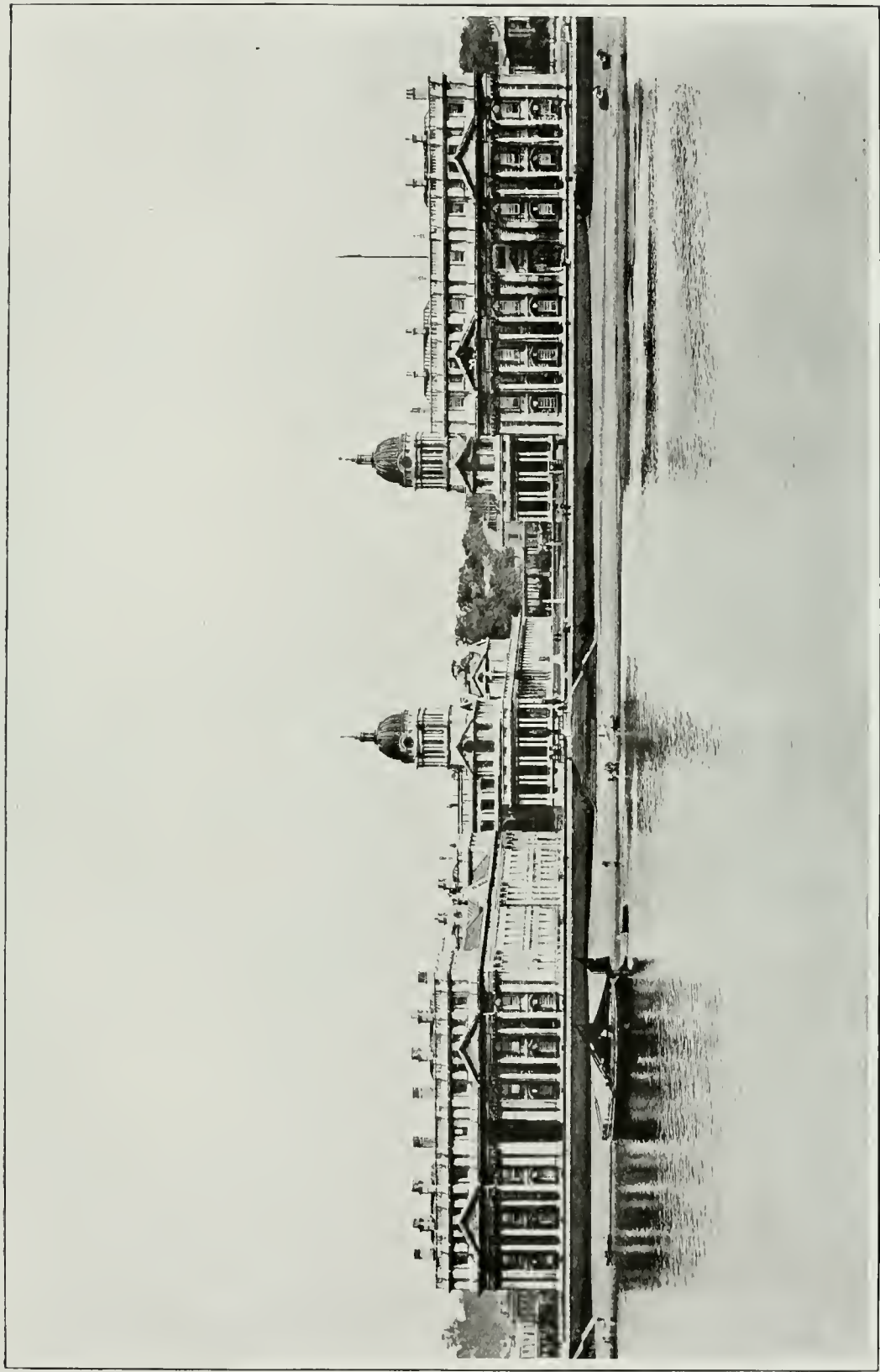


Photo: Pictorial Agency.
GREENWICH HOSPITAL, FROM THE RIVER.

king's successor. Queen Mary occasionally lived at Placentia, but in little state, and the tournaments and banquets and revels which had brought crowds of great people to Greenwich in the reign of her father were suspended until she had given place to her sister. Once when Queen Mary was in resi-

Queen Mary.

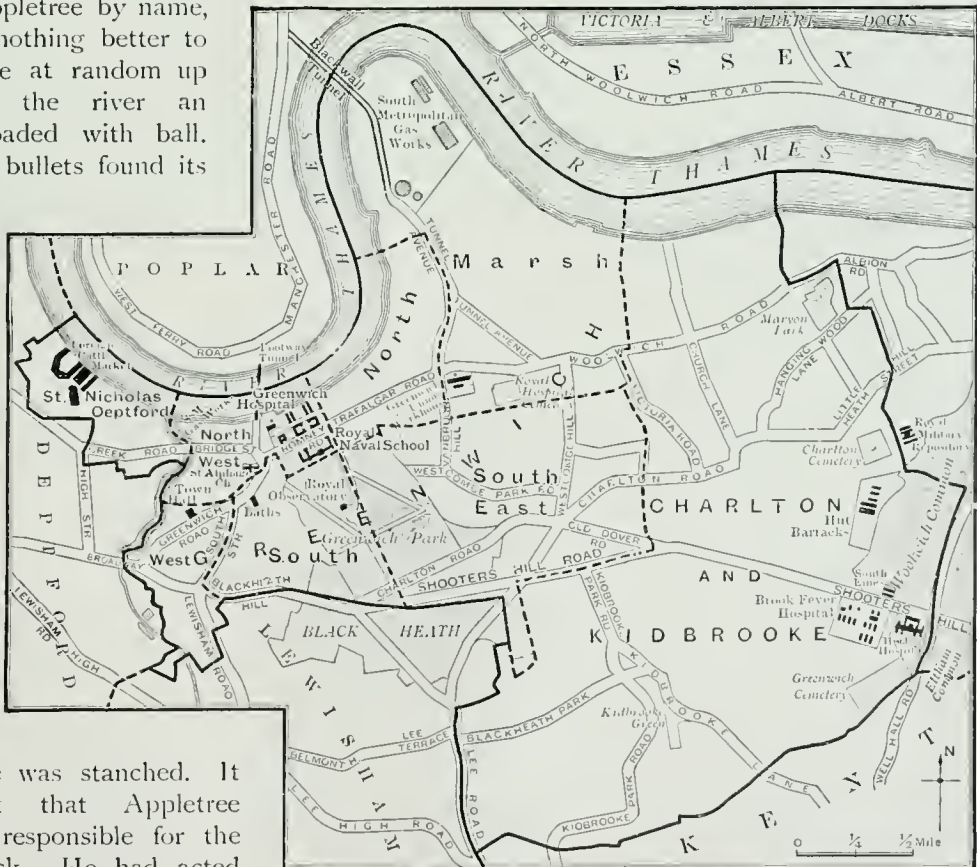
dence here a curious accident happened. A vessel which was sailing down the Thames fired a salute by way of doing homage to the royal banner, but the gun was loaded, and the ball crashed into the Queen's apartments, but without doing harm to the Queen or her ladies beyond giving them a fright. During one

Queen Elizabeth.

of Queen Elizabeth's sojourns here she had a narrow escape from a not dissimilar accident. The Queen, as Sir Walter Besant tells the story in his "South London," was taking the air in her private barge about nine o'clock on a summer evening in July, 1579, and with her the French Ambassador and others. Careering about in a small boat were four

young fellows, one of whom, Thomas Appletree by name, could find nothing better to do than fire at random up and down the river an arquebus loaded with ball. One of the bullets found its billet in the arms of an oarsman in the royal boat, who was like to bleed to death, so the Queen at once ordered the barge back to the shore, and the hæmorrhage was stanchd. It turned out that Appletree alone was responsible for the madcap trick. He had acted in pure folly and with no

traitorous or malicious intent; but he was condemned to death, and, a week after his unlucky shot, was drawn on a hurdle from Newgate to Tower Hill, and thence to Ratcliffe to a gibbet which had been reared opposite the scene of his offence. He wept copiously all the way from Newgate, and after his address from the ladder expressing contrition for the behaviour which had brought him to this dolorous pass, the crowd wept with him. Then the rope was put around his neck, but before the hangman could complete the ceremony, he was bidden to stay his hand, for a horseman was seen approaching in hot haste, who proved to be Sir Christopher Hatton, the Queen's Vice-Chamberlain. Sir Christopher enlarged upon the wickedness of an act of folly which might have deprived the auditors of their Sovereign, bade everyone kneel while he prayed for the Queen's safety, and then announced that in the graciousness of her heart she had pardoned the offender against the Lord's anointed.



PLAN OF GREENWICH, SHOWING THE WARDS.

We have had occasion before to quote from the writings of Paul Hentzner, the observant German who travelled in this country in Queen Elizabeth's reign as a tutor to a young Sicilian nobleman, and here we may cite his very graphic description of the Queen as he saw her at Placentia. He describes the Presence Chamber, "hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewn with straw," and then tells us how he saw the Queen as she went in procession to Chapel, it being a Sunday. At this time she was sixty-five—"very majestic" Hentzner declared her to be; "her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar); she had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown . . . ; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceedingly fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a Marchioness; instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence she spoke very graciously first to one, then to another—whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons—in English, French, and Italian, for, besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. . . . Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, everybody fell down on their knees."

At Greenwich it was that the doom of Mary Queen of Scots was sealed. Queen Elizabeth's counsellors had long been pressing her to rid herself and her kingdom of this dangerous foe, and at last, in February, 1587, she so far overcame her hesitations

as to sign the death warrant, still hoping, it may be, that the hand of some private avenger might save her and the Government from the responsibility of a State execution. But the Council lost no time, and a trusty messenger was despatched with the warrant to Fotheringhay, and one day Elizabeth saw festivities afoot in Greenwich Park, and, enquiring the cause, was told that her loyal subjects were rejoicing because Mary had been executed. She spared no pains to free herself of personal responsibility for the act, and if her professions of sorrow and indignation had in them any sincerity at all—and probably they were not wholly insincere—she must have experienced no common distress when she read the account that was sent to the Court of the dreadful scene at Fotheringhay—how Mary's "lippes stirred up and down a quarter of an hour after her head was cut off," and how "one of the executioners, pulling off her garters, espied her little dogg, which was crept under her clothes, and could not be gotten from her by force, yet afterwards would not depart from the dead corpse, but came and lay between her head and shoulders, which was being imbrued with her blood, was caried away and washed."

When after long waiting James I. succeeded Queen Elizabeth, he also took great delight in Placentia, and gave the palace a new front of brick, while his consort, Anne of Denmark, laid, close by, the foundation of a "House of Delight," otherwise the "Queen's House," which was finished by Inigo Jones for her daughter-in-law, Henrietta Maria, and most sumptuously furnished, and of which at least the basement still survives in the central building of the Royal Naval School, the residence of the Governor of Greenwich Hospital before it was put to its present uses. Charles I. was virtually the last of the royal occupants of Placentia. After his execution the palace and the grounds were to have been sold by Parliament, but the order was never carried out, and it was reserved to Charles II., finding the palace in great decay, to have it pulled down in order to make room for a new one. Sir John Denham was officially the architect, but the design was furnished forth by Webb, Inigo Jones's son-in-law and assistant. So was

The Queen Described.

Signing a Death Warrant.

James I.

A New Palace.

built, though not completed, the eastern half of the north-west wing of the present Hospital, usually styled King Charles's Building. The scheme was suspended, possibly from the King's chronic lack of pence, no further progress being made with it either in this or in the next reign, and when building operations were resumed the character of the enterprise was entirely changed. We have seen how William and Mary carried to

court which presents two lofty domes and two graceful colonnades to the multitudes who are perpetually passing up and down the imperial river. But that part of the plan was never carried into effect; and few of those who now gaze on the noblest of European hospitals are aware that it is a memorial of the virtues of the good Queen Mary, of the love and sorrow of William, and of the great victory of La Hogue."



OLD VIEW OF PLACENTIA.

From a Drawing by S. Basie.

completion the Hospital for disabled soldiers which Charles had begun at Chelsea; and

after the Battle of La Hogue there sprang up in Queen Mary's benevolent breast the desire

to finish the new palace here at Greenwich, by way of providing a similar institution for invalid seamen. After her death, two years later (1694), her remorseful husband lost no time in carrying out the scheme. Sir Christopher Wren was called in, and, in Macaulay's eloquent words, "soon an edifice surpassing that asylum which the magnificent Louis had provided for his soldiers, rose on the margin of the Thames. Had the King's life been prolonged, a statue of her who was the real foundress of the institution would have had a conspicuous place in that

This noble group of buildings, much the finest piece of architecture to be seen as one sails down the Thames from London Bridge, is raised on a terrace some 280 yards in length, and consists of four blocks, so constructed, however (*pace* Dr. Johnson), as to have the unity of a single structure. This end Sir Christopher achieved by rearing on the east side of Webb's palace a building that exactly matched it, with one face turned to the river and another to the palace, and by placing behind these two buildings two other rectangular blocks, which he brought forward to within a few yards of each other by means of a splendid colonnade of Tuscan Doric pillars arranged in pairs. On the west side, then, facing the river, is "King Charles's Building," embodying so much of the new



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR IN THE ROYAL NAVAL MUSEUM.

palace as was reared by that monarch; behind it is "King William's Building." On the east side, corresponding with King Charles's Building, is "Queen Anne's," which, commenced in 1698, was so styled on her accession to the throne four years later; behind this, and balancing King William's Building, is "Queen Mary's Building." The effect of the beautiful colonnades of coupled pillars of the two southern blocks and the domes at their inner angles, and of the long vistas of coupled columns on the inner façades of both blocks by which the eye is carried to the Queen's House, is beautiful beyond description. The swelling domes,

The Domes.

rising into turrets topped with gilded vanes, the drums supported by pairs of columns of the Composite order, with clusters of columns at the groins, are eminently worthy of the great master of the art of dome and spire building. Behind the Hospital stretches the long line of buildings which form the Royal Naval School, and behind and above this is the wooded eminence in Greenwich Park which is crowned with the Observatory. Where else in the County of London is there to be seen so splendid a piece of architecture set in so noble a frame? It is true that what was begun in stone was tardily finished in brick, and that Vanbrugh's heavy hand has left its mark upon some parts of the buildings;

but fortunately these imperfections are not visible in the view from the river, nor in that from Observatory Hill.

The two most magnificent interiors of the Hospital are the Painted Hall, an apartment of singular dignity, and the Chapel. The former, built as the refectory of the Hospital, at the north end of King William's Building, is famed for its painted ceiling and walls, upon which Thornhill expended his industry for the nineteen years from 1708 to 1727, being appropriately paid at so much per square yard, the rate

being three times as much for the ceiling as for the walls, and the total amounting to £6,685. For many years past it has shown a better title to fame as a gallery of naval pictures and portraits, supplemented by Nelson relics of poignant interest, among them the touching document, written on the eve of Trafalgar, in which our greatest sailor commended Lady Hamilton to the nation's gratitude, and the garments which he was wearing when he received his death-wound. The reader need hardly be reminded that in the Painted Hall Nelson lay in state for three days before he was borne up the river to Whitehall for sepulture in St. Paul's. The Chapel, at the north end of Queen Mary's Building, approached by a vestibule under the dome, is not the original chapel of the Hospital, but, built when in 1779 that was destroyed by fire, was designed by "Athenian Stuart," and sumptuously embellished with marble and carving and gilding. In Queen Anne's Building is the celebrated Royal Naval Museum, where one may see, amidst a multitude of objects which form an epitome of naval history and development, a large model of the

The Naval Museum.

Battle of Trafalgar, and many ships in miniature, from the *Harry-Grace-à-Dieu* down to the monstrous engines of destruction now turned out of our dockyards.

The building of which some description has thus been attempted has not been used as an asylum for seamen since 1870. To deplore the fact, as some writers have done, is a rather unprofitable expenditure of sentiment, for the great majority of the men themselves welcomed the change, nearly 1,000 out of the 1,400 who were dwelling here in the 'sixties preferring an outdoor pension when the Admiralty gave them the choice. The revenue of the Hospital, however, is still employed for the benefit of our bluejackets and marines, and at present some 12,000 of them are the recipients of its benefit. After remaining unoccupied for a time the Hospital was adapted to the uses of the Royal Naval College, transferred to Greenwich from Portsmouth, and to this purpose it is still appropriated.

Here Admiral Togo, the reorganiser of the Japanese Navy, who has been styled by his fellow-countrymen the "Nelson of Japan," studied naval warfare after having spent some years in the training-ship *Worcester*. At the Royal Naval School, between the Hospital and the Park, a thousand sons of our sailors and marines are maintained and educated and trained for the Navy, being exercised in the manipulation of sails on the model of a full-rigged corvette that is to be seen in front of the central building, which, as we have seen, embodies at least the basement of the Queen's House, or Palace of Delight, begun by Queen Anne of Denmark and finished by Henrietta Maria. A naval school was founded in connection with Greenwich Hospital as far back as 1712, "for the maintenance and education of the children of seamen happening to be slain or disabled in the service of the Royal Navy." When the fire had long been burning—to borrow Dean Stanley's metaphor—the chimney smoked, but as the result of an inquiry set on foot in 1871, the institution was so reorganised as to fulfil the end from which it had swerved—that of forming a nursery for the Royal Navy.

On the west side of King William's Building is the old infirmary of the pensioners, adapted in 1870 to the uses of the Seamen's Hospital, which up to that time had been carried on first in the *Grampus*, and afterwards in the *Dreadnought*,

the latter a ninety-eight gun three-decker which lay moored off Greenwich. Established in 1821 to provide for the medical and surgical needs of seamen of all nations who come to the Port of London, the Seamen's Hospital Society was incorporated in 1853. The hospital now numbers 300 beds, and enjoys an ordinary income of about £16,000, one-fifth of it derived from invested property. Its medical staff includes several eminent physicians and surgeons, and the cases here dealt with are as varied as the nationalities of the patients, including those which come under the head of tropical diseases. The flat roof of the eastern wing of the Hospital is used as a balcony by the convalescent patients, whose return to health is no doubt speeded by the fine scenery that lies spread out around them from this vantage point.

Greenwich Park, as we have seen, once formed the grounds of the Palace, and it is still associated in the popular mind with the institution which has succeeded the palace, and from which it is separated only by the Royal Naval School and a roadway. If not one of the largest, it is certainly one of the loveliest, of the parks maintained by the Government, and its undulations and its abundant foliage enable it to look much more than its actual size—185 acres. It was planted with trees by Le Nôtre; other famous landscape gardeners also had a hand in its laying-out, and some of the avenues which they formed are still to be seen, though the Park has long lost the look of formality which was the admiration of an earlier age. In scarce another park in the County of London are to be seen trees of such magnificent growth as abound here, a remark which applies especially to the Spanish chestnuts and the elms, nor is there, perhaps, such a profusion of pink hawthorn as here delights the eye in the merry month of May. In 1898 an appreciable addition to the charms of the demesne was made by the throwing open to the public of the beautiful grounds of the Ranger's Lodge, at the south-west angle of the park. The velvety lawn in front of the house is dignified by a lovely copper beech with branches that droop to the ground, and among other delightful spots in the grounds is a dell which in early summer is a glorious mass of

Royal
Naval
College.

Royal
Naval
School.

Greenwich
Park.

Seamen's
Hospital.

rhododendrons of many hues, and honeysuckle and laburnum. The house, now converted into a restaurant, was once the residence of the witty and brilliant Earl of Chesterfield, and it became the Ranger's Lodge when the Queen's House was surrendered to the Royal Naval School. Here the Duke of Connaught dwelt while he was studying at Woolwich Academy, and afterwards the house was

station by the river-side, which insist upon coming into the picture.

The Observatory was begun in August, 1675, under the auspices of Charles II., in order that Flamsteed might make astronomical observations for the benefit of navigators, the remains of the old castle being removed to provide a site and materials for it. The

**The
Royal
Observatory.**



Photo: Pictoria Agency.

VANBRUGH CASTLE.

occupied by Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley as Ranger of the Park.

The famous Observatory, where so much scientific work of the first importance has been done, and whence we get our time, crowns the hill upon which Duke Humphrey built his castle. Observatory Hill is the most attractive of all the view-points in the Park, and here, while

**Observatory
Hill.**

the visitor may refresh himself with the cheering cup on the roof of the pretty tea-house, his eye is regaled with delightful prospects of the much-winding Thames and its passing ships, of St. Paul's and the City, of the northern heights, and of the wooded hills of Essex; but the nearer views have certainly not been improved by the huge chimneys of the London County Council's generating

building in which Flamsteed, and Halley after him, carried on their work with such instruments as were then available still forms, with its whirligig and other devices on the summit of the tower, the most prominent part of the Observatory; but extensive additions have been made to the buildings of late years, and some distance to the east, sufficiently far away for its instruments not to be affected by the iron in the main buildings, is the Magnetic Pavilion.

Just outside the eastern wall of the Park, on the brow of Maze Hill, which descends steeply to the town, is the embattled drab-brick building which bears the name of Vanbrugh Castle, built about the year 1717 by the architect whose work is more than sufficiently in

**Vanbrugh
Castle**

evidence in Greenwich Hospital. It used to be known as the Bastille, but whether the name was bestowed from some fancied resemblance to the historic fortress in Paris, or in derision, it is impossible to determine.

But it is time that we noticed the parish church, of which the not ungraceful spire comes harmoniously into many views of Greenwich. Dedicated to St. Alphage, the

impression of spaciousness, while neutralising any look of undue breadth. In the old church were buried Thomas Tallis, the great composer, who died in 1585, and is commemorated by a tablet in the present church, and William Lambarde, the historian of Kent. In the family vault at the west end of the present church lies General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, whose grave, strange to say, was



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE HERBERT HOSPITAL (*p.* 1070).

archbishop who won his martyr's crown here some 900 years ago, it was completed in 1718, when it superseded the old church, of the same dedication. It is usually attributed to John James, the architect of St. George's, Hanover Square; but according to Mr. Henry Richardson and other authorities it is only the steeple that was built by him, the body of the church being the work of Nicholas Hawksmoor, the pupil of Sir Christopher Wren's who built several churches in the County of London to which we have called attention as powerful specimens of Renaissance work. The interior conveys an unusual sense of magnitude and dignity, and the immense sweep of the oval moulding of the flat roof enhances the

Parish Church.

unmarked by any memorial until in 1908 a beautiful medallion was unveiled by Field-Marshal Sir George White, V.C. Twelve years before, however, one of the windows of the gallery was filled with choice stained glass in his memory. More recently the window next to it, now known from its subject as the St. Alphage window, has been similarly treated as a memorial of the Rev. Brooke Lambert, who at his death in 1901 had been for twenty years Vicar of Greenwich, and at the same time a Brooke Lambert Fund was instituted for the better endowment of the living. The fittings of the church are of polished oak, and the lofty pulpit is furnished with a quadruple hour-glass in a silver frame, the four glasses being timed to run for fifteen, thirty, forty-five, and sixty

minutes respectively; so that there was little excuse for unintentional prolixity on the part of a preacher, unless, indeed, he confused between the glasses.

Not far from the church, in the Greenwich Road, is the modern version of a foundation by William Lambard, Queen Elizabeth's College, established in 1576 for poor married couples and for spinsters, and rebuilt in 1819 in a poor style to form three sides of a quadrangle. There are several other charitable foundations in the town; but the only one of more than local interest is Trinity Hospital, by the riverside at East Greenwich, sometimes called the Duke of Norfolk's College, though it was founded, not by one of the dukes of this name, but by a younger son of the house, Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, who lies in the chapel of the college. The institution dates from 1613, and takes the form of a quadrangle of brick buildings with a tower. The Union Workhouse and Infirmary are at the Vanbrugh Hill corner of the Woolwich Road.

The graceful dome at the foot of the Hospital Terrace, sorting not ill with the domes of Greenwich Hospital, marks the entrance to the footway tunnel between Greenwich and the Isle of Dogs (p. 982), and the northern opening of the tunnel is similarly distinguished. The most famous of the riverside

hotels of Greenwich, are the "Ship" **Taverns.** and the "Trafalgar"; but it is more than twenty years now since Cabinet Ministers celebrated the end of the Session's labours by repairing to Greenwich by steamer, and regaling themselves with whitebait at one or other of these taverns. Such a diversion was not much to the taste of the late Mr. Gladstone, and it obviously belonged to an age when politics were less strenuous and more sporting than they had become by the 'eighties. The rough fun of Greenwich Fair reached its term a good many years before the last of the Ministerial fish dinners—in 1856. It was held twice in the year, in Easter and Whitsun weeks, was spread over three days, and drew to Greenwich the rabble of the East End in tens of thousands.

Charlton, too, which occupies the eastern part of the borough, in former days had its Fair. It was known as the "Horn

Fair," "from the great plentie of all sorts of winding hornes and cups and other vessels of horne there brought to be

Charlton. sold," and according to one legend it took on this character by way of reference to an episode in the life of King John, who, to mollify an irate miller of Charlton, whose wife he was caught kissing, promised him all the land that could be seen Londonwards—that is, as far as Cuckold's Point at Rotherhithe. Charlton has better title than this, however, not to be passed over in any notice of Greenwich. Situate on the crest of the hill overlooking East Greenwich and the river on the north, and a wide stretch of fertile countryside on the south, it is a charming village in which the old and new are pleasantly commingled the old represented by the red-brick and red-tiled embattled church, by Charlton House, also of red-brick, with stone dressings, and by a low-browed inn, the "Bugle Horn," which has had the good taste not to get itself rebuilt; the new by the Assembly Rooms, one of the prettiest public buildings in the County of London, the gift of the late Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson; by a granite drinking fountain rising into a pagoda, a memorial of the coronation of his Majesty the King; and by some well-built private dwellings. In Church Lane are the Dutch Almshouses and Convalescent Home, an offshoot of the Dutch Church in Austin Friars, in the City. In Charlton Church is buried Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister who was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons on the 11th of May, 1812, by a wretched man who, though obviously crazy from trouble and disappointment, was hanged; and in the churchyard lies Mr. Edward Drummond, who, as we have narrated in an earlier chapter (p. 572), was shot in mistake for Sir Robert Peel in Whitehall in 1843. Charlton House, the seat of the Maryon-Wilsons, standing in beautifully wooded grounds close to the church, is ascribed to Inigo Jones, and is certainly a most lovely specimen of Jacobean architecture. It was built in the early years of the seventeenth century, and is described by Evelyn as "a faire house built for Prince Henry," and as commanding a prospect "one of the most noble in the world for city, river, ships, meadows, hills, woods. and all other

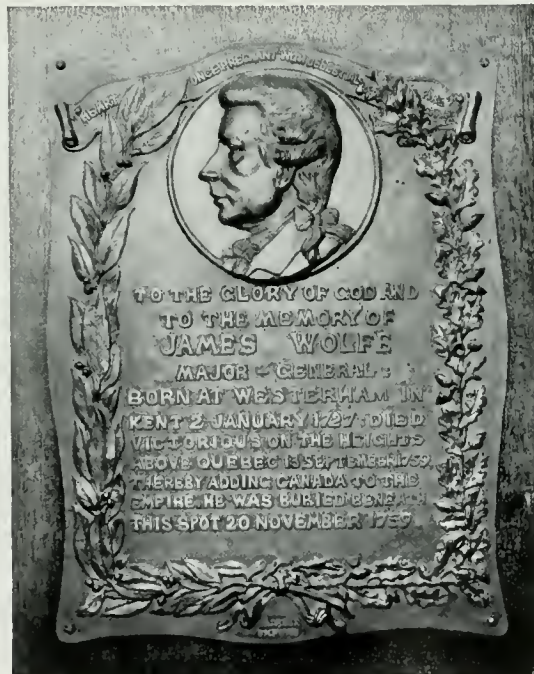
amenities"—which, it must be confessed, reads rather like an auctioneer's list of eligibilities. At the eastern extremity of Charlton, on the Woolwich border, is Maryon Park, another of the gifts of the late Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, now maintained by the London County Council.

Charlton House is not the only fine piece of domestic architecture in the borough of Greenwich. At Kidbrooke, away to the south-west, is Morden College, a beautiful specimen of Wren's work in this kind, built in the quadrangular form, with a lofty entrance gateway and a chapel, and embellished with statues of Sir John Morden and his wife, by the former of whom, a Turkey merchant, it was founded in 1695 for the reception of decayed merchants "whose fortunes had been ruined by the perils of the sea or other unavoidable accidents."

On the eastern border of the borough, at the foot of Shooters Hill, is the Herbert Hos-

pital, the great hospital for the Woolwich garrison, built on the pavilion system, with accommodation for some

Hospitals. 700 patients, in 1866, when Mr. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea, was War Secretary. It is well that one of the greatest of our military hospitals should bear the name of the Minister who, besides organising the Volunteers and directing the fusion of the British and Indian armies, did so much, by sanitary reforms and by the provision of an efficient system of nursing, for the health and comfort of our soldiers. In 1900 the hospital was honoured with a visit from the late Queen Victoria, who came to see and cheer her soldiers who had returned wounded from South Africa. Close by is the Brook Fever Hospital of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, with nearly 600 beds, and just over the Woolwich border is the pleasant-looking Cottage Hospital of Woolwich and Plumstead, built in 1889.



THE WOLFE TABLET IN GREENWICH CHURCH.



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

GENERAL VIEW OF WOOLWICH, FROM THE RIVER.

CHAPTER CI

WOOLWICH

Military Interests—The Municipality—The Name—The Town—Municipal Buildings—The Parish Church—General Gordon—Lovelace the Poet—The Royal Dockyard—Samuel Pepys at Woolwich—The Royal Arsenal—The Red Barracks—Royal Artillery Barracks—Royal Military Repository—The Rotunda—The “Shop”—The Prince Imperial—Woolwich Common—Shooters Hill—Plumstead—Plumstead Common—Bostall Heath and Woods—Eltham—The Palace—The Banqueting Hall—Well Hall—Avery Hill—Eltham Park—Eltham College—North Woolwich—The Royal Victoria Gardens—The Gas Light and Coke Company

LIKE its neighbour, Greenwich, the borough of Woolwich possesses naval interests and associations. In the past it was famous by reason of its Royal Dockyard, and in these days its Royal Arsenal produces munitions of war for both services. But it is the military

A Military Centre.

element that predominates, for here are the Royal Military Academy and the Royal Military Repository, with the Rotunda, and here, too, are the barracks of the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers, of the Army Service Corps and the Army Ordnance Corps, etc. It must, however, at once be added that the borough is animated with a vigorous and active municipal life. In Wellington Street is a splendid group of Municipal

The Municipal Spirit.

Buildings; there are Public Libraries at Plumstead and Eltham, as well as at Woolwich itself, and Public Baths both at Woolwich and at Plumstead; the Borough Council has

taken into its own hands the supply of electricity, has provided itself with a dust destructor, runs a market at a profit and, like the Battersea Borough Council, carries on a depôt for the sale of sterilised milk for the benefit of infants. In size Woolwich is second only to Wandsworth among the metropolitan boroughs, its land area being 8,341 acres, of which 1,194 belong to Woolwich, 3,388 to Plumstead, and 3,758 to Eltham. It is divided into eleven

wards, of which four—the Dockyard, River, St. Mary's, and St. George's Wards—are allocated to Woolwich; six—the Burrage, Herbert, Glyndon, St. Margaret's, Central, and St. Nicholas Wards—to Plumstead, and one to Eltham,

The parks and open spaces aggregate 448 acres, and include, besides a part of Woolwich and Eltham Commons (which are shared with Greenwich), Plumstead Common, Bostall

Open Spaces.

Heath and Woods, Eltham Park, and Avery Hill, Eltham. The population, small relatively to the size of the borough, is about 130,000, of which Plumstead accounts for about 77,000, Woolwich for 40,000, and Eltham for 13,000.

In Saxon days the name of Woolwich appears to have been written as Hulviz, which has been interpreted as "the dwelling on the creek of the river";

The Name.

but according to another theory the name, attributed to the Danes, means "the hill reach," in allusion to its being overhung by Shooters Hill. There seems to be little to choose, in point of probability, between the two derivations. The manor, known at an early period as that of Wulewicke, and afterwards as that of Southall in Woolwich, appears to have become subordinate to the parish of Eltham, but when this happened is not known. The early history of the place is, indeed, shrouded in much obscurity. For hundreds of years it was nothing but a little fishing village, and it only began to flourish and to be widely known when it became the seat of a royal dockyard. Woolwich itself,

though there is lovely country close at hand, and though of late years it has undergone great improvement, is not an attractive town, and its High Street, on the low ground at the foot of the town, following the course of the river, is perhaps the meanest High Street in the County of London. As a business street it has had to yield the primacy to other streets, such as Powis Street, where is one of the finest blocks of commercial buildings in Woolwich, the Central Stores of the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, established in 1868, and

The Town.

rebuilt in 1903. The great group of Municipal Buildings, with the adjoining theatre, has its chief façade in Wellington Street, but it occupies the whole of the space bounded by Wellington, Market, Lower Market and Upper Market Streets, and it includes, besides the Council Chamber and the Municipal

The Municipal Buildings.

Offices, a large hall for public meetings and the Public Baths, while on the other side of Market Street, but with its chief entrance in William Street, is the Public Library. In William Street, too, is the old Town Hall, a stuccoed building which ill brooks comparison with the structure that has superseded it. The architect of the Municipal Buildings was Mr. A. Bramwell Thomas, and the building, of which the Wellington Street front is certainly not wanting in elaboration, was opened in the first month of 1906 by Mr. Will Crooks, the Labour member for the borough. In the middle of the domed entrance hall, where it may be seen by passers-by in the street, is Mr. Frank Pomeroy's statue of Queen Victoria, the outward and visible sign of the veneration cherished for the late Queen's

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PLAN OF WOOLWICH, SHOWING THE WARDS.

memory by the people of Woolwich; it was unveiled by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught in December, 1905. In Lower Market Street is another important public building, the Woolwich Polytechnic. The

Other Public Buildings. theatre which stands beside the Town Hall, designed by Mr. B. Crewe, was inaugurated as the Grand in 1900 by Sir Henry Irving, but is now known as the Hippodrome. In Beresford Street is the Theatre Royal, and on the Common is the Royal Artillery Theatre, rebuilt after fire at a cost of £11,000, and opened by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts at the end of 1905. There is no lack of institutions which cater for the higher interests of the soldiers, among them the Queen Victoria Memorial Soldiers' Home, in Artillery Place, built at a cost of £8,850, and completed in 1909, and the long range of buildings in Wellington Street which form the Church of England Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute, opened in 1894 by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII.

The parish church of St. Mary Magdalen, occupying high ground overlooking the river near the western end of the High Street, is a plain structure of brick with an ungraceful square tower, and was finished in 1739, when it superseded the old church, which stood a little distance to the south. The churchyard, now laid out as a shady recreation ground, contains the tombs of Henry Maudslay, founder of the great engineering firm; Andrew Schalch, the famous director of the Gun Factory; and Tom Cribb, the boxer, who, after he had retired from the ring, carried on business as a baker in the town, dying here in 1848. His tomb is grotesquely

A Weeping Lion. adorned with a lamenting lion, in stone, one of its paws resting on a funeral urn, while its head is sadly raised towards the heavens which have rapt away its hero. Among the many other places of worship is a large Baptist Tabernacle in Beresford Street, of which one of the foundation-stones was laid in 1895 by the late Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, D.D., in memory of his brother, the orator of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, of whom it is declared that "his testimony belted the globe." Beresford Street, like Beresford Square, in which it ends, is named after Viscount Beresford,

the daring but not very skilful general who purchased so dearly the victory of Albuera in the Peninsular War, and afterwards was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance by the Duke of Wellington: hence his connexion with Woolwich.

Viscount Beresford. But Woolwich can claim not merely as a resident, but as one of its sons, a more renowned soldier than Lord Beresford—the chivalrous Charles George Gordon, who was born in a house on the east side of Woolwich Common, on the 28th of January, 1833, and, after his school days at Taunton were over, returned to Woolwich to receive at the Royal Military Academy the training which fitted him for his commission in the Royal Engineers. Gordon was a soldier by the grace of heredity. His father and his grandfather both held commissions in the Army, and the former was stationed at Woolwich at the time Charles was born. In his childhood, and during the four years he spent at the Military Academy, the boy was noted rather for his high spirits and daring escapades than for any strenuous addiction to study. Long afterwards, in a letter to one of his nieces, quoted by Mr. Boulger in his "Life of Gordon," he recalled with zest some of his youthful achievements in the effective use of squirts "that would wet you through in a minute," and of crossbows guaranteed to break windows wholesale. "Servants were kept at the door with continual bell-rings. Your Uncle Freddy was pushed into houses, the bell rung, and the door held to prevent escape." For a venial act of indiscipline when he was near the end of his Academy course, Gordon was put back six months for his commission, and it was owing to this circumstance that he entered the Royal Engineers instead of the Royal Artillery. The house in which he was born, a double-fronted one with conspicuous bow windows, bears over the doorway a memorial tablet put up by the Woolwich Antiquarian Society.

Another modern celebrity who was born in the parish of Woolwich was Sims Reeves, who first saw the light at Shooters Hill in 1822. A native of Woolwich of an earlier generation, who was a singer in the higher sense,

Other Natives.

was Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, whom we have encountered at Westminster and in the City of London, and some of whose charming and inspiring lines have graced our prosaic pages.

The Royal Dockyard claims precedence over the Royal Arsenal in that it is the more ancient institution of the two, carrying us back to the reign certainly of Henry VIII., if not to that of his father. Here between the years 1512 and 1515 was built the great *Harry-Grace-à-Dieu*, at the launching of which in the latter year Henry VIII. and the Queen of the day and "well-nigh all the lords and prelates of the kingdom" were present. In 1559 Queen Elizabeth came to Woolwich to bestow her name upon another great ship of war, and in the next reign there was built here the *Sovereign of the Sea*, which was "so curiously carved, and gilt with gold," as we learn from Stow, and did such execution with her 100 guns, that the Dutch nicknamed her the *Golden Devil*. To the Dockyard, about the middle of the seventeenth century, there frequently came our

Pepys. loquacious friend Pepys on visits of inspection. Under date the 19th of September, 1662, he tells us how after he had eaten a cold pullet he started for home "by brave moonshine," with three or four armed men to guard him as far as Rotherhithe, and how it rejoiced him to know that he was of sufficient importance for this unsolicited escort to have been provided. Two years later he walked from Woolwich to Greenwich, this time alone; "saw a man that had a cudgel in his hand, and though he told me he laboured in the King's yard, and many other good arguments that he is an honest man, yet, God forgive me, I did doubt he might knock me on the head behind with his club. But," he adds, "I got safe home," as so many others have done when threatened with imaginary dangers.

The Dockyard at Woolwich ran a course very similar to that at Deptford. They both continued to flourish until the enormously increased size and weight of modern warships made it necessary to build in less shallow and less crowded waters than those of the Thames, and then, in 1869, they were closed. At Woolwich, however, only a small part of the yard was sold; the rest was transferred

to the War Office, and is still used for storage purposes and for officers' quarters.

The Royal Arsenal, though less ancient than the Dockyard, is of very respectable antiquity, for there was an ordnance armoury at Woolwich at the beginning of the seventeenth century. There were saltpetre stores here in 1680, and in 1695 the laboratory appears to have been removed to this place from Greenwich. In these days the Arsenal is made up chiefly of the Royal Gun Factory, with a Torpedo Factory, the Royal Laboratory where all sorts of shot and shell are made, the Royal Carriage Department, which furnishes forth pontoon trains and ambulances among a multitude of other forms of military conveyance, and the Army Ordnance Department. At times many thousands of men are employed here, but the number varies greatly with the requirements of the War Office, and the reductions in the staff which are sometimes found necessary—as for example in the years following the close of the South African War—are the cause of much distress at Woolwich, and bring the borough authorities face to face with grave problems.

Woolwich is the headquarters of the 4th Division, and here are the depôts of the Royal Horse and Royal Field Artillery, of the Royal Engineers, of the Army Service Corps and the Army Ordnance Corps. On the declivity that ascends steeply from the

Dockyard Station are the Red Barracks, occupied by the Army Ordnance Corps and the Royal Ordnance College; and in Artillery Place is a monument of grey granite reared by the officers and men of the Army Ordnance Department to the memory of their comrades who lost their lives in the South African campaign. Beside the Red Barracks, in Frances Street, are the Cambridge Barracks, where are accommodated battalions of the King's Royal Rifle Corps and of the Rifle Brigade. On the south side of Artillery Place is the chief group of barracks at Woolwich, those of the Royal Artillery,

an enormous collection of buildings which provides accommodation for 4,000 men, with stabling for 1,000 horses, and of which the front, looking over Barrack Field

The Royal Arsenal.

The Red Barracks.

Royal Artillery Barracks.



Photo. Victoria Agency.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY BARRACKS.

and Woolwich Common, is faced by John Bell's Crimean Memorial, a bronze statue of Victory cast out of captured cannon and reared upon a lofty pedestal. It commemorates the officers and men of the Royal Artillery who laid down their lives in the Crimea. Beside the Barracks is the garrison church of St. George, glowing with bricks of various colours and with mosaics—a replica of the lovely Italian church which was built by Lord Herbert of Lea, the War Minister, at Wilton, but without the campanile. To the east is the Royal Artillery Institution, maintained by the officers of the Royal Artillery, and close by are the Royal Engineers' Barracks and those of the Army Service Corps.

West of the Barrack Field is the Royal Military Repository, where the men of the Royal Artillery are trained in fortification duties, such as the mounting and dismounting of heavy ordnance and pontooning. Here, too, is the Rotunda, the famous military museum, which answers to the naval museum at Greenwich. Its pagoda-like roof, as much in the nature of an exotic as the Pavilion at Brighton, was, like that fantastic structure, the work of John Nash, who built it in St. James's Park in 1814 as the frame of a canvas pavilion for the reception of the Allied Sovereigns on their visit to London in that year to celebrate, rather prematurely, the overthrow of Napoleon. It was afterwards presented by the Prince Regent to the Royal Repository, as an inscription within avouches, "for the reception of the models belonging to this establishment, and of the arms and other trophies taken by the

British Army in Paris on the triumphant entry of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington into that city in 1815." Many other trophies have since been added, but the museum is chiefly interesting by reason of its extensive collection of specimens of arms and ordnance, both ancient and modern, and its models of dockyards and fortifications.

Of the Shrapnel and other groups of barracks at Woolwich we need not stop to speak, but some account must be given of the Royal Military Academy, "**The Shop.**" the training-school for cadets of the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers, occupying a delightful situation on the east side of Woolwich Common, and built in the castellated style in the early years of the nineteenth century by Sir Jeffry Wyatville, but several times since then greatly extended. It is a building not without dignity, to which, however, the cupolas of the four octagonal towers of the central quadrangle certainly make no contribution. The Academy, known as "**The Shop**" by those who love it, is sometimes said to have been founded in 1721, but Captain Guggisberg, R.E., who has authoritatively told the story of the institution, fixes upon 1741 as the year of its birth, and quotes the royal warrant signed by George II. on the 30th of April in that year for the establishment of an "Academy or School" for giving instruction "in the several parts of Mathematics" necessary to qualify officers "for the service of the Artillery and the business of Engineers." Its first quarters were at Woolwich Warren, within the Arsenal. The Academy was a plant of slow growth, and though the building on

the Common was reared, as we have seen, in the first decade of the nineteenth century, it was not until 1863 that the whole of the cadets were quartered here. In 1873 the central quadrangle was rebuilt, on the same pattern as before, after a fire which not only did damage to the extent of nearly £100,000, but consumed MSS. and books and works of art which no money could replace. Captain Guggisberg recounts a funny incident of the catastrophe. About six o'clock in the morning, the Governor, General Sir Lintorn Simmons, sent a cadet to Lady Simmons to tell her that he would be bringing in some people to breakfast at eight; but the messenger was confused, and when asked how many were coming, he said, "All the cadets." This meant over a hundred breakfasts to be got ready in two hours! Lady Simmons was surprised, but undaunted. "Servants flew here, there, and everywhere. Plates, cups, knives were borrowed from every neighbour; stacks of provisions procured from hastily awakened grocers, and presently every fire in the house was crackling with frying bacon, sending forth most appetising odours for hungry nostrils. Judge of the General's astonishment, on his return, to find every available table in every available room spread with snowy cloths, and this gigantic repast ready! History relates not what happened to the unconscious author of the mischief. Probably nothing, for in after years Sir Lintorn used often to tell the story with much evident amusement."

On the further edge of the lovely stretch of grass in front of the Academy is a bronze statue of the Prince Imperial, modelled by the Prince of Hohenlohe, and guarded by the imperial eagles; it was reared with subscriptions from all branches of the Army, and was unveiled by His Majesty the King, three years after the ill-starred Prince met his death at the hands

of the Zulus. Not far from the statue, in the road that skirts the common on the east, is the house (No. 51) which the Government furnished as a residence for the Prince and his companions. He began his studies at the Academy in his seventeenth year, and though able to take only one modern language—German—since he already knew French, and though handicapped also by the fact that the lectures were in English, he acquitted himself with credit, passing out in 1875 and joining the Royal Artillery.

Woolwich Common, 159 acres in extent, is maintained by the Government, as is but fitting, seeing how extensively it is used for military exercises. On its southern border, beside the road that leads up to Shooters Hill, is another vast military establishment, the Herbert Hospital, which, however, is just over the Greenwich border, and is therefore noticed in the preceding chapter (p. 1079). Shooters Hill is famous for the views it commands of the valley of the Thames, of London, and of a wide stretch of fertile country.

Plumstead, forming the eastern and central part of the borough, is now continuous with Woolwich. Though there is little to remind one of the fact, it is an ancient place, for in the tenth century its manor was bestowed by

**Woolwich
Common.**

Plumstead.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE ROTUNDA.

King Edgar upon the Abbey of St. Augustine at Canterbury, and an appanage of that establishment it remained until at the dissolution it became private property. The western part of the place is known as Burreage Town, a reminiscence of the De Burghesses, to whom it belonged so far back as the reign of Edward III., and, as we have seen, the name is now borne by one of the

Plumstead wards. The old parish church of St. Nicholas, standing on the edge of the wide marshes that occupy the north-eastern angle of the borough, from the bank of the Thames to the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, has been so extensively renovated and enlarged from time to time that it scarcely counts as an ancient building, though the beautiful red-brick tower is obviously old. It is now only the church of an ecclesiastical parish, having been displaced as the parish church by St. Margaret's on Plumstead Common, built in 1858, and recently extended. The public institutions of Plum-

High Street. The long High Street, where now the electric trams of the London County Council run on their way from Beresford Square to the eastern border of the County of London at Abbey Wood. On the south side of the street are to be seen the Public Baths, the Public Library, and the Central Hall, as well as the Woolwich Union Workhouse and Infirmary. The Public Library, the interior now embellished with frescoes, was opened by Mr. John (Viscount) Morley in December, 1904, having been built at a cost of £14,000, of which £9,000 was contributed by Mr. Carnegie.

Open Spaces. For open spaces, not to speak of the hundreds of acres of marshes, Plumstead has the Common, an elevated plateau some little distance to the south of the High Street, and on the high ground further east, stretching to the border of the borough and of the County of London, Bostall Heath and Woods, which together—for they are divided only by the road—make up one of the most attractive open spaces in the Metropolis, undulating and still in a state of nature, with an abundance of foliage, and commanding wide views of the valley of the Thames, both

eastwards and westwards. Plumstead Common and Bostall Heath were parts of the waste lands of the manor of Plumstead, but a great deal of the common and the whole of the heath were enclosed, and to restore them and the Shoulder of Mutton Green, near Welling village, to the public to whom they rightly belonged, the Metropolitan Board of Works had to pay the lords of the manor, the Provost and Fellows of Queen's College, Oxford, the sum of £16,000—£10,000 for the common, £5,500 for the heath, and £500 for the green. The area of the common is 103 acres, Bostall Heath measures seventy-one and a-half acres, or with Bostall Woods—acquired in 1892 from Sir Julian Goldsmid by the London County Council, and remarkable for their fir-trees—133½ acres. Common and green and heath and woods alike are now maintained by the County Council.*

Eltham, which occupies the southern part of the borough of Woolwich, is a place of great antiquity, set in the midst of charming country. Until the reign of James I. it was a market town, and in these days its High Street wears the aspect of an ancient village which is slowly and in very seemly fashion growing into a town. There are still some comely old dwellings, and the Philpot Almshouses, bearing date 1694, to speak of the past, and there is one of the Public Libraries of the borough to bear witness to the growth which the town—if town it must be called—is undergoing. The parish is connected with London by two lines of railway, but they both keep their distance from the High Street, as though reluctant—may the pathetic fallacy be pardoned!—to annex Eltham to the city. In the County of London there are not many spots so rife with rural charm as this, and none in which the gardens make a richer show of roses. The church is modern, and its spire is not to be reckoned among the things that give beauty to Eltham. In the large graveyard attached to it is buried Thomas Doggett, the comedian.

Eltham was a royal manor in the time of Edward the Confessor, and after being in private ownership at various times it was

* Full details of the interesting story of these open spaces will be found in Colonel Sexby's "Municipal Parks and Gardens of London."

resumed by the Crown, and has remained in possession of the State ever since. For some 300 years, from the reign of Henry III. to that of Henry VIII., its palace was one of the favourite dwelling-places of our kings. In 1329, and again in 1375, Edward III. held

**Eltham
Palace.**

the answer, and dipped into several places, reading aloud." The last of our sovereigns to reside at Eltham Palace, save for a short visit of James I., was Queen Elizabeth, who stayed here for a few days in the first year of her reign. In 1648, the three parks attached to the palace having been denuded of their



Photo. Pictorial Agency.

THE BANQUETING HALL OF ELTHAM PALACE.

his Parliament at Eltham, and in 1364 he here entertained King John of France, his captive, who, when invited to join in the festivities, asked, "How can I sing in a strange land?" Here, too, it was that Froissart presented to Richard II. a volume of his writings, handsomely illuminated, and bound in crimson velvet. "The King," says Froissart, "asked me what the book treated of; I replied, 'Of Love!' He was pleased with

trees, and the deer with which they were stocked having been killed by the Parliamentary soldiers, the property was bought by Nathaniel Rich—"Rich the rebel" he is contemptuously called by Evelyn, who was distressed to see "both the palace and chapel in miserable ruins, the noble wood and park destroyed."

The Banqueting Hall of the Palace, clearly dating from the reign of Edward IV., by

whom it was no doubt rebuilt, still happily survives, together with the old buttery of the Palace, now styled Court House, and joined on to the hall by some modern work. More than a century ago the hall was made to serve the uses of a barn, and most of its fine Decorated windows were bricked up, but in 1828 it was saved from further mutilation and decay by the Government. Though it is now carefully kept, and is accessible to the public on application at the lodge of Court House, several of the windows on the north side are still filled with masonry. The fine roof is of chestnut, with hammer-beams and carved pendants. These most interesting relics of a distant past are still partly surrounded by a moat, whose sleepy waters are overhung by drooping branches and spanned by an old bridge of three ribbed arches.

The relics of the Palace lie a little to the south of the High Street: not much farther to the north is Well Hall, an interesting group of farm buildings of red brick, much like those to be seen in the Midlands. It dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and is said to have been the residence of Margaret Roper, Sir Thomas More's daughter. In this part of Eltham has sprung up of late years quite a colony of dwellings, including many pleasant looking residences of the villa type.

Like Plumstead, Eltham, though still open country, is peculiarly fortunate in the possession of recreation grounds. At the foot of Shooters Hill is Eltham Common, an open space thirty-seven acres in extent, which is partly in Woolwich and partly in Greenwich, and is maintained by the Government. Between Eltham and Lee Green is Eltham Green, seven and a-half acres, also maintained by the Government. In 1902 the London County Council acquired, at a cost of £25,000, the Avery Hill estate of the late Colonel

Avery Hill.

North, eighty acres in extent, together with the red-brick mansion, a splendid winter garden, conservatories and stabling, and in the following year, in conjunction with the Woolwich Borough Council, it purchased for £9,600 the forty-one and a-half acres of Eltham Park. Both these parks are close to the town, and both are maintained by the County Council, which has established in the mansion at Avery Hill, and in buildings

since added, a large Training College for elementary schoolmistresses. The mansion and other buildings have not ceased to look new, but the winter garden is charming, and the grounds—and the same may be said of Eltham Park—are among the most park-like in the County of London.

The Training College is not the only great educational institution at Eltham, for there has been established here the **Eltham College.** Royal Naval School, removed from New Cross in 1889, and known alternatively as Eltham College. The school, which stands in a spacious, well-timbered park, is under the patronage of His Majesty the King and of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught; the President of the Council is H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the Board of Directors is constituted of distinguished naval and military officers. The education given is similar to that of other public schools, but there are special classes to enable boys to pass direct into the Army and Navy, and the main privileges of the school are still confined to the sons of Naval officers, in whose interest it was originally founded.

Rather curiously, a not inconsiderable slice of Woolwich lies on the north bank of the Thames, and is connected with the southern part by the ferry of the Great Eastern Railway and by the free ferry of the London County Council, opened by the Earl of Rosebery on the 23rd of March, 1889. Here is yet another of the open spaces of the borough, the Royal Victoria Gardens, ten acres in extent, pleasantly laid out, and embracing a riverside terrace. At North Woolwich, among other great industrial establishments, are the larger part of the Beckton Works of the Gas Light and Coke Company. This company is an even more gigantic concern than the South Metropolitan Gas Company, of which some particulars have been given in an earlier chapter. It has a paid-up capital of upwards of £25,000,000, it manufactures gas of the value of over £3,000,000 in a year, its revenue from all sources is over £4,000,000, it not only supplies nearly the whole of the County of London lying north of the Thames, but parts of Battersea, Lambeth, and Southwark, on the Surrey side, as well as some extra-metropolitan districts, and its mains are some 2,200 miles in length.

CHAPTER CII

THE THAMES AND THE PORT OF LONDON

City and River—The River Walls—Thames Pageants—The City's Main Thoroughfare—Municipal Steamboats—River Sports—Main Drainage—Tunnels—The Port—The Docks—London Compared with other Ports—The New Port Authority and its Duties—The Thames Conservancy—A Last Word

THAT London owes its primacy among English cities largely to its position in the heart of the country on the banks of a great river may be regarded as a truism.

London and the River. The familiar story of the Lord Mayor who, threatened by the Sovereign that the Court, and Parliament, and the Judges would be removed to Oxford unless the City raised a loan for the royal purse, made answer that so long as His Majesty left the citizens the Thames they could contemplate the prospect without dismay, is probably nothing more than a parable; but the fact which it was invented to illustrate is indubitable.

Why London was built at this particular spot on the north bank of the Thames has been explained by Lord Avebury. It is the first spot at which the inflowing tide touches any considerable tract of dry land—a tract of good gravel, with an abundant water supply, and commanded by no higher ground in the immediate vicinity. As time went on the necessity for embanking the river below the settlement, so that the tide might be de-

The River Walls. barred from spreading itself out in vast lagoons, was realised, and so were built on both banks those walls, measuring, it is said, a length of some 300 miles if all the creeks thus protected be taken into the account, which to this day keep the flood within due bounds. When these great works were constructed, History is strangely silent. As no sound of hammer or of axe was heard in the building of Solomon's Temple, so the rearing of these walls has left no echo in the corridor of time. Some have held that they were built by the Britons before the coming of the legions. Dugdale and Wren and others considered them to have been the work of the Romans,

and it certainly seems more in consonance with the probabilities to attribute them to those great builders than to the tribes whom they subdued.

River Pageants. In past times the Thames at London was made to subserve uses of pageantry to which it has long been a stranger. Its waters have borne our sovereigns in processional pomp through flotillas crowded with rejoicing citizens to their hallowing in the Abbey. From the fifteenth century onwards to the time when the control of the river passed from the City Corporation to the Thames Conservancy, many a Lord Mayor went in his sumptuous barge, attended by the Livery Companies in theirs, from the City to Westminster to receive the royal confirmation of his election. In our Greenwich chapter we have seen how Anne Boleyn was escorted up the river from Placentia by the Lord Mayor and a great host of the citizens to her crowning, and how, in times much nearer our own, the remains of Nelson, after lying for a space in Wren's Painted Hall, were brought by water in solemn state to Westminster for conveyance to the Admiralty in Whitehall, and thence to their august place of sepulture in the centre of the crypt of St. Paul's. Not since the year 1849, when the Prince Consort went in the royal barge to open the Coal Exchange, has the river been used for the purposes of a national pageant; but there are not wanting signs that we are recovering our lost love of spectacle, and after the enthusiasm with which the Fleet was welcomed when it anchored in the Thames in July, 1909, it seems possible that the royal river may again, as occasion offers, be the scene of national pageants.

Time was, too, when the Thames was

crowded with passenger boats. From the days of the Stuarts, indeed, to the beginning of the nineteenth century

The Silent Highway.

it was London's main thoroughfare. With the growth of facilities for locomotion on land it ceased to be the City's chief highway, and the attempts in later days to make it available for passenger traffic have one after the other ended in failure. The steamboats run by private enterprise in the second decade of the nineteenth century at first did well, but presently the service degenerated, and at last in 1905, having greatly improved the old piers, and provided new ones, the London County Council came to the rescue with a municipal steamboat service. Some of the boats were kept running during the winter of that year as an experiment, but in the next year the winter service was abandoned, and after the end of the following summer season the service was discontinued, for the ratepayers had a spasm of economy, and the boats, although during that last season they had carried more than two and a-quarter million passengers, had not proved to be self-supporting. Perhaps London may some day make up its mind to regard the question from another than the strict profit-and-loss point of view, and, with the consent of both the parties in municipal politics, may be content to regard the few thousand pounds a year which the service would cost the ratepayers as having an ample return in the pleasure which it would yield to hundreds of thousands of the people.

Gone also—although we have never ceased to be a sport-loving people—are the river pastimes in which London once

River Sports.

took immense delight. In an earlier chapter (p. 318) has been quoted the graphic description which Fitzstephen the monk gives of skating in Moorfields in the reign of Henry II.: let us here cite his equally vivid account of the river sports of that lusty age. He tells us how, in the Easter holidays, the citizens would "play at a game resembling a naval battle. A target is firmly fixed to the trunk of a tree which is fixed in the middle of the river, and in the prow of a boat driven along by oars and the current stands a young man who is to strike the target with his lance. If, in hitting it, he break his lance, and keep his

position unmoved, he gains his point and attains his desire; but if his lance be not shivered by the blow he is tumbled into the river and his boat passes by, driven along by its own motion. Two boats, however, are placed there, one on each side of the target, and in them a number of young men to take up the striker when he first emerges from the stream or when

'A second time he rises from the wave.'

All such pastimes have long ceased to be, and almost the only river sport that has survived in the Thames at London is the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge, which, instituted by Doggett, the Irish dramatist and comedian, nearly 200 years ago—in 1716—is still competed for by young Thames watermen over the five miles of river between the Pool and Chelsea.

Into the Thames, below London, is poured the effluent of the sewage of London. The

Main Drainage. the main drainage system, now in the hands of the London County Council, was the creation of the

late Metropolitan Board of Works, which, turning a deaf ear to the maxim of "rain to the river and sewage to the soil," carried out, at a cost of about six and a-half millions sterling, the late Sir Joseph Bazalgette's scheme of "combined drainage." By means of sewers running from west to east at different levels, and intercepting sewers placed at right angles to them, the total length of the pipes being about 300 miles, the sewage of the County of London and of certain outlying parts is carried to outfall works at Barking on the north bank and at Crossness on the south, and there subjected to chemical treatment before the effluent is discharged into the river, while the sludge is borne far out to sea by a fleet of six specially constructed vessels. Originally intended to deal with the sewage of rather less than three and a-half millions of people, the system now serves a population numbering not far short of five millions and a-half, and the London County Council is at present engaged in a great extension, which is estimated to cost in the end over three millions sterling.

Of the tunnels that burrow beneath the river, the first to be undertaken was the Thames Tunnel, between Wapping on



"LONDON'S WATER-GATE," BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.
By permission of Sir John Wolfe Barry, K.C.B.

the north and Rotherhithe on the south, and its construction, carried out by Sir Marc I. Brunel, occupied not less than nineteen years. In a commercial sense it was a dismal failure, and in 1865 the company to which it belonged was glad to dispose of it for less than half its cost to the East London Railway Company. A subway constructed at Great Tower Hill in 1870 was also a failure, and it has not been used for traffic for some years. With the tunnels constructed by the London County Council, first the Blackwall Tunnel, opened in 1897 (p. 982), then the Greenwich Tunnel, opened in 1902 (p. 982), and lastly the Rotherhithe Tunnel, opened in 1908 (p. 978), it has been far different. Now, too, there run beneath the river the tunnels of the City and South London, of the Waterloo and City, and of the "Bakerloo" Tubes.

The connexion between the Thames and the County of London begins at Hammer-smith, a little to the west of the bridge, and the river passes out of the county at Barking Reach, some twelve miles below London Bridge. The Metropolis, therefore, knows little of the Thames as the holiday river, but sees it in its more strenuous aspect as the Port of London, lined by wharves and warehouses and docks and factories, and crowded with lighters and wherries

The Port. and dumb-barges and tugs, with schooners and brigs and cargo steamers and liners. One cannot claim for it that it has lost none of the charm it possessed in Camden's day, when its shipping, in the words of that writer, was "a very wood of trees, disbranched to make glades and let in light, so shaded is it with masts and sails." The glades are sadly diminished, but when the magic of the sun turns the dull sails of the barges to a ruddy-brown and gives gleam and sparkle to the turbid flood, the river is still a thing of beauty, as the pictures of artists like Mr. Wyllie reveal to the most undiscerning eyes.

The first of the docks of the Port of London which one passes in journeying down the Thames from London Bridge are the St. Katharine Docks, close to the City's "water-gate," the Tower Bridge. Just below are the larger London Docks. Then in succession come

the Surrey Commercial, the West India, South-west India, and East India, the Millwall, the Victoria and Albert, and finally the Tilbury Docks, some six-and-twenty miles below bridge. The oldest of these docks are the Surrey Commercial, for there were docks on this site in the seventeenth century. Except this group, they are all on the north bank, and until the year 1909 they all, save the Surrey Commercial and the Millwall Docks, belonged to a single corporation, the London and India Docks Company. At the end of 1908 there received the royal assent a measure which provided for the acquisition of the whole of the property of the three Dock Companies—the docks themselves, which have a total water area of 645 acres and twenty-seven and a-half miles of quays, the vast warehouses, the plant, etc.—by a Port Authority, at a cost of upwards of twenty-two millions sterling. The Port of London is still the largest in the world. The goods which come to or go out from it every year have a value of 400 millions sterling. Through its gates pass one-third of the imports and one-fourth of the exports of the United Kingdom. Every day in the year nearly 1,000 vessels enter or leave it, and some 10,000 barges busy themselves in distributing the cargoes to wharves and warehouses.* But for years past the Port has been losing ground as compared with such Continental ports as Hamburg and Rotterdam and Antwerp, which have spent money with a lavish hand in effecting improvements and adding to their facilities and accommodations. The investigations of a Royal Commission appointed in 1900 placed it beyond doubt that London's harbour authority, the Thames Conservancy, from lack of means, had failed to improve the channels of the tidal river to the extent rendered necessary by the increased size of vessels, and that further dock accommodation was required. The Commission, reporting in 1902, recommended that the Conservancy should be superseded by a Port Authority, that the Dock Companies should be bought out, and that seven millions should be expended in improving the river and the docks and in providing new docks.

The first attempt on the part of Parlia-

* These figures are given on the authority of the Chairman of the new Port Authority.

ment to carry out these drastic recommendations, in 1903, was abortive, but in 1908 the measure which had been introduced by Mr. Lloyd George while he held the office

of President of the Board of Trade went through. The new

The New Port Authority. Port Authority, with the Right

Hon. Sir Hudson Kearley, Bart, M.P., as unpaid Chairman, held its first meeting in the Board Room of the London and India Docks Company in Leadenhall Street on the 16th of March, 1909, and the transfer to it of the dock undertakings was effected on the last day of that month. The new body consists of twenty-eight members, eighteen of whom are elected by wharfingers, payers of dues, and owners of river craft, while the remaining ten are appointed by the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, the London County Council, the City Corporation, and Trinity House. The Port Authority has taken over the powers and duties of the Thames Conservancy as regards the river from Teddington, where it becomes tidal, to the seaward limit of the Port, four miles beyond the Nore—that is, a distance of about seventy miles. It is responsible for the dredging of the river, and for improving the accommodations and facilities of the Port generally; it is empowered to undertake the registration and licensing of craft and boats plying in the Port, and the licensing and control of lightermen and watermen, functions which had long been exercised by the Watermen's Company, but it may, if it pleases, delegate to that Company the licensing of lightermen and watermen.

Under the Port of London Act the Thames Conservancy, which began its career in 1857, was dissolved on the

The Thames Conservancy. 31st of March, 1909, and at

once reconstituted to administer the Thames from Teddington to Cricklade. The last meeting of the old Board was held on the 29th of March, at its offices on the Victoria Embankment; the new Board held its first meeting on the 2nd of April in the same offices. It is only just to the old Conservancy to record the fact that in 1905 it obtained statutory powers to

increase the river tonnage dues on shipping, and to borrow additional moneys for the formation of a channel a thousand feet wide and thirty feet deep from the sea to Gravesend, and that considerable progress has been made with this work.

With these notes on the "royal river" ends the attempt to give some account,

however fragmentary and imperfect, of the past and present of London

A Last Word. Town. Should any reader whose

patience has enabled him to accompany me thus far be at a loss for a hobby, may it be suggested that he is likely to find no more interesting and delightful recreation than that of wandering at leisure and at large through the metropolitan county? If not already acquainted with London as a whole, he will be surprised to find how much unspoilt natural beauty there is for him to feast his eyes upon; and even in the least attractive regions he will at any rate meet with ancient names that recall past glories. The huge Poor-law establishments to be encountered in every district will be a melancholy reminder of one of the unsolved problems of our civilisation, a problem, however, with which many well-equipped minds are now grappling. But the broad main roads that run through every part of London, the disappearance of slums of which the names had become bywords, the beautiful parks and wide open spaces, ever growing in number, where the people take their healthful and seemly pleasures, the crowded public libraries and picture galleries and museums, the cheap and pleasant travelling facilities, the great schools, elementary and secondary, each of them a lung of London as well as a centre whence radiates the light of knowledge—all these things will prove to him that every year London is becoming, for all sorts and conditions of men, a more desirable dwelling-place. The great company of men and women who have prayed and laboured to compass this end may now see of the travail of their souls and be, not satisfied indeed, but abundantly encouraged to perseverance in their noble task.

Book V.—THE FUTURE IN LONDON

By FORD MADOX HUEFFER

I

THERE is only one fact that the wisest of us can predict as to the future in London—that we shall not see very far into that huge development. We shall be gone—that, for me who write, as for you who read, is the one speculation that leads to absolute certainty. London will go on unconcerned; perhaps with death-enlightened eyes we shall gaze upwards through the earth as if through clear water; we shall see an infinite number of men whom we do not know running on an infinite number of little errands. To our dispassionate minds these will appear odd, or futile, or very natural and lovable, according to our views of poor humanity. But our names will be upon the lips of no Londoner, our feet will have left no trace upon the familiar streets.

But, in between that ultimate future, of to-morrow, of next year, or of a decade or so—in between the to-day which is now and that ultimate and eternal to-morrow, we may prophesy for ourselves—for that London which is our own—certain intimate and minute changes.

I do not mean the mere changes of streets, though indeed London is being so rapidly and so constantly "made over" that to-day there are parts of the town about which it is difficult enough to find one's way, and there are other parts so long "made over" that to cast back to what we remember is to evoke only the very dimmest ghosts, and the only thing that brings vivid images is a sudden jog to the memory.

Thus I remember going maying as a child where Olympia now stands. I remember that only hazily, by a mental effort, and I fancy that our "may" was probably only blackthorn or wild plum blossom. But think of wild plum blossom and Olympia! Similarly I can remember a host of other blurred localities and dimmed,

odd figures and objects, cabmen with innumerable capes, three-horse 'buses with a large umbrella above the driver's head, oil lamps on the old Underground, lamps indeed that were wound up like clocks—such things come back to me more or less dimly if I make an effort. But the other, more vivid, class of reminiscences is evoked very seldom.

One evening, not long ago, at a Colonial reception, I was introduced to a very charming lady who had come back temporarily from who-knows-what wastes of desert sand. After a little time she looked at me with a certain, dawning recognition, murmured the two words "Brook Green," and then came out with: "Why, you're the Gentle Boy!"

And, looking in turn more closely at her pleasant and distinguished beauty, I came out in my turn with the ungallant retort: "Why, you're the Fast Girl!"

I might be pardoned for not first remembering her, because, by marrying, she had changed her name, which had thus not given to me the gentle stimulus that her memory had received with mine. And I am bound to say that my nickname was as unfamiliar to me, and no doubt as undeserved, as was hers to her.

For her nickname gives the measure of the provincial, ancient village of a place that Brook Green was in those days. It had around it little white cottages, a narrow house or two; at one end was the seat of a marquis, and, encircling it on all sides, green fields, orchards, and those little copses of blackthorn. And she, if you please, was known amongst the cautious mothers of that village as the Fast Girl, because at the age of nine or so she could throw a ball and whistle a tune, like a boy, on the Green where all we children played. So that to this day I remember her neat figure

and her chestnut curls, her clear, child's features, as something rather alluring but baleful. She stands, that childish image, for me as "fast"—as if she might be Helen of Troy.

She recalled herself to my memory, though I had not forgotten her, and probably never shall forget her. But the thing that she recalled to my mind all of a sudden, and most vividly, was a plough. Yes, a plough, going slowly down the Brook Green Road from the farm, to plough up a field beside Addison Road Station. Think of a plough in the Brook Green Road! Why, there must be ten miles of permanent-looking streets along the tram-lines of outer London beyond that road now. And the houses that stand where we, as children, had seen the beans in flower, those houses with their liver-coloured bricks, their dingy and monstrous ornamentations, appear to have stood there since ages before that dismal flood that we call the Victorian era.

Yet that is not a matter of a quarter of a century. And she and I may reasonably expect to see a London of three or four decades hence. And if, in those three or four decades, changes prove as gradually swift as those have been of the last two decades and a-half, it will be a different enough London on which we shall close our eyes. For, imagine the long straight road that stretches from Oxford Circus to Shepherd's Bush—imagine it as completely and utterly changed as are Knightsbridge, Piccadilly, Kensington High Street, and Hammersmith Broadway. Imagine the grimy and lugubrious Paddington and Westbourne Park as much rebuilt as Chelsea has been! And I suppose it is to them that the ground landlords, housebreakers, and municipal authorities will next turn their attention.

It will be change enough. I used to know every house in a horrible and dangerous Seven Dials and Soho. Yet now I am not very certain of my way about between Charing Cross, Long Acre, and Shaftesbury Avenue. And as for Kingsway. . . . No, certainly They—that mysterious and indefinable trio, ground landlords, housebreakers, and municipal authorities—will have changed London enough before my girl friend and I—if we have a reasonable span of life—

shall have taken our last drive through the streets when men shall take their hats off at our passing.

II

At this stage we emerge, as it were, into the open: we concern ourselves with the future not of ourselves but of our children: not of each man that now lives but of the body of the population.

And this particular Future divides itself at once and sharply into two sections—there is the Future Probable, and the Future Utopian; the Future that seems likely, and there is the Future that we should like. Since, however, we must all walk before we fly, let me commence with the Future Probable, leaving the last pages that are allotted to me to dreams pleasant to me and no doubt appalling to other people.

To get at the Probabilities of the Future we must first ascertain what has been permanent throughout past ages: we must conduct an anatomical analysis to discover the nature of the creature as to which we speculate. We must see how it developed from the primordial ape: we must discover which of its organs distinguish all the species.

Towns, then, are congeries of houses. But, before you have houses, you must have roads, bridle-paths, footways. Yet, before you have footways, you must have isolated farmsteadings, cottages, huts, caves, or trees in the branches of which men lived or beneath which men sheltered. And, before you have even these caves or trees, you must have certain natural features—deep clays, so that trees may grow high; craggy mountains, so that caves may be deep, or chalk cliffs into which humanity may tunnel.

But still, and always, the chief feature of a city's life is its roads—its means of access, and, above all, its accessibility. A village is a place that you want to be able to get about, a town is one that is easy to get to. London is great to-day because so many roads led to it. For the tendency of humanity is to settle at cross-roads. (And by roads I do not mean only narrow stretches of land bedded more or less deep with macadamised stone, but also paths along sweet water, or tracks pointed by the stars across the foam of the seas.) It is the roads,

the accessibility of the city, that have caused London to arise. It lay always defenceless in the low plain of a river valley. Considering the violent thing that History was, it appears marvellous that London should have survived. But it is the inaccessible cities that have perished—all the little towns upon crags and pinnacles, with citadels, capitolis, walls running between rock and inaccessible rock.

Actually London was never sacked: but no sacking could have ruined it, for no sacking could have taken from it its defencelessness: burning the walls would only have increased its penetrability. And indeed London Wall fell before no sackers and no mortars: it was erased by the pickaxe of peace. The City suffered by Fire—and that suffering was one of its crowning mercies: for that conflagration made the heart of the city more easy to get about and to get through. For a city is not so much a place in which to dwell; it is what the Orientals call a bazaar, a place to which you can carry merchandise, a place in which you must run from point to point to make bargains. And the more easily you can carry burdens thither and the more bargains you can make in the day, the more the city will attract you. Incidentally, because in the throng many men not fitted to bargain will have been attracted thither, you may find men who will labour for you cheaply and you may found factories. But it is not for its manufactures that London is famous. You might nearly as well manufacture upon lonely moors most of the things that are made—not “made over”—in London. But upon those moors you could not bargain, for your brother middleman would attain to them with too much difficulty.

So that it is to the roads of London that we must look to find permanences. And it is astonishing how permanent these have been. Tracks over the sea do not change their courses: the rivers run much the same, always, between their hills. But even the land roads in London are much what they were when first the Cæsars came and opened for the bagmen paths from the South-East towards the North and West. I am aware, of course, that the Cæsars first forded the Thames—if the first Cæsars did ford the

Thames—at Kingston. But, so high up, the river was not very navigable for triremes or for merchants' galleys. That sea road ended most conveniently at about where the Cæsars founded the Tower, and the land road very soon changed its course a little to the eastward, to where the river was fordable lowest down or easiest to bridge.

And there that road remains: the old Kent Road, running from where England has Europe in sight, to London Bridge. Shortly afterwards it forks out—at first in the space before the Mansion House where it is met by so many son and daughter roads, each of a hoary antiquity. For the most part these run west for a little way, then they branch to north and southwards. But there they are still; appearing to run, engrossed, as if they were anxious to get out of the City, where they are only streets for bargainers. In the open they are roads and bear travellers. Cheapside becomes Holborn, Holborn Oxford Street, Oxford Street Uxbridge Road. The road that is Ludgate Hill runs at a little angle for a while, then it becomes Fleet Street and the Strand: it wavers a little indeterminately round Trafalgar Square, like a river among eyots: part of it turns down Whitehall and then south over Westminster Bridge; a part turns north through Seven Dials to Hampstead and Highgate. But the main stream (or is it only because I inhabit Kensington that I think it is the main stream?) settles down after a time into Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, Kensington High Street, Hammersmith Broadway, and so to Kew and Brentford, and out of all ken. At Hammersmith it is rejoined by a trickle of its own, this trickle having run down Whitehall, along Victoria Street, through Pimlico—but always more or less along what was once a bank of the river—through Chelsea, past the World's End, through Fulham, and so again to Hammersmith on the river side. This way marks pretty well the old flood level of the river—and it is essentially a towing path survival.

But there these roads are, and there we may prophesy they will remain.

III

They will remain because of the vested interests—the vested interests of comfort and

convenience, the vested interests of parks and open spaces, of ancient buildings of importance, and the habits of the people, and because of the force called Gravity. For, even if we come to airships, people will continue to live at Brighton, and the airships will glide substantially over the Brighton road. And—substantially—the heavy traffic will be drawn along the Brighton line of railroad which—again substantially—follows the Brighton road.

It is, indeed, astonishing how, on a very small scale, this truth is exemplified. You will find it in the habits of the London cabman. I stayed at one time, for quite a number of months, in the neighbourhood of Sloane Square, and at the time I was in the nightly habit of going to a theatre and returning in a hansom. In the course of six months I must have done this at least fifty times. These hansoms—unless the driver was particularly identified with the south side—almost invariably took the same course, and a most singular course it was, a track of extraordinary zigzags through silent and deserted streets. The drivers wrenched the horses' necks always round the same corners. And I asked myself again and again, was it perverseness?—the desire to make the drive seem long in the eyes of the fare?—mere adherence to tradition?—or the wish to find the most trafficless streets? Or was it a matter of gradients?

I never quite solved the problem. Personally, if I go from Hyde Park Corner afoot, in order to avoid vexing turnings which interrupt my thoughts, or by reason of other idiosyncrasies which I have not taken the trouble to account for, I go down towards Victoria—I can never remember the names of streets in London—along the wall of Buckingham Palace gardens in one straight stretch, and I bisect Eaton Square in another. Then I am at Sloane Square Station. But I never knew a cabman do this.

And the drivers of taxicabs follow the Pilgrims' Path. Yet you would think that the desire of a taxicab driver's heart would be these two long straight runs. If he desires to put a little on to the distance it would add a matter of two hundred yards; if he desires to get the journey over quickly,

and find another fare, it saves him four minutes. But he never does it.

Now what causes this? I spent several hours at different times in the mysterious recesses of the cabmen's shelter at the corner. (There is really nothing mysterious in these recesses when you have sat there half-a-dozen times or so.) I interviewed numbers of cabmen. I worried at this reason in the slack hours of the day whilst cabmen ate meals of tough steak and greens like wet blindcloth. I heard odd theories, romantic theories, the very prevalent theory that there must have been a river there once, and you drove along those streets because your horse went better where watercourses once had run. One nice young fellow said that his old father, who drove a hansom still, though he was turned of seventy, had told him it was along of they sedan-chairs that they cabbies took the roads they did. But that was not, in his view, mere tradition.

The sedan-chairmen took these roads because, being afoot and bearing heavy burdens, they had to study every inch of gradient. And it stood to reason, my friend's father had said, that what was good for men's legs was good for horses'.

I was not, of course, trying to point out the defects of men's ways, but merely to discover why the ways were taken, so I did not point out that hacking horses' heads off round these hateful corners was probably worse for the horses than a little bit of extra slope, though a sedan-chair might go round a corner without any trouble. And I do not know that my friend's theory is any more or less valid than the more prevalent one that horses like to run over the beds of ancient streamlets.

According to the one theory we find motor cabs still under the tyranny of sedan-chair traditions: according to the other theory they are still tracing paths that went once—when the site of this City was a green marsh—along forgotten streams. But for my own thesis, it is sufficient to adopt the theory of the vast majority. They did it because they did it. They got the "tip" from hundreds of other cabmen: they continue in the way because it is a "tip": they accept it as part of the network of accepted ideas of which life is made up. And the motor cabman—anxious to be in the swim—

pursues the same tortuous and agonising course. It would not much surprise me to find aeroplanes zigzagging like that—for company!

And the same tendency is observable in private life. I spend several minutes a day in trying to persuade people that the best way to get from the western parts of Kensington to Hampstead is to take the North London Railway. But no one will ever do it. They prefer to take a 'bus to Tottenham Court Road and another up Haverstock Hill. Why? I suppose because the intellectual effort of fifty minutes on familiar routes is less than that of twenty-five in strange suburbs. I know no other reason.

IV

The point is, that if in a hundred years we could come to life again, we should probably find humanity in London travelling along much the same roads as it takes at present. We should probably be able to find our way, sketchily from point to point, much as we do at present. For, even at present, our knowledge of how to get about London is so small and so obscured by our preferences that the mere disappearance of a few familiar streets would not much enhance the vastness of our ignorance. How should I get from where I sit to, say, Islington again? I have not the least idea. Dr. Johnson probably knew as well: the author of "The Bailiff's Daughter" in the fourteenth century certainly knew a great deal better.

This labouring of the point of roads may seem over-exhaustive; but it cannot be too much insisted on that the problems of a city's life depend on means of communication: on means of communication, and once again upon means of communication. Upon that depends its health; upon that depends its commercial effectiveness, its wealth, its dimensions, its power to make us glad or depress us. If I can walk along roads that I like I am happy, alert, energetic, and as much of a man as I can be. If I have to go along disagreeable streets I am depressed. But that is only a minute point. Let us look at the matter in the large.

Supposing that I were a tyrant minded to ruin the owner of Bloomsbury, the owner

of Chelsea, or the proprietors of those huge flats, mansions, and maisonettes that meet me when and wherever I take my walks abroad. Should I send my henchman to take them?—should I immure them in towers, extract their teeth, set thumbscrews upon their joints until they disgorged their title-deeds and surrendered into my hand their leases?

No; being a tyrant and my means illimitable, I should make an extremely efficient railroad with from ten to twenty lines of rails side by side. Or no, since I am building castles in the air, let me build on the very vastest scale and spare no expense! I should build four or five such railroads radiating from Trafalgar Square. Along the ten to twenty lines I should send the most efficient, the speediest possible trains. I should make travelling free, smooth, and luxurious. Along the railways I should set motor-ways, and, between hedges, moving platforms for pedestrians and those who needed exercise. I should clean out the Thames and set upon it huge, swift, and fine express launches. Do you suppose that anyone would continue to live in Portland Place, round Baker Street, or in Chelsea? Who would put up with this bottom of a basin that London is if, being as near their work and their pleasant pleasures, they could inhabit a residential London that crowned the hill tops and scattered along the beaches of the sea, without solitudes and without mists?

But perhaps I should overreach myself. You will remember that my purpose was to ruin the owner of Bloomsbury, certain other ground landlords, and certain speculative builders who bewilder me when I take my constitutionals. Well, perhaps I should only make them.

For, hitherto, the tendency in London has been for residential quarters to be very profitable. Then they have fallen into decay as "haunts of fashion"; sometimes the rentals have fallen off, sometimes they have even increased because the house that sheltered one family alone has come to contain five or six, each paying more than a fifth or a sixth of the former rent. Then, as the population grew, the need for offices grew larger, the poor families were displaced, the rents increased out of all proportions. Cheapside was once a residential quarter with its family houses and its gardens rented

at ten pounds each by the year—or, say, £150 a year by our reckoning. I wonder what the rental is to-day for the plot of ground once occupied by Thomas Pellatt that sold corselets of ringmail in the Chepe? It is these visions of the past that suggest the vistas of the future. What—supposing my tyranny induced the Chinese Ambassador to move to a palace on Beachy Head—what rental would be paid by, say, the gramophone dealers who moved in a little later? I do not know what his Celestial Majesty of China pays for that little plot of oriental soil, but I am sure that the Chautauqua Celestial Harmony Trust of the twenty-first century will pay more by tenfold.

That, I fear, would be the ultimate end of my subtle attempt to ruin their Graces, the ground landlords. For it is pretty certain that my improvements in the means of communication, and my perfected railroads, motor-ways—speedways they call them across the Atlantic—my moving platforms, my perfect telephones, it is pretty certain that all these things would render my Great London of the Future the most attractive city in the world. There would be no other city left. There might be factory-centres; there would be no other World Beacon.

For, in the material sphere of things it is the function of the city to be the brain—the manufacturing towns performing the functions of the limbs which dig, shovel, spin, weave, fetch and carry, the city directing how much shall be dug or whither the weavings shall be borne. And the city contains not inhabitants but traffickers sojourning there. It is in the suburbs that these traffickers dwell.

And indeed London, which, because so many roads meet in its marshy bottoms, is the ideal city, is, just because it is the ideal city, a rather unideal place of residence. But how, supposing that I, the tyrant intent on ruining ground landlords, had made these inner portions of the city attainable in the winking of an eye from beyond the unending hills—how attractive might London not become! It would be, by so far, the Ideal City that all the populations of the world would flock to, and all the space of marshy land that is now taken up with dwellings would be given over to the traffickers.

V

So that, far from having proved myself an oppressive tyrant, I might in the end—like the Capitoline Geese—be hailed, alike by tenants and landlords, as the Saviour of the City. For—to drop the simile of a personal tyrant—it is towards this end that the Tyrant Future, buried in the clouds of Time, is to-day striving. We live in the present, deluding ourselves with the idea that we are free, between two striving tyrants, him of the Past and him of the Future. The traces of the Past are half-veiled; those of the Future are only very dimly discernible.

You would say that it should be the easiest thing in the world to burrow underground in a perfectly straight line. Yet look at any map of our tube railway system; under the tyranny of the Past each of these lines—the last word of the Future of yesterday—waves and wavers like any serpent. Look at the “Bakerloo” on the map. It begins at the Elephant and Castle because at that point there meet a number of the oldest roads. Its intention, as a means of exit from the inner city, is to carry men out towards Harrow. Does it run straight to the north? Not at all. From the Elephant and Castle it deflects to meet a road coming from an old bridge—the tyranny of a remote Past. It deflects again to come up near an old railway terminus—tyranny of a later Past. It waves round again to hit another railway terminus, again to meet another road centre, again for another; it keeps straight on for a little more to let people reach one of the old parks, then it swings round at right angles to get to Baker Street and to two other railway termini.

I am, of course, not criticising the engineering of the line. It was the planner's business to get as many passengers as he could. But that sinuous line upon the map, with its loss of speed for curves and loss of time for distance, amply demonstrates how an ever-hurrying age is delayed by the tyranny of the Past.

The Future, on the other hand, wages a ceaseless war against the monuments of the Past. How the odd little excrescence of rails spoils the look of Trafalgar Square! How St. John's Wood, that pleasant old village, has been cut up by the Great Central line! How the rural look of Regent's Park

has been spoiled by the huge solid shaft of the electric works! How that tranquil old town called Hampstead has been awakened by floods of people who cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called Hampstead people! They say that the people of Highgate still "call upon" new-comers. How long will they do it? And has not St. Paul's itself been threatened in its foundations—by a main sewer?

And, oddly and irrationally, we who are inconvenienced by the slipshod, unreasoned vagaries of that tyrant Past, we shiver a little before the inroads of a, upon the whole, beneficent Future. For do I not find London ten times more habitable than it was ten years ago? And yet do I not regret the choking sulphur smoke and the oil lamps of the Underground? Should I not resent it as an intense impertinence if my vicar—whoever he may be—should enter my doors unasked? And yet do I not regret that in a few years' time they will not any more "call upon" new-comers at Highgate? And should I not be the first to cry out against the making of my great, swift, straight many-lined railways penetrating the heart of my beloved city like the spokes of a wheel?

Assuredly I should be the first to resent them. I can imagine myself writing to the *Times*. They would shake down some dirty and, rationally considered, hideous old buildings. (Did not I almost weep tears when the atrocious St. James's Hall was pulled down? Because I had sat for week after week in that mortuary, upon the hard wooden steps, at the Monday Pops.) They would—these railways—make it possible to destroy noisome courts, filthy alleys, obscene byways. (Did not I think that the quaint amenities of a gracious old-world life had come to an end when there fell Holywell Street and the ignoble warren behind it?)

So that assuredly I should write to the *Times*. But that would be only my want of imagination. It would be want of imagination, for it would be sheer laziness and sheer selfishness. My ambition is to inhabit a small house in Curzon Street, Mayfair. I can't imagine anything more delightful. I cannot take the trouble; probably there are in the world more delightful places for residence.

But my line of rails would make it possible

for me to inhabit a bright, joyous little card-house, say in Alresford in Hampshire. I could lunch at my club, stroll in St. James's Park and adore the pretty little ducks, return to Alresford to dress and dine, go to a theatre in the Strand and be in bed in Alresford by half-past twelve, much as I do in Kensington to-day.

Yet, while this was in process of being rendered possible I should cry out. I should still possess that ideal of a residence in Curzon Street. I should be jealous for its social pre-eminence—for fear it should become the Thing to live in Alresford. I should shrink before making the effort to readjust my point of view. I hate, for instance, now to think that the new hall of the County Council will sweep away unsightly chimneys and warehouses on the south side of the river. I shall hate, again, to think of the City's knocking down the Mansion House or the Church's pulling down St. Paul's Cathedral. Yet my reason and my tastes alike tell me that the Mansion House is an ugly, clumsy and grimy block, and St. Paul's Cathedral an ostentatious, vulgar and unnational as well as an un-Christian imitation.

My reason and my tastes alike tell me this; I know that the ingenuities and the arts of my fellow-citizens ought to be able to replace these things with something worthy, pleasing, good for the eyes and inspiring to the thought. But still, figuratively speaking, I would lay down my life before a grimy stone of one or the other was touched. Why? I suppose because the one is "characteristic" and the other was built by Wren, has stood for a quarter of a thousand years and contains the bones of Nelson. The tyranny of the Past!

VI

It is this tyranny of the Past that is one of the main obscurers of our view of the Future. In the ceaseless and inscrutable battle that is being waged between the forces of these two tyrants, who can tell what petty and imbecile habit of to-day will not hinder some beneficent change of the Future? For the Future has only the idealism of a dim and unbefriended reason to wage war with. The Past uses this idealism of the picturesque, the Ancient, the Faith of our Fathers. It arms itself

with the weapons of pathos, of habit, of want of imagination, and of an irrational reason. Can't you imagine the cave man dismissing our age with a single sneer: "They use knives and forks to tear the meat off the roasted rib of an ox! What effeminacy!" My grandfather prevented my wearing a straw hat for many torrid summers. He used to say that only "cads" wore those things—and by "cads" he meant a certain type of humble attendant on cab-ranks, and the openers of omnibus doors. Then because a certain uniform half a century ago distinguished a certain lowly profession, I dislike to this day to put on a straw hat even in the country. Nothing would persuade me to do it in town.

Yet, if we come out of our lazinesses, if we exercise our imagination, the thought of that great London of the Future is attractive enough, and full of light and air. For, just imagine for a moment what this Future would be if it were properly set about.

To begin with, if for two-thirds of the day this hollow basin were nearly unoccupied, how much clearer the air would become. Coal fires would almost vanish, there would, in the winters, be mists rather than fogs. There would be vastly less drainage; the Thames would grow clean. There would be much less noise because there would be much less traffic in the streets. There would be less traffic because all the idlers of the city, the domestic women, the servants, the children, being at a distance, would not be for ever getting in the way of busy people. There would be no tradesmen's carts, no parcel delivery vans, or next to none, all these things, if they still existed, being relegated to quite residential places beyond the watersheds of the lower Thames. "Shopping" might become more centralised, or it might not; but because of the great distances, the baker shoving his hand-cart full of loaves, the obstructive milk-cart, the dilatory chemist's boy with his box-tricycle—all these slow-going and cumbersome things would vanish from the streets. I presume that either my housekeeper would order the day's supply over the telephone from Alresford, and the things would be blown

through a pneumatic tube from the stores in South Kensington, or those stores would have a department in Alresford, in direct underground communication with the central offices. In either case we should be rid of the whole host of sutlers and camp-followers who have no business to cumber the streets of a city.

The inner London of to-day would be given over to sensible people; the outer ring would shelter their hours of rest and their hangers-on. I know that I should regret the passing of the muffin-man, the potboy, the groundsel-seller, and the brewer's dray. But, if I wanted them very much, I could revive them in Alresford.

And, with the lessening of street traffic, how infinitely cleaner our pavements and our footways would become. Practically speaking, the horse would vanish into the outer ring, and your horse is a pestiferous nuisance in a city. (I should weep real tears over the passing of the horse!—but in the time and with the money that I saved, should I not be able to enjoy splendid gallops over the Hampshire downlands?)

Inner London, in fact, would be rid of grime, dung, most of its mud, most of its noise, and all of its overcrowding. It might even be filled with the aspiring and beautiful white things that the tyrant Past has labelled with a name of obloquy. And if we had the tall, white buildings that hold ten thousand workers apiece, should we not be able to afford—to spare—two or three score hundred acres more for parks, squares, and open spaces.

If we spared St. Paul's and the Mansion House, could we not afford to pull down all the houses between and around them? We might pull down all the dull houses between Westminster Abbey and the Bank of England. And then think of what a grandiose Campus Martius we should have, open to the winds of Heaven! I would flag it all with the lovely dove-coloured stones that are disappearing from the London streets. And there, along Thames-side, would rise up the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, Whitehall Banqueting-chamber (and none of the Government Offices, the Scotland Yards, the stucco clubs, hotels, railway stations, and other tawdrinesses of the Victorian era). But there would be the

great plain, with, on the north side, the National Gallery, St. Martin's Church—and then nothing till the eye lit on the Savoy Chapel, Somerset House, the two churches at the bottom of Kingsway, the better parts of the Temple, possibly the Law Courts; Temple Bar brought back, all the Strand and Fleet Street gone, a rise crowned by St. Paul's, the old City churches, the Guildhall, and then the Mansion House. Would it not be a vision of pinnacles and grey buildings? I like to revel in the dream and to dwell upon it whilst my fingers itch to begin some of the pulling down.

The pulling down would have to be ruthless; I imagine myself with joy getting rid of whole Record Offices, full of associations. I imagine myself with a steely heart and streaming eyes doing my duty by, say, the Savoy Theatre, or certain musty chop-houses in Fleet Street. But I should do my duty. Have not I tidied up old gardens and burned old letters? Yes, I should do my duty. And then there would be the great plain!—with a silver Thames flowing between banks of white stone.

And round this plain would tower the beautiful tall, white buildings; like candid cliffs they would be the backgrounds against which the buildings of the plain would all line themselves. In this congeries of august vastness man would appear infinitely tiny—tinier than he appears in St. Peter's at Rome. Tiny processions would wind from building to building—tiny pageants, the tiny funerals of the great. Yes, man would appear very tiny, but how imperial in his handiwork!

What a city that would be, with the little plumes of white steam rising from the white and crannied cliffs, to mingle immeasurably high up with the white clouds of a perfect sky.

VII

To realise this vision London—Great London—would have to be a place not of seven, but seventy millions of imperially-minded people. My cartwheel of railway lines would bring the seventy millions. As to the imperial mind I am not so certain. For it is odd how little feeling

of the City, the State, or the Republic, there is in the Londoner of to-day. Any "dirty German"—it occurs to me that I am, at least partially, a dirty German myself—any dirty German, every Parisian, quite a number of Romans, and a huge percentage of the inhabitants of Pittsburg, Pa., or Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., would sympathise with this vision. But I am pretty certain that every true Londoner who reads that passage will shake his head amiably and mutter the damning word "Utopian." (That is one of the words that the tyrant Past will sardonically put into his mouth.)

Yet there is nothing Utopian about the idea. It is a mere glimpse into the future of London; it is what is coming about every day. The residential portion of the population is more and more abandoning the clayey bottoms of the Thames valley. The swifter and ever swifter railways are being built, the houses are going; more and more space is being gnawed out of the central core of buildings. Space, in fact, is being gained by the broadening of old streets, by the piercing of new streets, by the removal of tombstones in churchyards, by building by-laws—in a hundred tiny ways. The tendency, in fact, is there already.

Let us consider now my outer ring of the Future. (I do not use the word suburbs, for it is a term of contempt. It is literally a word of contempt, and so noxious that, if I were a benevolent tyrant, I would ban it with pains, penalties, and tortures. For *sub urbe* implies a subordination of a part; but in the perfect London of the Future it would be all London. To-day, if you live at Clapham you are despised: that implies that you are depressed. You may pretend that you are not depressed; but your real ambition is to move up into a west end that is only a beginning of an end. That is very bad for Clapham. It means that you do not take seriously your home, or your duties to your home—because it is a suburb, an inferior place, one that is only temporarily the shelter for gallant spirits. *Faubourg* is a better word; *Vorstadt*, the German term, is better still. For the outer ring is what greets the traveller before he reaches the heart of the town. It is what will give him his first impression. It should be the jewel

in the city's forehead—the fore, not the under, town.)

And the fore town of my great London would be, on the one hand, say, Oxford, and on the other, say, Dover. And I think that no man would be ashamed then to consider himself as dwelling in the outer ring. For the one could point to the Bodleian—is there a more beautiful thing in the world?—the other could direct your eyes to the castle. Is there any fortalice finer or more heroic? If you had a friend down for the afternoon, would you be ashamed to talk or walk with him?

Thus, with one leg of my compasses set in Threadneedle Street, with the other I describe a great circle, the pencil starting at Oxford. (Roughly speaking, Oxford is sixty miles from London, and, in my non-stop, mono-rail expresses, this should be a matter of half-an-hour, about as long as it takes you now to go from Hammersmith to the City.) It takes in, this circle, Winchester, the delightful country round Petersfield, Chichester, all the coast to Brighton, Hastings, Dover, all Essex, and round again by way of Cambridge and Oxford. Think of all the names, think of all the buildings that would fall in to London. Think of the cathedrals, the castles, the manors, the mansions, the woods, the chases, the downs, and the headlands! You would not sleep in Kensington if you might as well at Lewes.

I am aware that, in thus turning this great tract of country into a great tract of town, I am sacrificing a great deal of intimate romance to a tremendous ideal. But, on the one hand, the ideal is fine enough to be worth sacrifices; on the other this change is on the way.

It comes upon us with sad swiftness, all over the southern counties. Have you heard of Pitt? Have you heard of Horton Broad Street? Have you heard of Bonnington and Bilsington? Very few people have.

These are tiny places, tucked away in valleys in precipitate, and, you would think, forgotten country. A dozen years ago I should have laughed at the idea of a builder in Pitt, Horton Broad Street, in Bonnington, or Bilsington. They were the ends of the world, inaccessible, thatched, smockfrocked,

resounding with buried languages of Kent and Sussex. To-day they are lamentable.

A scarlet fever, a pimply rash of lamentable suburban—that is the word, suburban—villas has burst out in each one of them. It makes me nearly cry when I think that from my cottage, that was once the end of the world, I cannot walk along any road for a couple of miles without running against at least one mean erection of a low-pressure Londoner. You cannot go anywhere—not anywhere—within that sixty-mile radius, and find a spot where this has not happened yesterday or will not happen to-day.

It is on the road, this change. It has got to come. All south-eastern England is just London. The point is: is it to be a matter of suburbs or of fore towns?

If I open my eyes and walk through this tract I see only the one. If, here in London, I close my eyes and think, I dream the other. But for the other to come about the Londoner must begin to think imperially, and very soon. There are just traces that show he is beginning to take thought. There is, I believe, a Bill that will make it possible for municipalities to go as far in this direction as hitherto the "dirty German" has gone.

The "dirty German" has done a good deal. A friend of mine of German extraction has told me of the amazement he felt when visiting his ancestral city—which he had thought he knew very well—after an absence of ten or a dozen years. This city was in its circumstances very like a miniature London. It is the administrative capital of an ancient Kingdom; it is at one end of the Kingdom, the immense, hideous, and wealthy manufacturing tract of country is at some distance—at much such a distance as are the Midlands—Lancashire-cum-Yorkshire—from London. And, just as London began to grow in the 'twenties of last century, with the growth of the industrial movement after the Napoleonic war, so after the 'seventies, when manufacturing began to be established at the other end of the Kingdom, this German city began to grow.

It contained a core of very ancient buildings, high, gabled, arcaded, round an ancient parliament hall, an ancient cathedral. an

ancient Mansion House. For a while—until the 'eighties and 'nineties—builders did very much what they pleased with additional houses. Then they threatened to invade this ancient and venerable centre. They proposed to pull down some of the arcaded houses, and to erect what we call shops and offices. And at this the city consciousness awoke! It awoke not merely to the extent of protecting the old buildings, it began to consider the future, for a huge outer ring was threatening to develop.

It was the effects of this city awakening that amazed my friend. He had been visiting an estate, perhaps seven or eight miles from the city, and, finding no convenient train by which to return, he had walked home. He met the city at an inordinate distance from what he had been used to consider its limits. But it was not the ten-year growth that so much impressed him as the evidences of a control of that growth—the feeling of spaciousness, the wideness of the streets, the attractive character of the houses, the elbow room, the spacious meeting places of roads, the greens, the parks, and pleasure grounds.

This was because the city itself had taken hold of its fore towns. The roads, it had said, were to be straight enough to act, as it were, the part of air shafts into the inner city: the houses were to be far enough apart, one from another, to allow for the entry of the sunbeams. There were little white houses for the employed, and large white houses for the employers; but they were houses, not suburban villas. They spread out over the ground and did not stand as if with their shoulders hunched together like men in a crowd. There was space in each of the large roads for a tramway; there were trees for shadow in rows, right from the city gates to beyond the further outskirts. Wide stretches of land had been acquired all around the green battlements, a great bit of forest was preserved round the Governor's Schloss. And here there were Zoological Gardens, playgrounds for the children, a great avenue of ancient trees encircling the whole inner city; there were birds, squirrels, rabbits, even a few fallow deer. Think of what London Wall is!

Within the city they had cleared down patches of unsightly slums that had obscured the high and ancient buildings, giving the owners patches of land in the outskirts in compensation. In one case, where the owner had refused a reasonable amount, they had simply walled him round with the view of starving him out. It cannot be alleged, as regards the outer ring, that every one of the houses was artistically delightful. The *Nouvel Art*, and the parodies of the *Nouvel Art*, to which Germany has fallen so severely a victim, had scattered here and there odd dwellings of toadstool greens and yellows, with lines suggested by cigarette smoke, and windows whose outlines suggested those of an English county. Our own æsthetic movement, which raged severely in Germany till lately, was responsible for some sadly mediæval eccentricities, and there were some old German buildings that filled my friend with dismay, side by side with Swiss chalets and Italian palazzi. But, upon the whole, the buildings were simple, businesslike, and spaciouly proportioned. So that, if city life can be ideal, this city in its material aspects very nearly appeared to offer ideal conditions. And similar city evolutions are taking place all over Germany.

The word that expresses these things is "attractiveness." For a city to have a future, it must grow; in cities, as in Love, there is no standing still, you go either forward or backward. And, if the Future of London is to be one of growth, sanity, and health, some such revolution in the Londoner's consciousness of his city must take place as has taken place all over Germany.

It is not to be said that London is at the present day actually behind in the race for open spaces: we have the parks; we have benevolent societies that acquire tracts of ground in Hampsteads and High-gates. But the speculative builder is a stealthy figure—no one knows quite what he will be up to next—and just because we none of us know how many treasures we have in London, so we cannot tell what, in the night, we may not lose. The person who cares about these things trembles sometimes.

There stands, for instance, in the heart

of one of the inner suburbs a Tudor Manor-house with Italian terraces and gardens, with acres and acres of grounds, paddock, and coppices, where the pheasants still breed and creep about the lawns in the early mornings. Bits of this property have been built into. What is to prevent its all going? Why should its owner sacrifice so much wealth for much longer?

There is nothing to prevent such capital catastrophes as this: nothing but an awakening of a city consciousness. For it is certain that the semi-private bounties of societies and subscriptions cannot save more than a small proportion of these oases.

As for the likelihood of such an awakening of city ideals in the Londoner it is hardly possible for one to speak. That any large percentage of the citizens should suddenly be seized upon by this holy fire is not likely. But that the more enlightened—enlightened, I mean, in this direction—that the more enlightened leaders of opinion and guides of the destinies of cities may come before very long to take some such views is just possible, and just possible it is that they may prevail against the heavy mass of the general indifference. Supposing the Bill conferring upon municipal bodies the power to rule the territories of their outer rings becomes law, our corporations would have much such powers as those of the German cities to which I have referred. But as to whether the effects would be the same—and it must be remembered that the Ober-bürgermeisters and superior municipal officers of German cities are always State officials with more or less imperial ideals—as to whether the possession of the powers would lead to the desire, or as to whether with the desire the power to foresee developments would come to our City Rulers, these are things rather for prophecies than for speculations, and it is my province here rather to point out alternative probabilities than to lay down any law for the Future.

There, at any rate, is one vision of the Future, a vision of a huge, light, white inner city, filling the greater part of this shallow bowl that is London. All the tall, white buildings would be places for the transaction of business; there would be huge open spaces flagged with stone, from which would rise the memorial buildings—pinnacled, domed

and august—representative of the idea of London, just as the grandiose skyscrapers would represent that which was material. In these stony expanses there would take place the processions, the pomps, and pageantries of the City. For progression, for rest, for pleasure in between hours there would be the parks and their greennesses. Beneath the central place there would be the huge junction of all the lines of communication coming underground into London. And all around would lie the Outer Ring with houses large or small, but fine, and with much elbow room. Then there would be greens, parks, commons, coppices, woodlands, and even whole expanses of downlands. For it should become a penal—an impossible—offence to build a dwelling in or upon a beauty spot: not in or upon them would men dwell, but in houses whose windows looked at them. In that circle there would be ample space for all these things: it is merely a matter of the speed of communication.

VIII

The alternative is a slipshod, easy-going collection of towns upon much the same lines, expressing much the same idea. For the benevolent tyrant that I have figured for you, or the enlightened town council, would only be expressing the trend of what we may see going on all around us. Already there are many men who live at Brighton, on the Kentish heights, or as far into the shires as Aylesbury—men who come daily into town to perform their functions and return nightly to the same distances to restore their energies. The clearings, the little chippings out of fragments of the inner fabric of the city, are daily taking place. It is only a question of how swiftly these changes shall take place: of whether they shall be conscious or unconscious, enlightened or enforced by the slow grinding of the mills of time.

I wish, however, to point out that I am writing in no propagandist spirit. It is, to me, all one how the thing is set out, for what we gain by the swings we lose on the roundabouts. If we gain a huge, ordered city full of air and light we must lose a romantic and glamorous old place full of accidental charms, appeals, poetry,

effects of light, shadow and illumined clouds. London would become Imperial, but it would lose its domesticity. We must lose, too, some stretches of still unspoiled country within that sixty mile radius. But, as I have said, these are already going very fast, they are being already so veritably and so ignorantly spoiled that it would matter comparatively little.

It would, indeed, I think, be a positive gain to that part of rural England to be taken firmly in hand and made to abandon its rustic pretences. It would, too, be a gain to the rest of the rural districts, since this town would attract from them most of the non-rustic souls who at present play at being peasants or country gentlemen. The real countrymen would, of course, remain, but the solitudes would grow more solitary, the moors would be open to the skies or threatened by the edifices of the retired. For what solicitor, journalist, physician, admiral, baker, or bookmaker would retire and build himself a tower on Dartmoor if he could find the same dignity, quiet, social eminence, golf-course, and fresh-air in a metropolis. We should, in fact, be sacrificing a spoiled tract of countryside: we should gain by arresting the spoiling of greater tracts.

This, however, is merely the material side of the matter: let us for a moment glance at the psychological effect. It is perfectly safe to prophesy that one definite result would be an immense gain in what is called manners. We should, in fact, gain in variety. For politeness is a growth not of the hearthside but of the omnibus. You cannot travel in a crowd and be rough: you make too little progress: you attract too much obloquy. Rowdyism is much more practicable in a four-wheeler than in a railway carriage to carry ten; it is more practicable in a railway carriage to carry ten than in an electric-car that carries forty-two. I have, indeed, observed that it is much more difficult for a man not to give up his seat to a lady in a large car than on one of the old carriages of the Underground where he could crumple himself into a corner and hide his obdurate expression beneath the shadow cast by his hat brim. Nay, several times lately on the electric cars I have seen young men give up to old—

and once, actually, a youngish girl rose and waved to an old woman to sit down in her place.

This seemed to me to be no small sign of the times; but perhaps I attach too much importance to it, and I do not wish to labour the point. Nevertheless, the fact remains a platitude that travel rubs off the angles. It does more: it teaches tolerance, for you cannot travel much without learning that it takes all sorts to make a world. That you will learn with only a little travel. A great deal will teach you to see that not only these all-sorts are to be suffered, tolerated, and allowed to live, because you cannot away with them. It will teach you to see that the types most antipathetic to you are absolutely necessary to your existence.

For sooner or later, in a great town, we approach the great truth that the existence of our opposites is salutary not only as a corrective to the world at large but as a corrective to our own personal idiosyncrasies. The company promoter cannot live solely among his kind: if his life be at all active, his nerves cry out for relief; the poet in a hurrying world needs not merely the companionship of poets but the repose of contact with slow and bovine, or the stimulus of contact with alert and harsh natures.

Thus, having learned the profound truth that really—and not merely proverbially—it takes all sorts to make a world, mankind might go on towards Utopia.

IX

I am aware that nothing very definite is the result of these speculations hitherto: but hardly any definiteness is possible in predictions that are made at all conscientiously. But if, as I hope I have, I have succeeded in presenting you with any large, if vague, visions, indefinite but suggestive, I have succeeded in the task that I set myself—the task of revealing, more or less, to what ends the trend of modern circumstances is bearing the destinies of the great City.

Let us sum up the vaguenesses now into a comparatively defined image. In the first place let us consider what may be—what almost inevitably must be done to improve the conditions of health of the Londoner; for it is a platitude to say that the future

of London depends on the working power of the Londoner, and his working power depends on his health, mental and physical. At the present day, London, the largest of the great cities, is much the healthiest. If it is to retain its leadership it must retain, it must improve, this lead in the tables of mortality.

Health depends upon three things that a city can affect—upon air, upon light, upon the absence of noise. At present, London is the least noisy of all the world-cities: it is, upon the whole, one of the best ventilated; it is, in the quality of its daylight, at any rate rather mediocre. In its drainage, which is the fourth great factor, it is so far ahead of other world-centres that comparisons are impossible. Let us then consider what can be and what, it appears, is being done to improve the other three main factors as regards London proper. In order that a city may be well ventilated it is necessary that it should have the channels of broad streets driven through it. In this particular, London has always been fortunate. It has in the first place the Thames, a continual channel by which our prevailing winds may blow into the most vitiated parts of the City. And it should be remembered that our prevailing winds are from the west and the south-west. Our great main roads run, precisely, into the west and the south-west. It is, in fact, curious how comparatively little one is discommoded by north winds except in one or two comparatively short straight streets like Harley Street and its parallel neighbours. For, if you travel east and west in London you can, as a rule, go fairly straight to your destination, if north and south you will find yourself making continual zigzags. This characteristic is, however, gradually disappearing, and that is all for the good. The opening up of Kingsway has effected an immense aeration of inner London. In that it is an unqualified success, whilst its comparative failure as a highway must eventually lead to the planning of another avenue by means of which we may travel straight north and south. I should, indeed, like to see a few more broad openings made in the Strand so that, over the river, from the southern shores the winds of heaven could find entrance. And we may add to our prediction

the fact that all over London there is going on a process of widening out narrow and crooked corners. It is going on with an astonishing rapidity. One day I happened to go up Tottenham Court Road for the first time for some years. Well, I found the bottom of Tottenham Court Road immensely widened: still more widened was the top. Where the block caused by the ends of the tramlines used to be an intolerable nuisance, and squalid buildings cast a gloom of smudgy shadows, there is now easy access for wheeled traffic, and there are light and air.

There is not so much being done for the light: at any rate a great deal more could be done. This is proved for good and all by one fact. Hitherto we may have had the right to regard the clamourers for smoke abatement as amiable Utopians. But Sheffield has shewn that they are hard-headed and practical. For by the enforcing of rules that factories having so many boilers or furnaces may only discharge black smoke from their chimneys for a definite number of minutes per working hour, Sheffield, which two years ago was the most sunless of all the large towns, has become actually the sunniest of them all. Sheffield and sunlight sound almost grotesque in conjunction: yet there are the dispassionate figures of the meteorology tables to prove it.

In London, of course, we have the problem of the domestic hearth—a problem that appears unsolvable. I am by no means sure that its abolition is at all desirable in the interests of health, since the introduction of less direct methods of heating seems inevitably to tend to less efficient ventilation. But with the careful watching of all the factory chimneys of the east, the abolition of steam traction on all the railways, the substitution in offices and large commercial buildings of electric heat for coal fires, and, above all, with the increasing tendency of the residential population to spread itself over larger areas, a great deal may yet be done for the light of London.

There remain the problems—the allied problems—of friction and noise. The main factor of noise in London consists, of course, in its wheeled traffic. This has, I think, increased of late years. I am not certain that this is so, however. Two things have conduced to an increase of noise: the coming of the motor omnibus and the destruction

of the surfaces of the roads by all kinds of motor-propelled vehicles. On the other hand the motor omnibus, if it has increased the noise in the main thoroughfares, has rendered the side streets comparatively deserted, for the pace of the traffic having become so much greater, vehicles which formerly took detours nowadays keep to the high road. Moreover, owing to this very acceleration of the traffic and to the diminution of the number of horses in the streets—your horse being an animal that occupies a great deal of space in addition to the vehicle that it draws—the main thoroughfares are considerably less crowded. Indeed the motor traffic itself as we now know it may be considered a comparatively negligible factor in any extended view of the future. For it is a guest that must prove very fugitive as the facilities for electric traction grow. Petrol, with its smell, its noise, its vapours, and the horse with his noise and his insanitary traces, will alike vanish from streets that are in any way properly administered. For as soon as it can be proved that electric conveyances can be manufactured with a reasonable reliability shewing a reasonable margin of profit, the public will have a right to insist that its streets shall be filled with these noiseless and unobjectionable vehicles. And, indeed, it will be to no one's interests to retain a form of vehicle that shakes itself to pieces in so short a space of time.

There remains, however, the main—and the generally ignored—feature of London. For London is called the City of London, it is called London Town; it is called by names opprobrious, such as the Great Wen. But who—except very occasionally reading the words on odd official documents that we come across accidentally at the seaside or in the columns of advertisements in the newspapers—who remembers that London's chief function, its chief weight in the world outside these little islands—is to be the Port of London?

For London keeps its place in the world not by reason of its arts, its administrators or its manufacturers, but because of its tall ships. London is the centre of the commercial, of the banking, of the distributing world because it is the most central and most convenient port of the Eastern hemisphere. It is, in fact, not because we have

things to buy or things to sell that the greater number of us are here: it is because we have to assist, in one way or another, at the distribution of so many odd things. London, for instance, is the centre—not Hudson Bay Territory or Northern Russia—of the fur trade. That is not because we use furs but because to this meeting-place of tall ships the fur traders of the world most easily bring their produce to be compared, priced, and sent again to the ends of the world where they will be worn. And, because London Town contains—tucked away, as it were, in an unpresentable manner, on one bank or the other—because London contains twenty-eight miles of shipping, London is the world centre. For this twenty-eight miles of shipping means how many thousands of offices, agencies, vans, horses, engines; how many hundreds of thousands of men; how many hundreds of millions of coins. London's shipping is, in fact, the nucleus—nay, it is the very cause for the existence of London, or even of the Empire. For without it the capital of England might have been, like Paris, an administrative city, the centre of the legislature and of the arts, but, without its ships, it would have been a small place.

What, then, is to be the future of this city of ships? It is a little difficult to say. Until yesterday our outlook might have been pessimistic enough. London has always had—as it always will have—an immense advantage of position; but, in days of very swift transit by water or by land, a difference of a few hours or so—the difference between London and, say, Antwerp—grows daily less. A port, in these days, must offer facilities besides those of position. It must be easy of access; its channels must be continually deepened as ships grow larger; its dock dues must be cut down to meet the competition of neighbouring ports; its facilities for the quick transferring of cargoes must be continually increased; and in these particulars, until quite lately, London has fallen rather dismally behind in the race with other ports—with Antwerp and Bremen in particular. We, as it were, have marked time; they have run ahead. We have, in fact, been hampered by too many authorities, working at haphazard or falling asleep and not working at all. We need the cutting

of new and deep waterways, the building of new lines of waterside rails, the harmonisation of the whole system. This Antwerp and Bremen have always kept in view; it is only London that has forgotten.

But, fortunately, these beginnings of the pinch of competition have brought about an awakening of the corporate spirit. It is indeed quite surprising—considering how slowly, as a rule, in London any great reforms work—it is quite surprising with what unanimity and what an absence of friction the unification of the Port of London has been brought about. Dock companies have sold their shares, ancient authorities and vested interests have permitted themselves to be effaced, and we are comforted with the view of a unified authority ready in turn to comfort a Future.

As to how it will work we cannot be quite certain; but there is this to let us incline to the optimistic side—that the easiness with which the change has been brought about, as it were without fuss and in the night, this very ease proves that the heart of the affair is in the right place. And if, on the whole, London muddles through with most of its other affairs—muddles through in some sort of haphazard way or other—its shipping has always been, in details, administered by practical men with practical methods. You cannot, in fact, follow the sea or have much to do with ships without having a ship-shape mind. And this mind, with a passion for the thorough, for the efficient, for, precisely, the ship-shape, that in essence, for cities as for man, is the ultimate and most desirable of possessions.

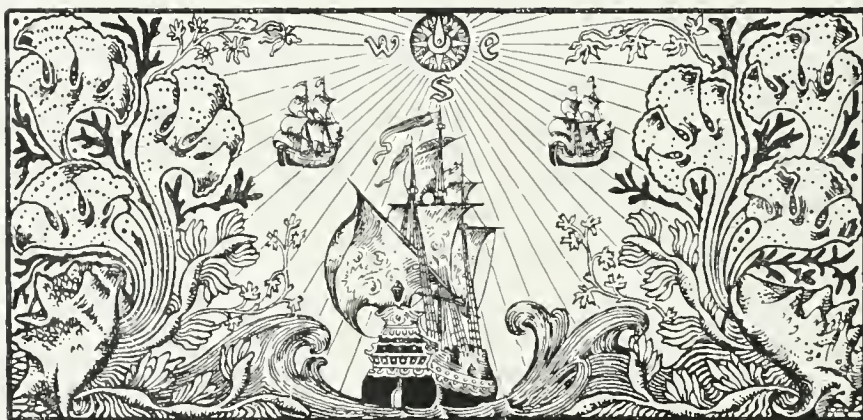
So that, upon the whole, we may rely upon the Port of London, in the future, as in the past, to remain the nucleus of the City, to bring us ever-increasing cargoes, the distribution of which will call for ever increasing crowds of negotiators. And, as these crowds increase, so will the crowds of others, not negotiators, be attracted, crowd drawing crowd as the greater heavenly bodies suck in the lesser. And as the means of locomotion grow more perfect, swifter, less impeded in the straightened and widened roads, less tiresome to travel in, so will the population spread itself out. The vision that I have shadowed, of a London that covers the whole of the Home Counties, is

not at all visionary. It is indeed inevitable if only London retains her vitality, her commerce; if she fulfils her shadowy destiny as the clearing-house of the world. That she will do so, unless the world's centre swings round from the Atlantic to the Pacific, seems likely enough. She lies so midway between that half of the world that includes the whole of Europe and the eastern halves of America, she is so cosmopolitan, so agreeable to dwell in, and exercises such an attraction over the hearts of men!

But whether she will spread out with a proud consciousness of a mission to be beautiful, spacious, including wide tracts of commons, downs and parklands—whether in fact the corporate spirit will awaken in her indwellers—that is a question that is not so easy to answer. Upon the whole the signs are favourable. We are certainly more careful of open spaces than ever we were before; indeed, it would be strange if we were not, since it is to seek these that we travel so far afield, or seek illusory and unreal rusticity in week-end cottages or garden cities. The garden cities are, on principle, satisfactory enough; but just because they seek to withdraw the population into small knots they tend to produce a spirit that is narrow and provincial. And it is just the narrow and the provincial that we should avoid. Our problem is to make of the whole of Outer London one garden city. But even the speculative builder finds his account in offering, along with his indifferent erections, public lawns, common spaces and fragments of parks that he might have built upon but for his desire to attract patrons. An awakened corporate spirit—the spirit of which I have spoken as existing in almost every German city—how much more beneficent that would be. Upon the whole, the conditions of modern life make inevitably for improvement in these material factors. A little reflection will make that manifest. We travel more easily, we have better artificial light, we widen our roads, we pull down rookeries and let in the air. But I doubt if even to-day there are many Londoners who are proud of their home, if there are many to echo the excellent boast that they are citizens of no mean city. I should like to meet

a few men who would utter those words upon convenient occasions. I should like to meet them; I never do—at any rate, amongst the articulate classes. I have heard dock labourers and charwomen say, "Ah, London's the place!" but upon the whole, the literate, the educated classes, if they have an affection for this great and lovable place, cherish that affection in secret, and profess that their real home would be—if they had the chance—the boundless pampas, the limitless seas, or the moors of Devonshire. That has always appeared to me to be a mean and a detrimental spirit in men who seek their bread in a place. Where we go for gain, there, too, we should leave something of ourselves; are we lesser men in conscience than Socrates,

who acknowledged his and our debt to Æsculapius? I suppose we are; but I wish we were not; and it is with the desire to preach this lesson, to spread this spirit, to embolden those of us who are afraid to speak their minds, and to aid in awakening that corporate spirit of which I have spoken that, as much as for any other reason, I have written these pages. For, after all, the Future of London is very much in our hands. We are the tyrants of the men to come; where we build roads, their feet must tread; the traditions we set up, if they are evil, our children will find it hard to fight against; if for want of vigilance we let beautiful places be defiled, it is they who will find it a hopeless task to restore them.



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